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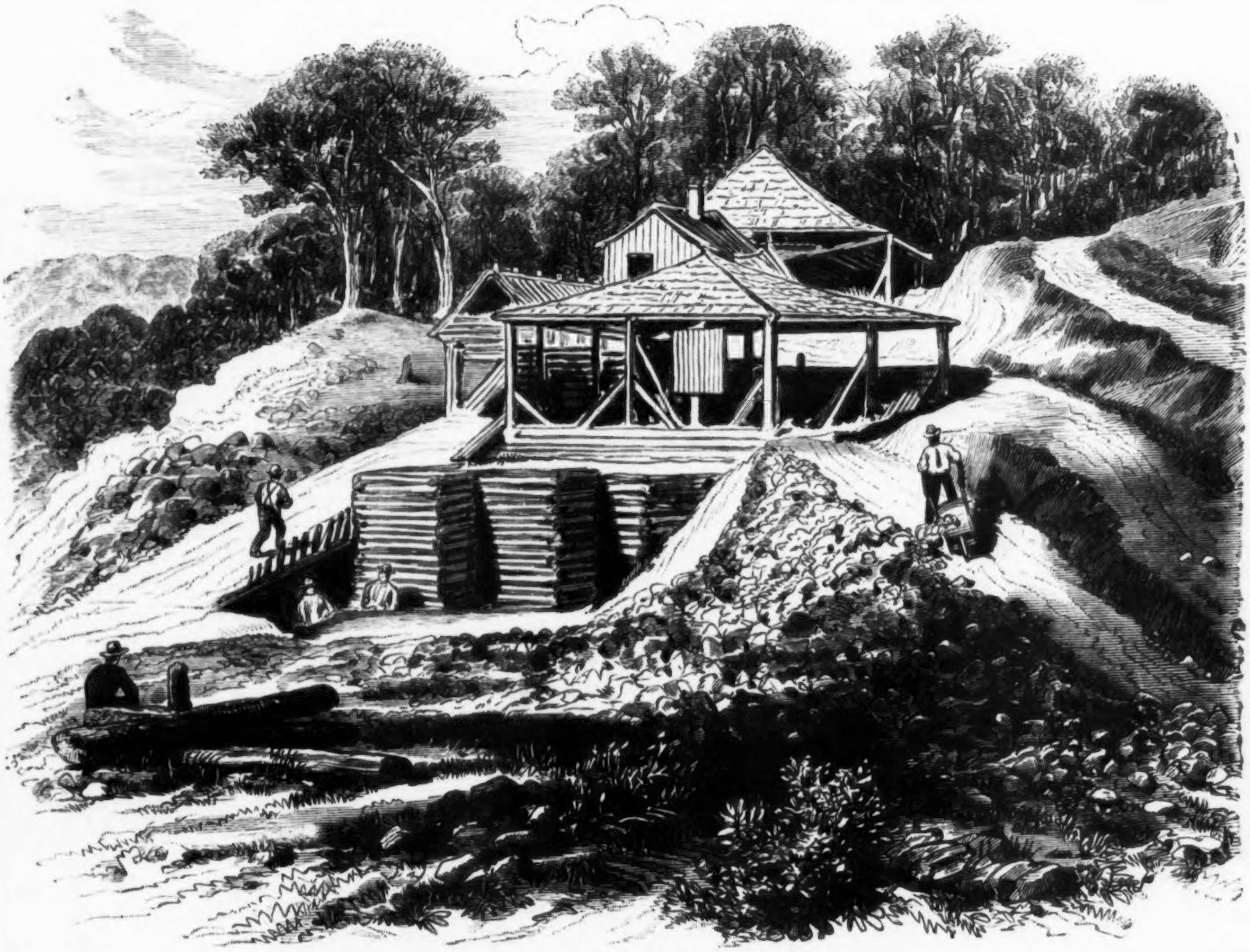
THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH.

By J. B. Killebrew.

There are two kinds of provincialism. The old swagger and boastful spirit of the South, the claim to superior courage, virtue and refinement, was fairly typical of one kind. If the Chinaman, who neither goes abroad nor invites the stranger to sojourn within his gates, has his peculiar form of provincialism, so has the man of the highest civilization, large culture and information, who ignores the progress of those he considers beneath his notice and scarcely worthy of study. The greater wealth, culture and civilization—the more advanced stage of progress—of the Northern people may be admitted; but they are so profoundly busied with a self-contemplation which closely resembles the nombril studies of the Eastern sect of umbilical philosophers, that they continually ignore the marvelous strides of the people of the South, and appear to be unmindful that a step in progress made by one part is a step by all. Only the progress of older communities, and of civilizations deemed yet higher than their own, engages their attention. As Von Moltke dismissed the American war with the contemptuous remark that it was scarcely worth while for a general to study the movements of mobs, the people of the North decline even to study as a curious problem the progress of a portion of the United States, known as the South. If they are for a moment withdrawn from self-contemplation, it is to study and seek guidance and knowledge of human progress from England, France and Germany.



MICA MINE, BAKERSVILLE, N. C.

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It may be granted that the North can learn but little of practical value from the South as to lines of human progress; but there is something closely akin to a high form of provincialism in ignorance of the social, moral and industrial condition of the old slave States, which is in marked contrast with the general knowledge the Southern people possess of almost all that pertains to the North. While the Northern people are traveling in Europe, and studying European progress and civilization, the people of the South are anxiously studying the principles of material progress which have conferred wealth and independence on the North.

If not now, it must be admitted in coming years, that few statesmen and few philosophers have reported from the North to the Northern public upon the condition of the South, at a time when practical legislation and a determination to deal with the subject, with or without knowledge, made such reports of peculiar practical importance.

The South has made tremendous strides since the war, unparalleled in the history of any country. The term "South" is used as a mere convenient designation, although it has lost its sectional significance. The old swagger and boasting, the claim of superiority, early gave way to an injured air, endurable as a way to a better frame of mind. The succeeding apologetic phase, in which apology was vailed beneath a lofty protestation of independence, followed a sullen acceptance of the inevitable; at present the Southern people are in a most excellent frame of mind, laboring earnestly and hopefully, studying closely the principles of progress elsewhere, adopting methods without servile imitation, but with a clear perception, in general, of adaptation to their own wants and necessities. Boasting no longer of superiority, they appear to possess the calm confidence of a people conscious, at last, both of their own strength and shortcomings—of a people who perceive the road to true greatness, and are pursuing it quietly, neither vaunting themselves overmuch, nor yet stopping either to revile others or to beg pardon of the world for being alive. True, there are still fossil elements in excess, evil elements which will long disturb society; but the intelligence and influence which control the general line of progress are the measure by which a people must be estimated. What has been done in spite of obstacles, is the real question.

I have been speaking of the white people. The negro has passed through several stages, from infantile dependence to foolish juvenile self-assertion. He has made substantial progress, and appears to be confidently holding his future in his own hands, having learned to know that he will gain that for which he shows capacity. He, too, is entitled to be judged, not by the dense ignorance of the masses, but by the character of the advanced guard; where that has gone, he can follow. As to his future, I confess that I have passed from disbelief, through doubt, to confident reliance on his progressive powers.

This much preliminary to a brief sketch of material progress in the South. Some points in the past must, however, be first noticed. It is necessary to look back to a period just before the war to find a promise of that development which might otherwise be the result of temporary pressure upon a fickle and mercurial people, likely to relapse into indolence when pressure is removed. The people of the South were becoming, just before the war, profoundly impressed with the necessity for a new progress, which partly grew out of a half-consciousness that the seeming splendor and greatness of slavery was mere empty sham. Their commercial conventions, the study of political economy by a few able men, their bright dreams of direct commerce, and a splendid manufacturing and commercial future, are only valuable as they show a perception of their own abilities, the capacities and necessities of the country and its natural advantages. So long as slavery existed, these were but dreams, impossible of realization; but statistics of manufacturing and railway development show that they were determined, and only failed to see that such development as they sought was incompatible with slavery. Considering the existence of that system, they made really rapid strides for a sparsely settled agricultural country. A decline was already falling upon the seeming glory of the South, recognized by such men as Debow, and they sought the right means to the remedy, except that they did not see that the first step toward the application of the remedy was the abolition of slavery—not an oversight, when it is reflected that no people can, of themselves. loosen so vast an evil when it is so great an interest.

Slavery had prepared the way to a greater development, but it was not possible for slave-owners to know that it had performed its mission. Those dreams of greatness were at least the kindling of a light never extinguished, and they are valuable as they show that the spirit and the perception of the way to progress are not a new growth.

The first truly great awakening of the Southern people was, however, in the war. The marble statue, when first imbued with life, power and consciousness, was not more profoundly astonished at its own new powers than the people of the South when they first awoke to a consciousness of their own superhuman energy. For a dash they were prepared—to pursue a flying foe they entered the war; that the knight of the swagger, the bowie and the pistol would chase the Yankee over the border, they looked for; they were prepared for a holiday jaunt; they awoke to terrible reality, and rose at once to meet it, astonished at their own powers. The difficulty with the North was to bring her resources to bear, and to induce her people to feel that they were necessary; the South had to create them. Cut off from all the world, the industrial energy and judgment displayed excelled even the military power, and had profounder influence on the after progress of the South. Having nothing, they had to provide themselves with everything—clothing, munitions of war, provisions, every article of necessity or luxury; and these were nearly all produced at home, comparatively little brought from abroad. All this disappeared with the close of the war, drowned in lost hopes, depressed spirits, ruined fortunes, destroyed labor system; but a perception of powers, once gained, is never lost. The factories were closed, and for a moment there was a disposition to return to the old life of luxury and ease, to look again to the North for almost everything used or manufactured. The conditions which permitted that indolent reliance on others, that hand-to-hand sort of life, had been destroyed with slavery; the industrial and military energy displayed became useful to a people confronted with new conditions and environed by new difficulties and new duties. They have gradually been able to read themselves in the results of those four years of tremendous energy. The dreams of the decade from 1850 to 1860, and the realities of the four years of war, have been of tremendous consequence to the Southern people, in guiding them to a new development.

Let it be remembered that in a sparsely settled country, possessing little of permanent and established industry beyond agriculture, a splendid sham collapsed with slavery at the close of the war. While not a loss to the South to be subtracted from its aggregate wealth, emancipation was a direct loss to every individual slaveowner; and, to a certain extent, such a calamity as would befall a country which owed several millions of bonds to its own citizens,

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if they should be at once repudiated. The gain to the tax-payers would balance the actual pecuniary loss to the bondholders, but the actual loss to the country would be irreparable. It only differed from that case in this: the negro could go to work almost as efficiently, and very soon more so—the bond could not. It was such a sudden change of ownership as always works great confusion, disorder and real loss to the community in the destroyed efficiency of a large class—the slave-owners, in this case. The temporary inefficiency of the emancipated slave must also be considered. Add to this the losses of war, the disorganization, the education in vice and disorder, and it will be allowed that many years of labor must have been mere preparation—mere adaptation to new conditions. It must also be granted that the progress made has been attained by the clear judgment and great efforts of the live few, dragging the many along with them, and leaving still a large fossil class who will die without ever understanding the new environment under which they are living and laboring. But in this the South does not differ from other countries.

In estimating the progress made, we must allow that millions of slaves—freed slaves—and plantation-owners, compelled to learn life over, and suddenly deprived of a large amount of property—a people defeated, paralyzed by losses in war, society disorganized, labor let out of bondage to revel in new-found freedom, are not conditions favorable to progress on the part of either race. Such is not even the chaos of which social and industrial forms are readily crystallized. If order, increased production, substantial progress and prosperity have, within fifteen years, proceeded from this chaos, the fact argues extraordinary tenacity, sagacity and adaptation on the part of both races. What seemed to have been obstacles, have doubtless in many cases proved aids in reality, as incentives to exertion; but it requires brains, resolution and energy thus to turn adversity to account, and make untoward circumstances rounds in the ladder to success.

It is only necessary to present a few general statistics to give a cursory view of the substantial progress of the past fifteen years. The cotton crop of 1879 is estimated at 5,757,397 bales, while that of 1880 is expected to reach 6,000,000 bales. The best return from slavery was 4,823,770 bales. The lowest point to which war reduced peace production was 2,228,987 bales, in 1865-6, whence the progress was continuous to 1879.

Society cannot be at once thrifty and idle, industrious and wasteful. This result argues energy and thrift in all classes, although we may allow to all classes a still too large proportion of unthrift and want of appreciation of the spirit which animates the majority. The common charge that the Southern whites, educated by slavery, are cross-road loafers, whittling, whisky-drinking, quarreling and fighting, killing, maiming or mutilating negroes for pastime, is utterly incompatible with these results in this one staple. To produce such results, both races must have been at work and in substantial harmony, with very slight race-antagonism. This, however, is but a single product, and, to a far-seeing student, must appear the least hopeful sign.

Without burdening with statistical details an article intended to give a general glance at the condition of the whole South, the records of the coming census will show a similar increase in wheat, corn, tobacco, live stock, all the products of the farm, the orchard and the garden. The most promising sign is, that with the exception of cotton, tobacco, rice and sugar, in which there is a very large increase, the rest are nearly all, so far as general production is concerned, new, and most of them entirely so. The diversified character of production, the combination of crops; the rapidity with which society is becoming not only more compact, more bound together by varied ties of interest—more under the influence of the associative principle, less a loosely aggregated mass of individuals, but also more independent and more completely self-sustaining, are features which afford the highest promise for the future. The necessities of the South compelled the people to provide themselves with those things they had neither money nor credit to buy; in doing so they found largely augmented savings and increased profits. As farming grew to be more profitable, manufacturing began to find a surplus of food to sustain labor, and industry was thus added to industry. Men, cast adrift from old conditions and means of easy subsistence by the war, began to look around for means of employing their hands or their small capital, and they found it in the necessities of every community for what was once brought from abroad.

The gradual growth of manufacturing, of skilled labor, on account of this almost entirely new development, has been rapid beyond all expectations. Before the war, plows, ax-handles, buckets, hoe-handles, almost all iron and woodwork, came from the North; now, to a very large extent, our own capital and our own skilled labor works up our own raw material, under the superintendency of our own business capacity, though sometimes of enterprising Northern men. There is also growing up a considerable exportation of both raw material never before exported, and of the products of skilled labor. Improvement in stock, raising blooded horses, cattle and sheep, are almost new industries which have had a remarkable growth since the war. Sheep-raising and the manufacture of wool are growing up as new industries in portions of the South never before suspected of being adapted to these industries—for instance, in southern Mississippi. Tennessee has become a worthy rival of Kentucky in fine horses, in cattle and sheep, and the exportation of beef and mutton to Eastern markets.

Perhaps no State in the South has suffered more from obstacles of every kind in the way of improvement, and yet cotton manufactures in New Orleans and other points yield large returns, which have caused increase in capital and enlargement in mills. Four cotton-seed oil mills in the State have a capital of $710,000, and $787,000 are employed in the manufacture of artificial ice in New Orleans. Until recently, shoes for the New Orleans trade were brought from East; the shoe trade is now supplied at home, and the finer qualities are sold in Northern cities. Foundries and machine-shops in New Orleans furnish all kinds of agricultural implements for the home trade, at prices which defy competition. Orders for plantation implements, engines of all sizes, the complicated and heavy machinery for sugar-making, corn-mills and cotton-gins, are executed by New Orleans companies. Wood-working establishments make sashes, blinds and doors; the pine and cypress lumber of the State is being worked up and exported. There are also minor factories of soap, mosswork, fertilizers, boneblack and chemicals. Sugar refineries are preparing to rival those of the East. These are all industries which have grown up since the war, and they are sufficiently varied to afford strong hopes for the future.

The Louisiana population of 708,000 in 1860, had grown to 726,000 in 1870, and to 930,000 in 1880. The sugar crop of 18,070 hogsheads in 1865, of 41,000 in 1866, of 30,000 in 1867, of 34,000 in 1868, had grown to 208,571 in 1878, but fell off in 1879, on account of the hard Winter, to 171,424. Rice-growing is a new industry, which has grown from 21,000 barrels in 1867 to 93,000 in 1873, 187,000 in 1876. After declining for three years, the crop

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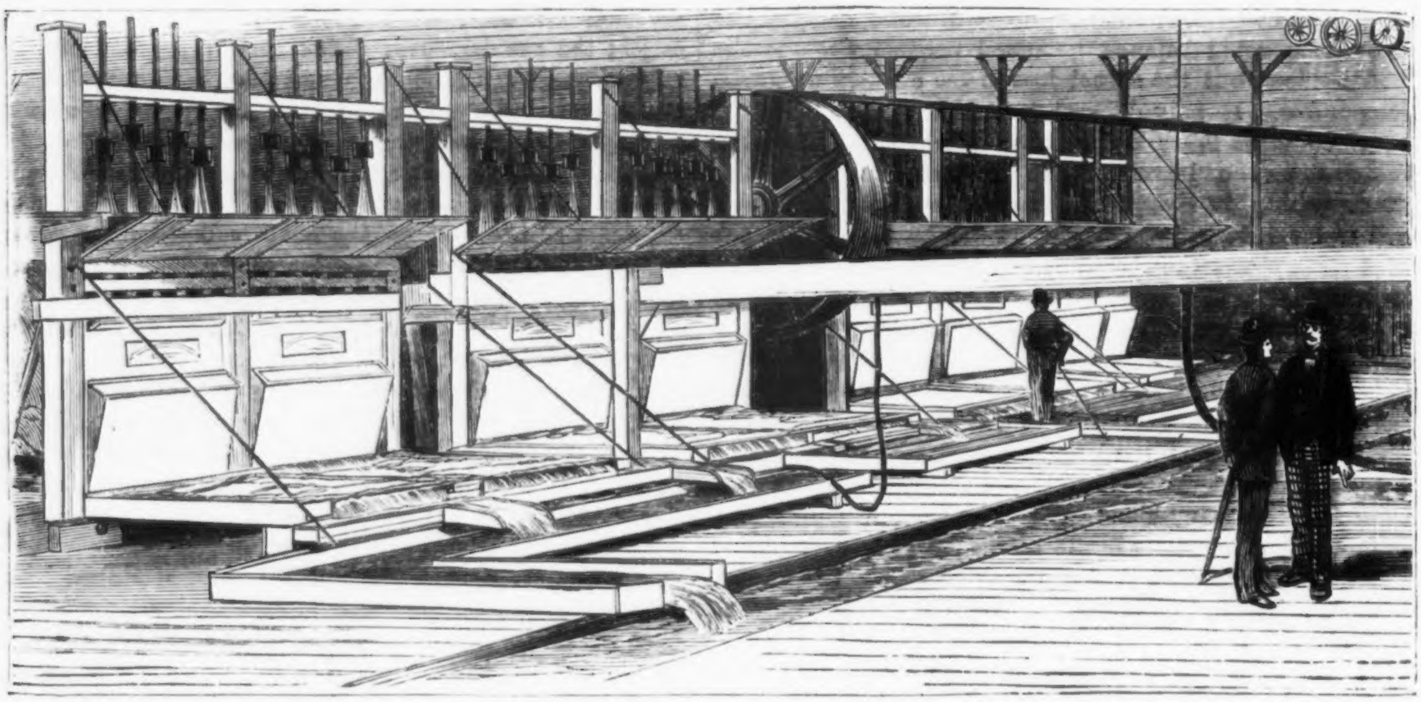
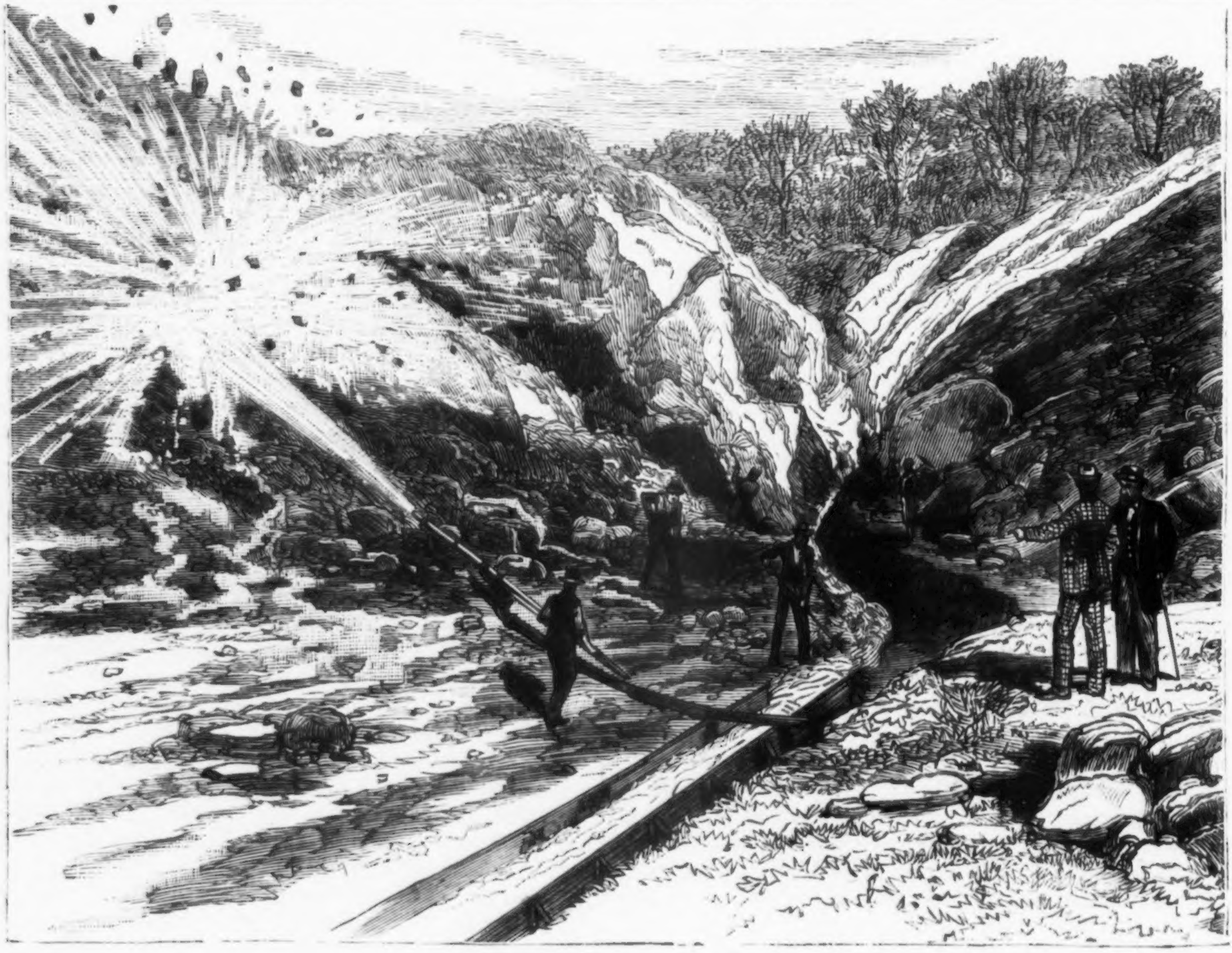
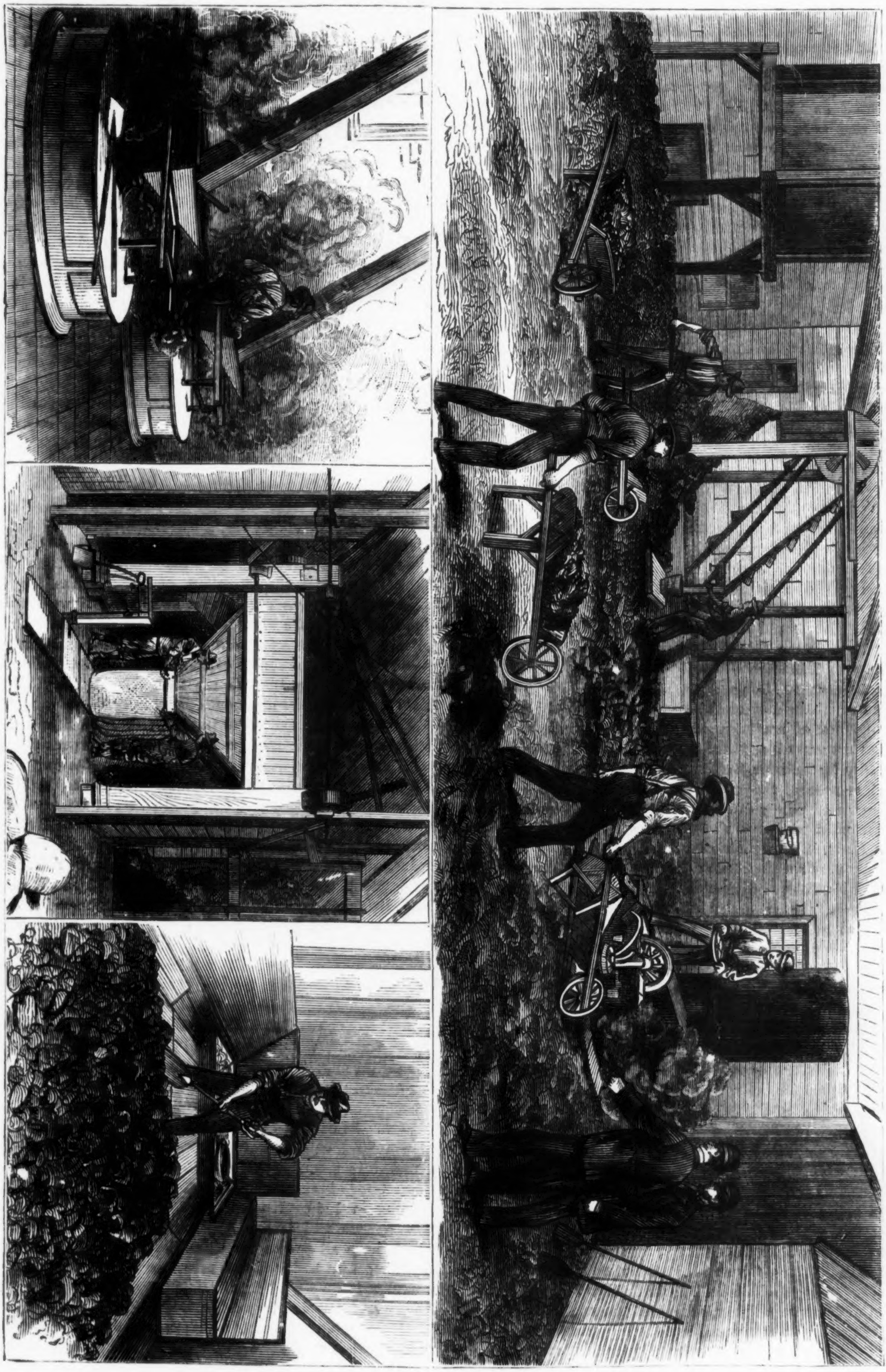


STAMPING MILL IN THE GEORGIA MINE DISTRICT.

of 1880 promises to be the largest ever raised, amounting to over 200,000 barrels. The Louisiana Land Reclamation Company of New Orleans, chartered in 1878, have already reclaimed for rice-growing, by the use of dredge-boats, digging canals for drainage, irrigation and transportation, over 10,000 acres of land, and are energetically proceeding with their great work. Another company is preparing to solve the question of permanent navigation by opening a great ship-canal. Meantime, the opening of the mouth of the Mississippi by the jetties has increased the shipments of grain by more than 3,000,000 bushels of wheat, and over the same amount of corn, by official figures, over the shipments of any former year. This is a partial and cursory glance at a few salient points in the progress of the



CUT IN A GEORGIA GOLD MINE.



SOUTH CAROLINA PHOSPHATE WORKS.—MIXING ROOM, PHOSPHATE MILL, SCREEN, AND CRUSHING OF PHOSPHATE.

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Southwest, from which a great industrial revolution may be easily inferred.

In the neighboring State of Mississippi, despite the shot-gun, the new industry of sheep-raising and wool manufacture is yielding excellent returns; cotton manufactures in central and north Mississippi, and at Natchez, have paid so well as to encourage further investments and enlarged operations. The pine timber of the State is being exported by river, rail and by the Gulf, yielding large returns, and preparing the land occupied by forests for settlement and culture. The cotton crop shows its proper share in the general increase, while new crops tend to make the State more than ever self-supporting; and it may well be doubted whether the shot-gun is the means by which these results are reached—whether such results and the shot-gun can co-exist.

Alabama, before the war known only for its cotton and the commerce of Mobile, scarcely accessible by rail, and almost undeveloped, has since the war been pierced by railroads, interior towns built up, its rich resources of iron and coal rapidly developed, cotton manufactures built up, largely increased and varied production brought about, until the new, crude-in-industry, inaccessible and apparently thriftless State of ten years ago, with high credit, wears an air of thrift and progress.

Various causes have combined to make Georgia the most prosperous and progressive State in the South. The mountain barriers which Pennsylvania and Maryland pierced to reach the rich east-and-west trade, did not exist to impede Georgia as they did Virginia and North Carolina on the Atlantic, and Kentucky and Tennessee to the West. Her rapid development of a railway system, easy approach to the Atlantic and to the trade of the West, and access to Tennessee—whose people could not reach the coast—gave her a progress and a prosperity which has been maintained since the war. Georgia had also a larger proportion of northern capital and enterprise before the war than any other Southern State. Inferior to Alabama, and by far inferior to Tennessee, in agricultural and mineral resources, through her admirable position and the energy and wisely directed efforts of her people, Georgia is the most prosperous of Southern States. The credit of the State, the growth of commerce, the number of her widely reaching commercial lines, the growth of commercial cities, the progress of agriculture, the advance in manufactures, the generally diffused spirit of progress, the increase in small holdings, the remarkable accumulation of property in the hands of negroes, attest a widespread thrift and industry.

Cotton manufacturing began in Georgia before the war, at Columbus and Augusta. At the former city the mills and the supply of cotton were burned in 1865; the plucky people, with their own capital, rebuilt the mills, and to-day 16,984 bales are consumed annually, the planters receiving $899,200 for the raw material, which is converted into fabrics valued at $2,696,600; sales of these fabrics embrace twenty-five States. The Augusta factory made a report in 1868, showing that the property was purchased from the city at $140,000, on a credit of ten years, the purchasers paying in as commercial capital $60,000, which, the buildings being dilapidated, was expended on repairs in the first two years. "Since the purchase," says the report, "we have paid for the entire property, without calling on the stockholders for another dollar, added largely to the property by purchase and by building, bought $100,000 worth of new machinery, increased the capital to $600,000 by the addition of a portion of the surplus, paid dividends —20 per cent. annually—regularly, and now have a property worth the par value $600,000 in gold." The business suffered diminution of profits from the panic, from which it has recovered, and it is now in a flourishing condition.

South Carolina has 18 mills in operation, with 1,937 looms and 95,938 spindles; profits range from 18 to 25½ per cent.; value of cotton consumed, $1,631,820; value of the product, $3,932,150. Thus the growth of manufacturing is about to restore her prosperity to South Carolina, in spite of disadvantages which are apparent. Her mineral fertilizers, her fertile lands, her seaports, her situation with reference to east-and-west trade, have given her advantages which race and political troubles have only obscured for a time.

Tennessee will exhibit, in the reports of the coming census, a progress far from what it should have been, and yet giving great promise in the diversity indicated, in the broadening of the lines of development, to embrace almost the entire range of human pursuits. With almost every variety of climate, soil, vegetable product and mineral wealth, Tennessee has a capacity for all industries and power to be absolutely self-sustaining, if that were possible or desirable to any country. With coal and iron surpassing in abundance, richness and quality the supplies of any other State, admirably grouped with reference to river transportation and food supply, all fitted for mutual development, Tennessee is at once the richest and most varied in its capacity. The State has enjoyed an emigration to Texas of its thriftless classes, who have been replaced by over seven thousand frugal immigrants from the North. A great colony from England is building upon the Cumberland tableland, under the direction of Mr. Thomas Hughes. Manufacturing has grown at a swift pace, if we compare the time before the war with that since, while the mineral development is in a far more healthful state; and it is only when the resources and capacities of the State are compared with others that we must wonder that capital has not there sought its apparent opportunity.

For a brief season under the tariff of 1842, there was a sudden growth in iron production—a mere speculation—which melted in a decline almost as sudden, leaving a few, but comparatively only a few, foundries still standing. The furnaces were small, and the production of charcoal iron alone, and but few were in operation in 1860. Now the furnaces built are all of the first capacity, of permanent value, with all the latest improvements in iron production. Thus, while the production of what is called the Western Belt, being charcoal alone, awaits connections with coal-fields for greater development, although large returns are made to a few companies there, yet the development of the East Tennessee Iron Belt has been the newest and the largest development in iron.

The reports of the special census agent at Chattanooga give $2,291,600 invested in manufacturing interests in Chattanooga alone, without counting those in the county and outside the city. The Roane Iron Company, built by Northern capital; the English city and iron manufactory of vast capacity at South Pittsburg, and many other establishments, exist in the counties around Chattanooga, where nothing of the kind existed before the war. The entire capital invested in manufacturing in Hamilton County, in which Chattanooga is situated, was in 1870, $475,155, and almost nothing in 1860. Knoxville is the seat of several foundries, a large nail factory and extensive car-wheel works, which have all grown up since the war. Nashville has rapidly grown to be a large manufacturing centre, having a wagon factory which is claimed to be the largest in America, if not in the world; large bucket factories and furniture establishments, which work up an abundant and excellent walnut, maple, cedar, sweet gum and other woods suitable for their purposes.

The marbles of Tennessee are becoming fashionable, and their variety and abundance, and the growth of the trade from nothing or little more since the war warrants the belief that it will become a tremendous interest in a few years. In marbles, granites and limestones suitable for building, Tennessee is far ahead of any other State in the Union.

The most gratifying feature about the development of Tennessee is the varied and widely diversified character of her industries. She is laying deep and broad the foundations, and while there is, perhaps, no single industry in which she is not excelled by some other State, there is none that comes so near embracing the nucleus of all industries, and all products of the farm, the factory, the mine, the orchard and the garden. All this has come so rapidly and so silently, that her own people are unconscious of their progress, and need nothing more now than to know themselves and to become conscious, through what they have done, of what they are capable.

In 1870 the census showed a considerable advance over 1860 in manufacturing, but that of 1880 will show a tremendous stride from 1870, notwithstanding that it must be discounted for the effect of the panic and the subsequent stagnation. In no single respect will the census show a falling off from 1860, unless it be in hogs, which were then fattened and driven as almost the only means of reaching market until the railroads were built. Cotton manufacturing has succeeded well in Tennessee, and new factories are building, while the large factory at Nashville has exhibited such returns as to stimulate to further operations.

If we go to the growing Southwest, we shall find the new State of Texas fully keeping up with the march of the rest of the South. The progress of Texas has been beyond question rapid and substantial, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is more prosperous than the older States. Because it is building something where there was nothing, it seems to go beyond the older States, which are adding to what already existed; it can be easily seen that the entire growth appears in the one case, while it is obscured in the other by that which was already there. In reality, the new fabric created in the old States out of the old has been by far the greater progress attained in the South.

Texas is rapidly filling up with population, developing some manufactures of woolens and cotton goods; but it has yet before it the work of assimilation of population, of creating varied industries and crops, of discovering its proper lines of progress and of industry.

If we turn to the extreme Southeast, we find a State also new, acquiring population and capital, developing industries fitted to situation, climate and soil, and giving promise of a great future. Florida is, perhaps, receiving just now larger accessions of Northern men and capital than any other Southern State, in proportion to its size and its old population, excepting only Texas. The other States owe their progress in the main to themselves; Florida and Texas owe theirs largely to Northern capital and immigration, which are also beginning to find their way into the older States. The progress of orange-growing alone, from 2,500 barrels in 1874 to 10,000 in 1875, to 15,000 in 1876, to 31,000 in 1877, to 75,000 in 1878 and to 200,000 in 1879, shows how rapidly fruit industry is preparing the way to more varied and solid industries, and to that place in the commerce of the world which the Florida Peninsula is destined to have on account of its position and its excellent ports.

The South has not only experienced a large increase in cotton, tobacco and sugar, and a larger still in its production of breadstuffs, hay and stock, but it has acquired many crops of field, garden and orchard which are new, or almost new. The peanut has become profitable on sandy lands of Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia which were of no value before, the crop of Tennessee being 600,000 bushels per annum.

The production of sumac, by the substitution of its cultivation for the wild product, promises to become a permanent, as it is in some States a large, industry. The extended culture of fruits and vegetables for Northern as well as for home markets is an almost entirely new industry, sustaining a line of steamers from Norfolk and adding largely to the profits of every north-running railroad. Many old industries have been infused with fresh vitality. For two and a half centuries tobacco has been cultivated in Virginia and North Carolina, planters making annually but small profits; within the past few years a fresh development has introduced a practically new industry. The worn fields, where generations have lived hardly and died poor, have turned out to be the chief corner-stone of a new agricultural development. It has been discovered that the physical condition of the soil, or, rather, no-soil, of these worn fields, is just suited for the growth of the finest tobacco known to commerce. By the skillful application of a small amount of manure, the plant is nurtured into a feeble life until it attains the desired size, when the extinction of the plant-food allows it to decline, turning yellow with gradual waste of life, until it is of the desired color, when it is cut, and carefully cured by flues. It is so fine and delicate in color that it often brings one dollar or more per pound in the market. The strange spectacle is exhibited of lands which will not grow a bushel of wheat making net returns of from $300 to $500 per acre. Everywhere in this belt a splendid prosperity appears. Old, dilapidated towns have acquired new life; new towns have sprung up like magic; fields which would not have brought, ten years ago, $1 per acre, are now worth $50. Men who found their only source of profit in the increase of their slaves, have left sons to grow rich with free labor, to live in better houses, and surround themselves with the comforts, the luxuries and the elegances of life. The discovery of gold would not have conferred upon the poor regions of North Carolina and Virginia the present wealth or the hope of permanent industry afforded by yellow tobacco.

The lumber trade has grown to be of vast extent all over the South. The pines of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi are becoming fashionable for interior woodwork in the East; the wines of France are sent abroad in barrels made from Tennessee timber, and Englishmen are buried in coffins made from the oaks of the Obion County bottoms. The capital invested and labor employed in this industry are immense, and the returns, large as they are, dwarfed in importance by the value of the cleared-off lands for future settlement.

The commercial development of the South is to be shown by the census of 1890. While a great advance on all former years will be exhibited by the present census, yet the processes by which the South is to attain a proper commercial independence are now going on, and cannot appear in results in the coming returns. The deepening of the Mississippi channel already exhibits gratifying results; but the rail combinations, which show a wider and much greater diversion of trade, are just now going on. The ports of Galveston, Pensacola, Fernandina, Savannah, New Brunswick, Port Royal, Charleston, Wilmington, Richmond, Norfolk, in their receipts of cotton and other exports and imports, will exhibit, as well as New Orleans, gratifying growth of trade.

The process of railway consolidation which must precede the growth of commerce between the West and the North-

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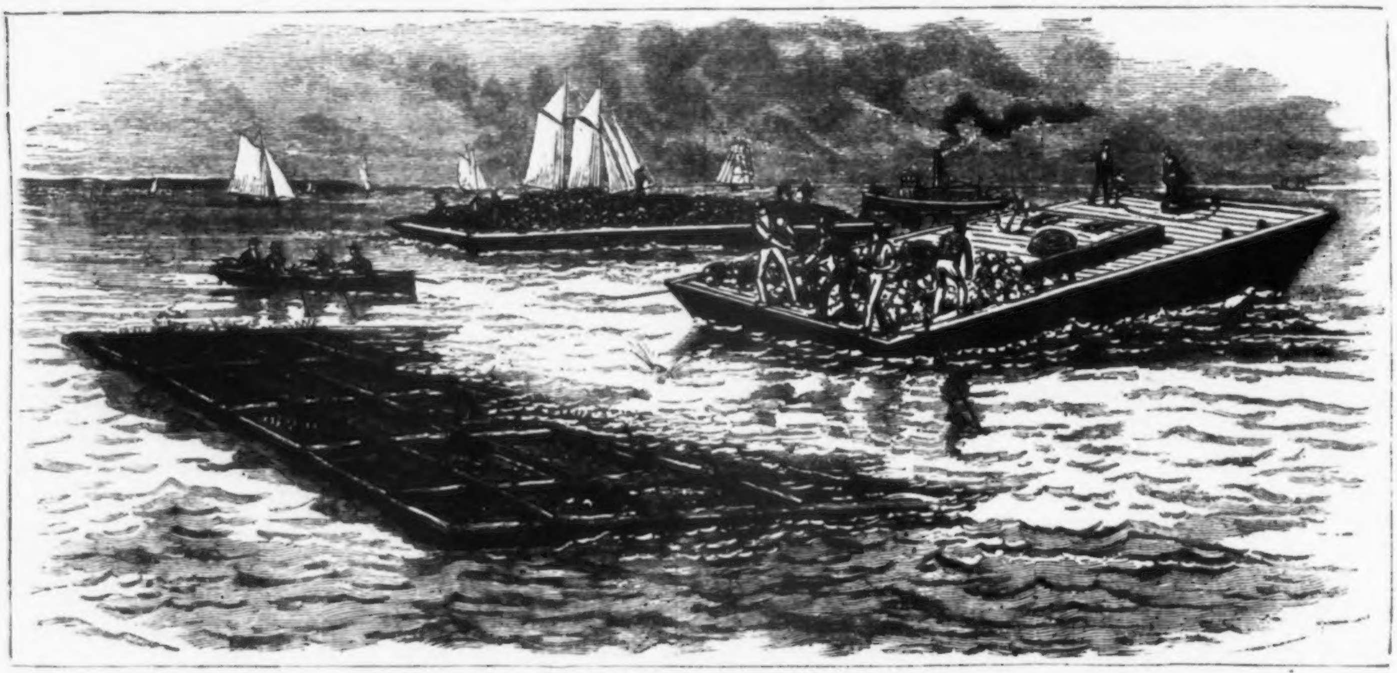
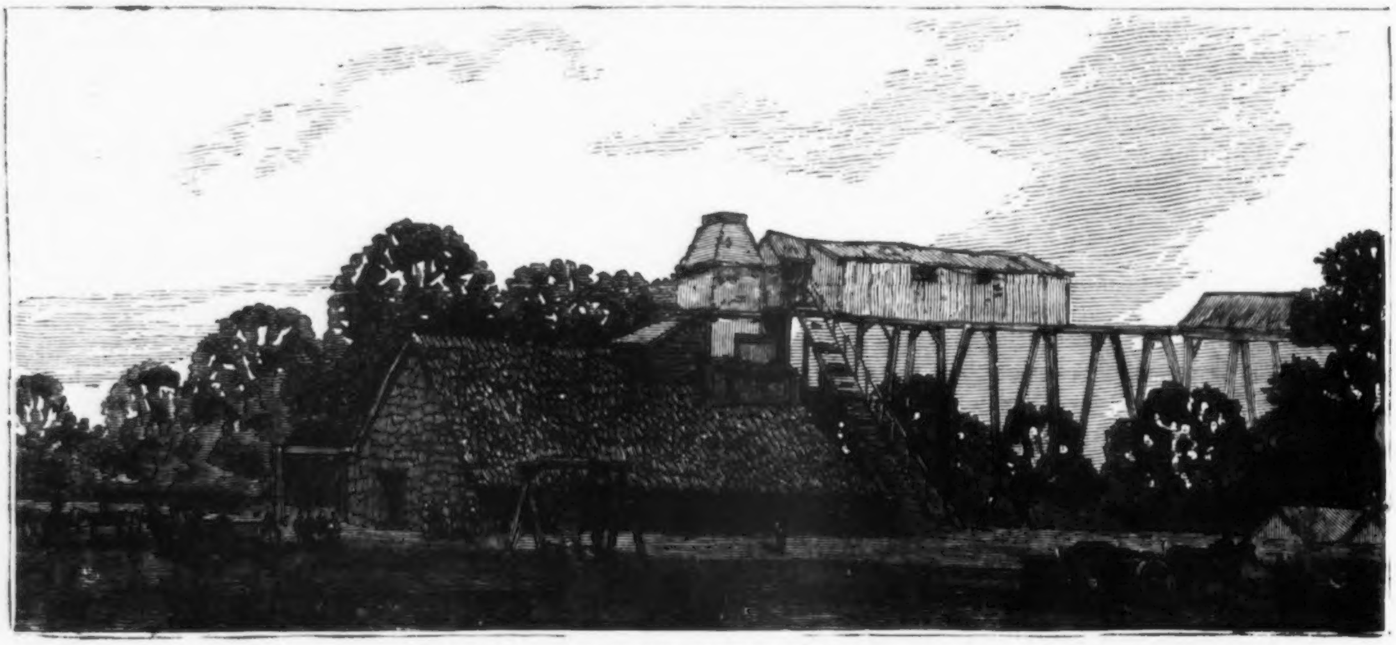
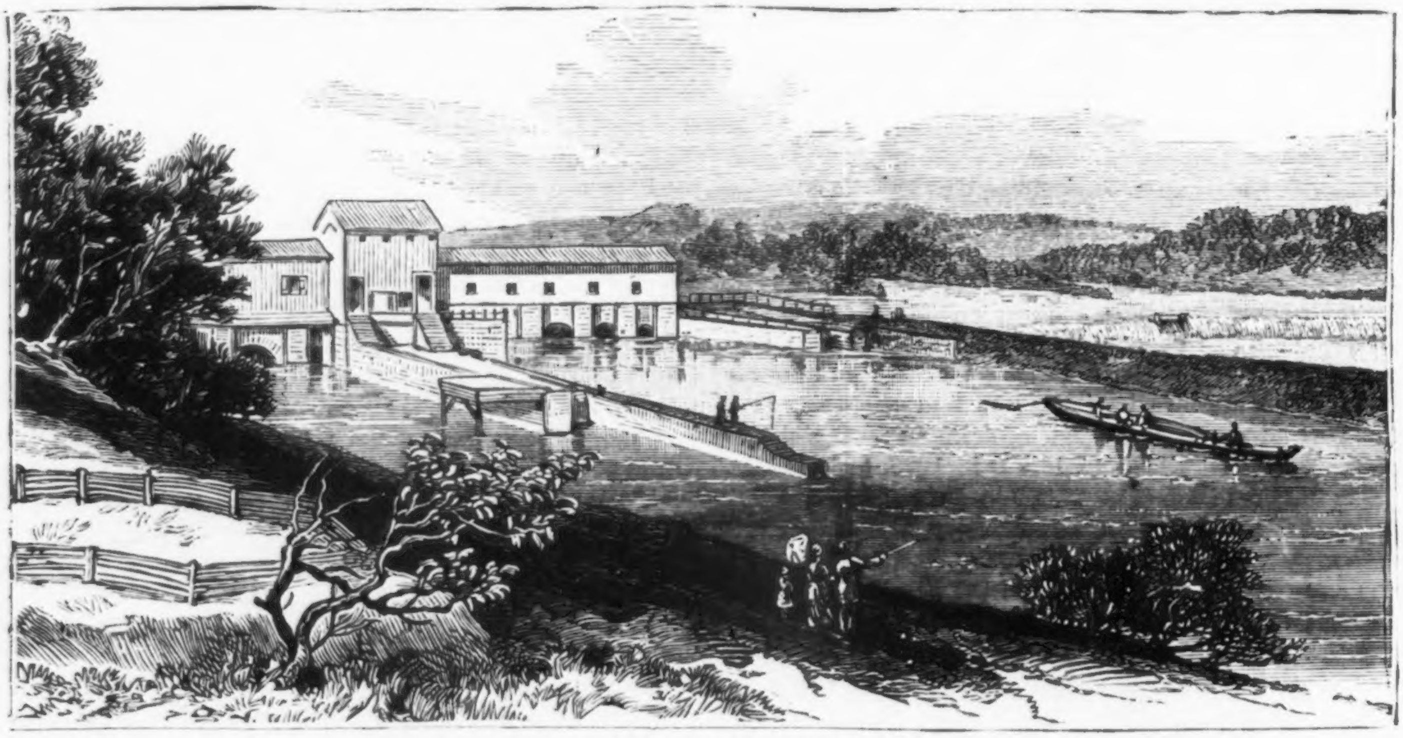


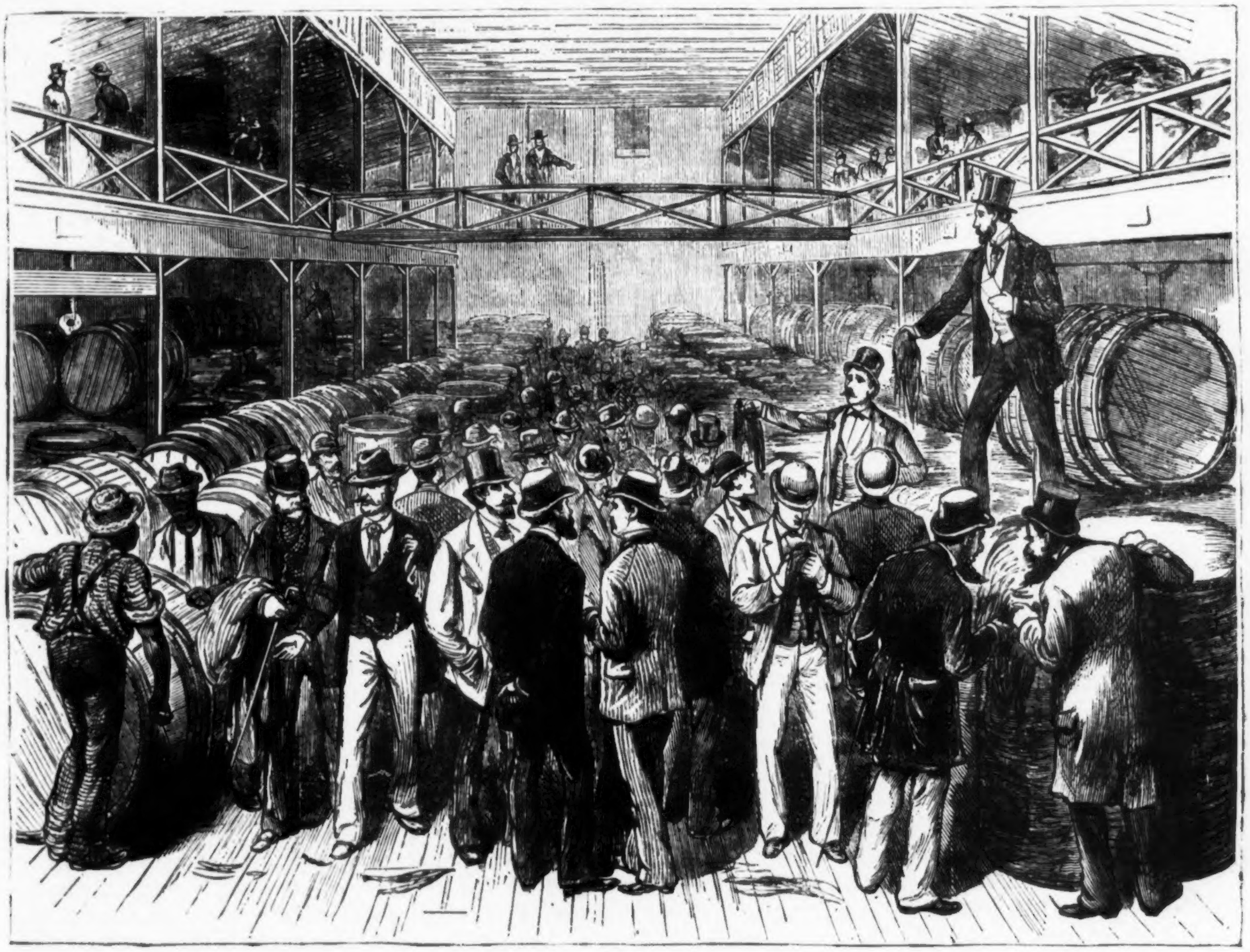
IMPROVEMENT OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.



IRONWORKS IN TENNESSEE.



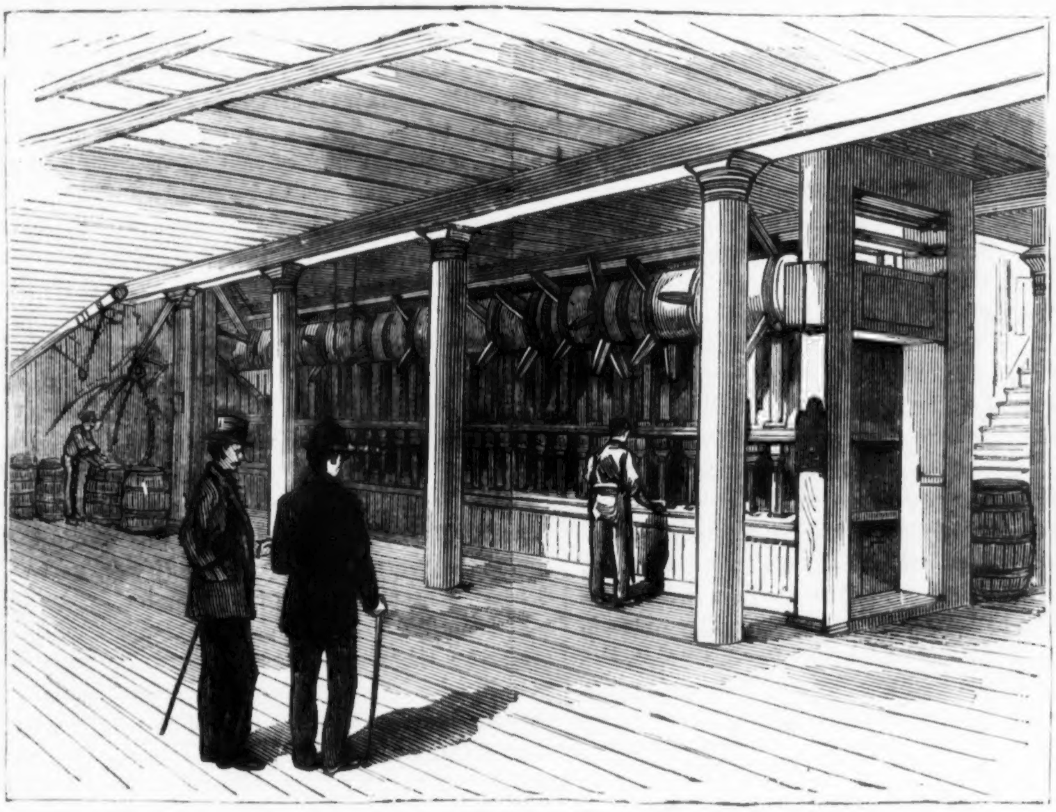
VIEW OF THE CANAL AT AUGUSTA, GA.



A TOBACCO SALE AT NEW ORLEANS.

west and the Southern ports, only began in 1880, or in the latter months of 1879. We can rely on the prescience which led the shrewd capitalists who are engaged in the work of consolidating the roads of the South into great through lines; they have clearly seen the coming value of Southern trade, and prepared to reap the profits. The growing prosperity of the South, the value of its own products, the shortness of the lines between the South and the Northwest, fully justify their forethoughtful action. It may be fairly said that the greatest railroad interests of America, and the shrewdest railroad men, are engaged in securing lines between St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati and various Southern ports, from Galveston to Norfolk.

While many cities are seeking the trade of the South, others are seeking also available outlets. San Francisco seeks the sea at Galveston and New Orleans; St. Louis, Cincinnati and other cities, the Atlantic ports by various routes; and the roads compete amongst themselves for the best routes. Already capital is engaged in bridging the small gap between the Tennessee and North Carolina rail systems, which, when filled, will



A RICE-POUNDING ROOM.

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give to St. Louis, Cincinnati and the ports of North and South Carolina communication across the Alleghanies, and to the people of Tennessee the advantages of that east and west intercommunication hitherto denied them—such communication as Pennsylvania and Maryland obtained with the West by piercing that mountain barrier, and Georgia and South Carolina by not having it to pierce. With consolidations made and in progress, with connecting links built and under contract, backed by ample capital, all the long lines necessary to connect all the Northwest and the Pacific with the Atlantic and Gulf ports will be completed within five years. Already St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati have abundant connections with the Gulf and Atlantic ports.

There are yet needed, it is true, many supplementary connecting and local lines, to link together the various through systems. This idea of commerce between the South and the Northwest, between the great supply sources and Southern ports and the European markets, has only been brought to anything like practical realization within the present year; hence, results cannot begin to appear or to be cognizable statistically for two or three years yet. The southwestern trend of the Atlantic coast, and the conformable southeastern trend of the Pacific coast, making lines from San Francisco or San Diego to the eastern waters at Galveston, New Orleans, or the South Atlantic ports shorter than the lines to any port north of Norfolk, give the South a great advantage in the Pacific trade, and that advantage is almost as marked if connections are made with the present transcontinental roads at St. Louis. That great Western centre of distribution now reaches the Atlantic coast at Savannah, New Brunswick and Port Royal by far shorter routes than any northern line; and when the short gap in North Carolina is filled, Charleston will be, perhaps, the nearest port for Cincinnati and St. Louis. While Chicago finds its nearest Atlantic port at Baltimore, the difference between that port and Charleston direct is very slight, while all points of distribution west of Chicago will find their shortest connections with the South Atlantic ports across Kentucky and Tennessee. These are advantages which will constrain capital seeking for profits, and overcome the commercial preponderance of the East.

This new rail consolidation in the South is simply stupendous, and yet it has scarcely attracted attention in the East, except from those who are seeking investments and speculating in stocks and bonds. A superficial view of the commercial advantages of the South will convince any candid reader of its bright future. Railway lines already exist which must take advantage of convenient outlets, affording to the South a widely diffused commerce, building up not one but many ports, as centres of wealth, culture and refinement. Beginning with Galveston: the roads which are connecting that port with the products of Texas and its neighbor States and territories, with San Francisco and San Diego, and reaching out toward Mexico, promise a large local trade, a part of the transcontinental trade, and a considerable Mexican commerce. The growth of Galveston, with but few of these facilities, justifies the prophecy. The Mississippi, with its barge transportation, its cheap freights, amounting to five cents a bushel on grain from St. Louis to New Orleans, the rapidly extending lines connecting it directly with the Pacific coast, the lines to St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati, and to all parts of the South, assure New Orleans a great and flourishing commerce.

Pensacola and Fernandina are acquiring rail connections and growing in commerce, and the construction of a canal to cut off a thousand miles of dangerous navigation around the Florida coast is only a matter of a little more time. Rail lines from the Northwest and West extend from Montgomery, Vicksburg, Memphis, Nashville, St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati to New Brunswick, Savannah, Charleston and Port Royal, across Alabama, across Georgia, and across that happily situated, long State of Tennessee, to which all the Northwest must pay tribute by furnishing it transportation lines. North Carolina awaits only the piercing of the Alleghanies, while Richmond and Norfolk, Virginia, already exhibit remarkable commercial growth, and the building up of coastwise and foreign shipping lines.

I have dwelt on this new feature because it attests, better than anything else I could adduce, the prosperity which led to it. This great movement of capital in the hands of the shrewdest and most far-seeing class of men in America, is but symptomatic of the energy which wrought a production that demands these commercial lines, and the opening of the ports to which they tend.

The census of 1870 was taken at a time when the reorganization of the labor system was but just begun—when the landowners, the capitalists and the loose elements of the population were just beginning to adapt themselves to new conditions, to seek new occupations, to find incentives to new exertion in poverty, in the greater dignity of labor, in the manifold wants to be supplied; the present census is taken when the South is just beginning to rally from a great depression, and when the greatest movements for its rehabilitation are just afoot; but it will fairly show many and great results of the new spirit of progress. That view will be, however, like the instantaneous photograph of a horse at full speed—a sketching a people in the attitude of progress, with nerves strained to the utmost, but at last affording only a glimpse of the point gained. The motion, the accelerating speed, the crowding, pressing, striving for progress, will only be inferable from what is presented as done, and from the attitude of a people running at full speed the race of life. Flattering as the record will be, its full force will not be felt until the student of our history has made allowances for the panic of 1873, which fell with chilling effect on a people laboring from hand to mouth on short capital. The effects of reconstruction extended over most of the Southern States during the past decade, as they did to a great extent over the entire country—and this too must be allowed for, with regard to its temporary effect, and without regard to whether its lasting effects on the two races, and their mutual relations, are to be good or bad.

Avoiding all political and historical questions, the economic effect was depressing and evil; co-terminous States must prosper or languish together, and that which affected part of the South also had a bad effect on those States which had emerged from reconstruction prior to 1870. That the evil involved all, appears from the fact that the transportation system of the South could not be completed or begun, as a whole, until all the Southern States were subjected to like conditions of prosperity. With regard to the depression which began in 1873, a knowledge of how it affected the South will throw light on the rapid growth of the past five years. It was, as to Southern industry, a mere arrest of enterprise—not destruction. It made few bankruptcies, destroyed few establishments, created no strikes. It required greater economy—but, to a people who had been compelled to learn economy, it was easy to bear one turn more of the screw. There was no starvation, no destruction of families, no creation of an army of tramps, no startling increase in divorce, in wife and child murder, caused by starvation and despair. Most enterprises managed to pull through. It fell with comparative lightness on an agricultural people; and the revival found them with no social and industrial ruins to clear away—no débris to be removed from the path of industry; they were ready to begin at once new enterprises and to press on with the old ones. The revival was simply new vigor infused where there had been stagnation; and the progress of the South has been extraordinary since that revival, and, allowing for the larger population, greater wealth and better training in industrial enterprises, has exceeded that of the North.

Much of this improvement can only be inferred from census reports, for a large part of it consists of a compacted social order and the new efficiency closer association gives. The growth of closely interwoven interests, the welding of all parts of society into one, have produced a state which has only since the war supervened upon one in which the individual predominated disastrously over the associative principle; and the new condition has only recently been recognizable, although it has been forming ever since the war closed. While this new state exists, the census can only show the separate results of individual industries; and the social philosopher and economist is required to adduce from the greater results that association which was necessary to their production. The absence of political crime; the better relations between the races; the growth of varied agriculture and manufactures; the remarkable acquisition of property by the negro—show that the people of the South are rapidly passing from the state of a loose collection of individuals—a state inseparable from a purely agricultural community—into a complete social order, compact from the foundation up, bound together by ties of mutual interest. The spirit of nationality has grown up in the South, as all sentiments—coincidently with a perception of interest.

Whatever markets we may have abroad, one truth has impressed itself on the Southern mind: that the Northern States are the market for the bulk of our surplus products, the best supply source for what we lack. The Mississippi binds together not only all its great valley, but, by consequence, the whole country, by ties of common interest; international canals, international and transcontinental railroads, bind all interests together in one. These, in the absence of that great slave interest which alone obscured them in the past, in the total lack of all reason for sectionalism, have favored the growth of the national spirit. It has grown the faster in the Southern States that the people are disposed to let the imagination have free rein in contemplation of future greatness, while the Northern people pursue the immediate and practical somewhat more closely. It may be safely said that, especially in the rising generation, the dream of national glory, power and wealth is a stronger force than in the North. The Northern people are somewhat disposed to rest in what they have done; the Southern people, to feel that they have something to do. This sentiment, this dream of future greatness, allied to the practical working spirit which is building manufactures, daily increasing varied production, developing mines, building and consolidating railroads, surveying and preparing seaports, comes, fortunately, at a time when it is necessary to complete the work of progress and bring the South up in production, commerce and culture to perform its equal part in the progress of this great country. The dream of commercial and productive progress, glory and splendor which caught the Southern mind in 1860 and preceding years, and had a part, coupled with a sectional and separate interest in slavery, in bringing on the war, was a wild and baseless dream—baseless, not because it was impossible of fulfillment, but because it was, under the then existing conditions, impossible to be fulfilled. The present dream is healthful, coupled with practical steps for its fulfillment, and rests on certainties, with all untoward and preventive conditions eliminated. Twenty years have dissipated the old dream of the impossible, and replaced it by a calm contemplation of the real and the practical, to be realized by a people now on the highway to greatness, with a starting-point in a solid social order, sound and varied industries and production, and all the conditions of wealth and power.

If the picture seem overdrawn, send the social philosopher and the political economist to study the problem with an eye for that future which is developing from this present, as this has from that past—not the politician, no one-sided negrophile, no Anglo-Saxon worshiper, no Bourbon chivalry.

GODIVA.

Godiva, not for countless tomes
Of war's and kingcraft's leaden history,
Would I thy charming legend lose,
Or view it in the bloodless hues
Of fabled myth or mystery.

Thou tiny pearl of demagogues!
Thou blue-eyed rebel—blushing traitor!
Thou sans-culotte with dimpled toes,
Whose red cap is an opening rose—
Thou trembling agitator!

We must believe in thee. Our ranks
Of champions loom with faces grimy—
Fierce Tylers, from the anvil torn,
Rough-chested Tells, with palms of horn,
Foul Cades, from ditches slimy!

Knit brows, fierce eyes, and sunken cheeks
Fill up the vista stern and shady;
Our one bright speck we cannot spare,
Our regiment's sole vivandière—
Our little dainty lady!

No, she was true! the story, old
As any crumbling Saxon castle,
Firm at its base: she lived and moved,
And breathed, and all around her loved—
Lord, lackey, hound and vassal.

SUSIE'S SOAP KETTLE.

By Margaret Blount.

The site chosen by the Swedish settlers for their first church in Philadelphia was one of the most beautiful in the city. The famous checker-board lines which were to make the city one of the least perplexing to the stranger, and the most delightful to a resident with any sense of order in his soul—those famous square lines, I say, were not then laid out, but all was green, leafy, pleasant to the eye and ear, and the hearts of the Scandinavian exiles were rejoiced to hear the Sabbath service in their own dear tongue, for the first time in America, beneath a roof of their own.

On Saturday, the builder of the new log church, young Eric Silver, had completed the task assigned him, and received his payment, together with a considerable meed of praise from the elders of the congregation, which, to the ambitious young architect, was almost as valuable as the gold.

On Sunday the log church was consecrated and worshiped in. Every inhabitant of the little settlement was there.

There happened to be no invalids among them at the

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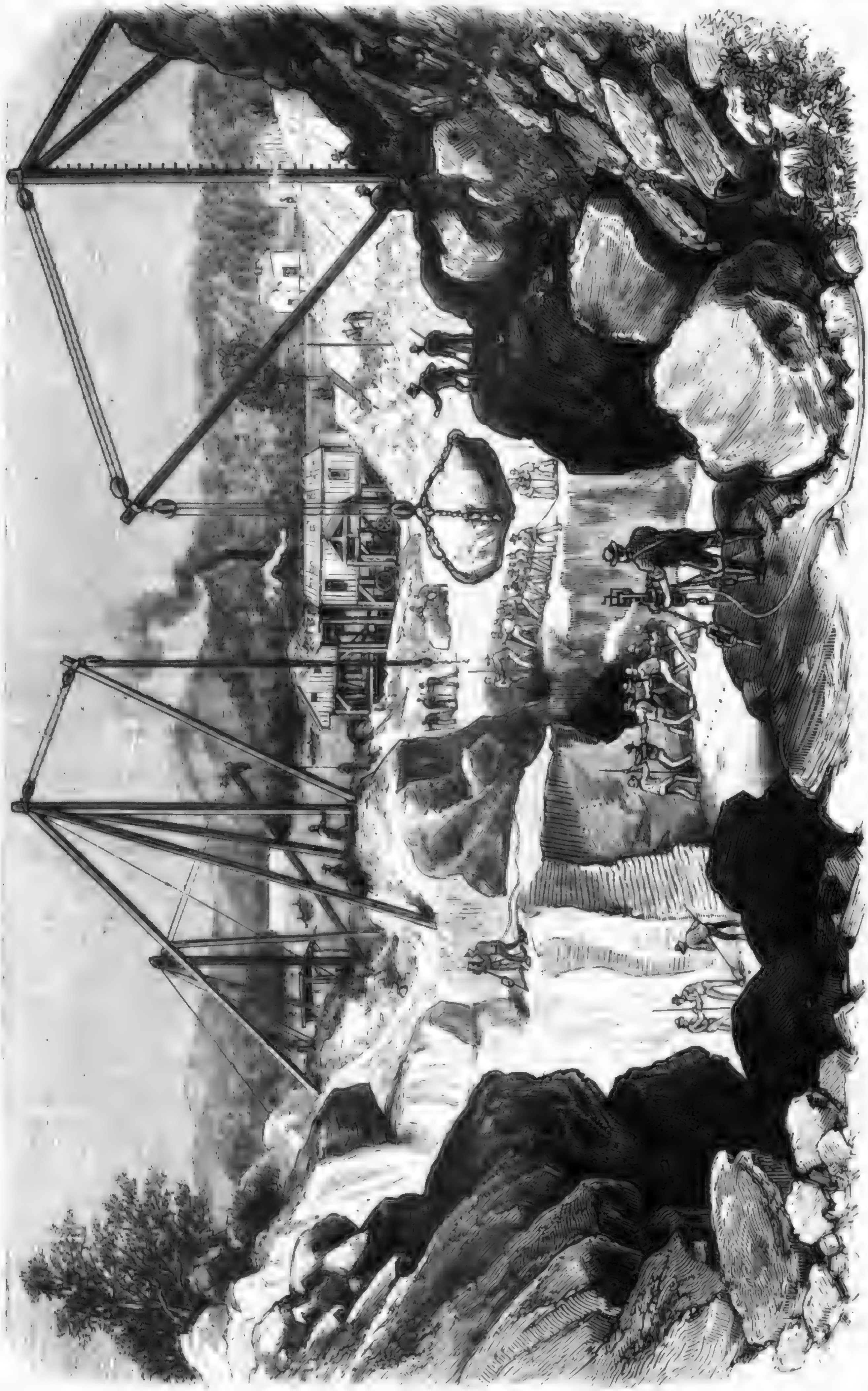
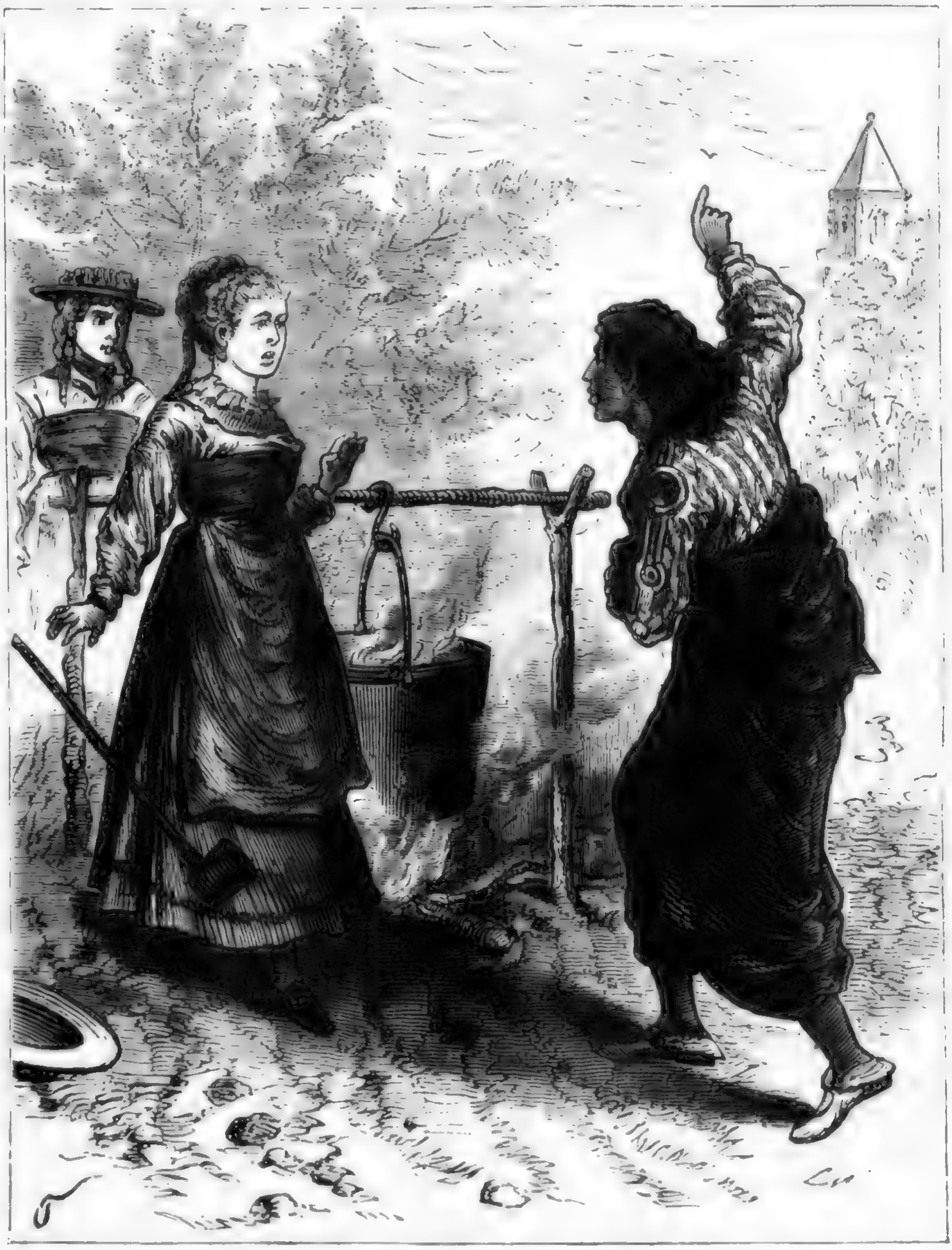


THE INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS OF TL : SOUTH.—A TENNESSEE MARBLE QUARRY.—SEE PAGE 641 time, for they were all in the prime of life and strength, and it was a sight never forgotten by any who witnessed it, when the clergyman lifted his hands in the consecrating prayer, and the whole congregation, on their knees, answered with a loud Amen!

Service over, the family groups came out at the low arched door, one by one, and stood on the heart-shaped green outside, looking at the church with admiring eyes.

The young girls clustered in a pretty group around their acknowledged leader, Susie Thurle, who was the granddaughter of one of the richest burghers of Philadelphia, and yet as simple and unaffected as any peasant maiden in her native land.



SUSIE'S SOAP KETTLE.—"QUICK! TO THE CHURCH! IT IS NEW AND STRONG, AND THE PALEFACES MAY COME TO THE RESCUE BEFORE THE RED MEN CAN BURN IT DOWN."

Susie always wore her national dress, by her grandfather's request and by her own wish.

Some of her young companions who could afford it, altered their attire according to the fashion of the day, when they were so fortunate as to find out, by letters from abroad, what that fashion was. But Susie was a Swede, heart and soul, as well as in her fair complexion and large blue eyes and thick braids of yellow hair.

Susie had been a resident in the colony only for one short year, and in her secret heart she was now looking forward to a return to Sweden at no distant day, if only Eric Silver should obtain patronage enough from the burghers to enable him to approach her proud grandfather with a proposal for her hand. The young couple had met at the houses of their mutual friends, and had learned to love each other from the first.

But not till Eric Silver had obtained the contract for the log church in the wilderness did he dare speak to the maiden of all that was hidden in his heart. And then he found—as many another young wooer has found before and since that happy day—that the maiden's heart had answered his, and that his poverty was no drawback whatever in her eyes. As for Susie's grandfather—that was quite another thing.

But the new church, with every one praising it, and prophesying great things of its builder, was a long step in the right direction to a happy bridal day beneath its roof, thought the fair-haired Susie, as she stood watching, with her young companions, how modestly the young man received the compliments that were paid him.

"He is shaking hands with your grandfather now, Susie," whispered Hilda Horn, who was her most intimate friend and only confidant. "How manly he looks! And you are right about our own national costume, Susie. Eric would not be one-half so handsome as he is now if he should put on a Parisian dress and have his hair cut in the fashion."

"The fashion!" said Susie, indignantly. "He wears his hair in the fashion of his native country. How else would you have him wear it, Hilda?"

"I? Now, was I not this moment praising it?" said Hilda, with a smile. "Nay, Susie, you know well that I am as fond of everything Swedish as you can be. Only, I own that I don't wish to go back to Sweden, as you do. For a visit, it might do well enough—if one could spare the gold and the time—but, for a lifelong home, give me these grand old woods, with my own people and my friends around me."

"And Jan Stevenson living with his little widowed mother next door, and teaching you how to speak German in the evening, after he comes home from his work on the farm," said Susie, who could hit the nail on its head in a most confusing way.

Hilda laughed and blushed.

"I wish you would be contented to live here, too," she said. "I shall be so lonely when you are gone. Why can you not remain, Susie? You have no one left in Sweden to care for, and this will be another Sweden in a little while."

Susie shook her head. Her blue eyes sought the deep woodland that rose darkly beyond the hamlet, with a glance of fear.

"If this land had been uninhabited when we came here, it would have been different," she said; "or if we had found here only people like ourselves—Christians and fellow-beings and friends, although, perhaps, speaking a different language from our own. But these red men, Hilda, I can never get used to them—I can never cease to fear them. I could not make a happy home among them, no matter who should share it with me."

"That is all nonsense, you know," said the practical Hilda. "There may be savage tribes in the Eastern and Western and Southern parts of the land; but they are many days' journey distant, and they know and care nothing about us. They will never come here to disturb us, if we dwell here for a lifetime."

"I do not fear *them*," replied Susie, significantly.

"Who, then?"

"Our own Indians."

"These friendly tribes?" said Hilda, smiling. "Nay, Susie, that is going too far. Why should they harm us? We have never wronged one of them in any way."

Susie glanced around and drew her friend aside.

"Hilda, you know that I have had an old Indian woman as a pensioner for a long time?"

"Old Nokontis?—yes. In my opinion, she is a witch, and deserves burning at the stake!" replied Hilda.

"Don't jest over this subject, dear; I assure you it is a serious one. Old Nokontis is very fond of me, and, for a week past, she has given me daily hints that have made my very blood run cold."

"A queer way of showing fondness, it seems to me," began Hilda.

"Hush!" said Susie. She laid her hand over Hilda's lips, and drew her further apart from the groups upon the green. "She is there, at the edge of the woodland."

"Who?" asked Hilda.

"Nokontis. Don't you see her? She beckons to me; she has some message. Come with me to hear it; but do not let the people see where we are going."

The two girls watched their opportunity, and presently glided into the shadow of the forest, where an aged and decrepit Indian woman, wrapped in a blanket, awaited them.

"You no come alone," she said to Susie, in a dissatisfied tone.

"This is my dear friend, Hilda, Nokontis," said Susie. "Can she stay?"

"Ugh! She makes much laugh at everything," grunted the old squaw. "Well now, you listen. The White Fawn must go—go at once."

"You know very well that I cannot go, as you call it," said Susie. "Why won't you tell me what you mean? Where am I to go?"

"Back, back!" said the squaw, waving her arm grandly in the air. "This is the land of the red man, let the pale-faces leave it, and all will be well. But the White Fawn should go at once."

"What do you mean by at once, Nokontis?" said Susie. The savage paused a moment.

"Before Tuesday," she said, and stole away like a dark shadow in the direction of the Indian camp in the distant forest.

Susie looked at Hilda.

"There! She has been talking to me like that for some time past, although she has never set a day for my leaving the colony before. What do you think of it? *I* feel as if something horrible was going to happen, and I have a great mind to tell grandpa what she says. If the colony is to be attacked, he surely ought to know it."

"And how foolish you and I would look, Susie, next Tuesday, after our grand warning, if no attack was made!" laughed Hilda. "Why, we should never hear the last of it from the girls!"

"But what can induce Nokontis to frighten me so?" asked Susie.

"Just because you *can* be frightened. She would not come to me with such romances many times, because I should 'make much laugh' at her, as she says. Come, dear, there is your grandpapa looking round after you, and our young architect is actually giving him his arm. Oh, Susie, you lucky girl! I do believe he has asked Eric to go home with him to dinner."

"Then you must come, too," said Susie, with a vivid blush.

And the two girls tripped down the long walk after the burgher and his young guest.

Nokontis and her warning were entirely forgotten in the unlooked-for joy that came to the lovers on that pleasant Sunday evening.

Monday came and went, with its usual "washing-day" accompaniment, which had become an institution in the settlement, although it was not in accordance with the custom of the Fatherland. It was the habit of the several households to meet on the green banks of the river, in a level space of some sixty yards, and then and there go through the mysteries of a "seven days' wash" in company, beguiling the time and the task with many a song and jest, as the maidens of Scotland are accustomed to do. The clean, white clothes were then hung to dry in the bright sunshine, and each household gathered together its own possessions at any hour thereafter that they might deem fit.

This custom kept a constant coming and going, and a clear babble of women's and children's voices, and laughter and song around the great washing-place, near the church-green, which could be easily heard by the men at work on the farm-lands some half a mile away.

On the Tuesday, as it happened, all the men were absent at the further end of the farm-lands. For a new barn was to be raised on an outlying meadow that bore a crop of hay fit only for the fodder of sheep, who might easily be summered on a neighboring hillside and wintered on the place itself, and washed and sheared beside the river, thereby saving much toil and going to and fro, if only a barn was built there.

Eric Silver had planned this building also, which was to stand on Jan Stevenson's land, and give shelter to his sheep.

So it was only natural that Susie and Hilda should frequently glance toward that distant hillside, as they walked down, on Tuesday forenoon, toward the washing-place, where all the matrons of the settlement were busy, with great fires close to the river-bank, boiling their year's supply of clear soft-soap.

For the first time in her life, Susie Thurlo had attempted to make the soap for their own family. Their Swedish housekeeper was absent on a visit to friends at another settlement, and old Nokontis—who might have supplied her place, in a measure—had been missing from the burgher's house since the Saturday previous.

But the soap must be made at the usual time, and Susie and Hilda built their fire nearest the church, and soon had the breezes loaded with the clean perfume which soft-soap is sure to give out when near completion, if it is skillfully and neatly prepared.

The matrons praised their work when they all paused to take a simple lunch of brown bread, sausage and coffee upon the river-bank. And Susie was just building up her fire for the afternoon, when she saw old Nokontis spring out from the edge of the woodland, and look round through the busy groups in search of her.

"Here I am, Nokontis!" she called out. "Come and see how nice and clear and golden my soap has turned out. I am very proud of it. And here is some luncheon for you, and a nice bowl of coffee, quite hot still. You must be both hungry and tired. Why did you not come home, Nokontis? I am all alone there, and you don't know how I have missed you!"

The glance of pity, love and horror that flashed from the dark eyes of the savage checked the words upon her lips.

"The White Fawn would not hear Nokontis, but Nokontis has hastened to try and save her," she said, panting with the speed of her running. "Quick, quick! To the church! It is new and strong, and the pale-faces may come to the rescue before the red men can burn it down!"

"The red men!" gasped Susie, turning deathly pale.

The long-handled dipper with which she had been stirring her soap fell from her hand.

Hilda caught it up.

At that moment a distant war-whoop sounded in the depths of the forest.

Too well those brave settlers' wives and daughters knew the meaning of that dreadful sound.

They rushed up to Nokontis, who was still breathlessly urging Susie to take refuge in the church.

"And Nokontis will run to the farm-lands and bring the pale-faces here," she said, looking anxiously into Susie's frightened face.

"To be sure!" cried Hilda, the practical. "The church-door is strong, and has a stout lock, and there are wooden shutters to the windows inside—and a fireplace!" she added, with a joyous laugh that made Susie fear that she was growing frantic with fright. "Oh, I have an idea! Fly, Nokontis, to the farm-lands, and warn the men. And do you pour water on your fires, or the houses will be in ashes in another hour," she added, turning to the women, who were regaining the courage and presence of mind that had been, for a moment, scared away.

Nokontis (a traitor to her race for the love of the fair girl who had been so kind to her), sped for her life to the distant farm-lands, to summon help.

The women worked with the speed of desperation, and before the war-whoop sounded a second time, and close at hand, every fire was quenched, and every woman and child were safe within the shelter of the log church.

"Carry in your soap. Don't let the red men waste it," said Hilda, at the last moment. And, half laughing, even in the midst of the appalling danger, each pair of women caught their own immense brass kettle and ran with it to shelter.

Hilda, with the help of Susie, who had now recovered from her alarm, merely transferred her fire to the enormous stone fireplace of the church.

"And now for my idea," she said, as the compact band of savages appeared on the deserted washing-place, and sought in vain for embers, with which to fire the humble cabins of the settlers.

Disappointed in this, the savages soon surrounded the church. The door was locked, the windows were shuttered, but smoke was pouring in a volume from the chimney, and fire was to be had within. After a short consultation among the Indians, the sounds of digging were heard by the anxious listeners in the church.

Susie was first to climb to the window and peep out.

"They are digging out the foundations," she said, looking down at a long row of bare, copper-colored shoulders that were bending to the toil beneath the windows.

"Let me look," said Hilda.

She gave one peep at the laborers, and sprang lightly to the floor.

"Now is the time!" she whispered, with her face all a-gleam with mirth. "Don't let them hear you slide the shutters back, and take Susie's kettle first. It is the hottest. Now, all together."

There was an instant silence as she showed them what to do, then a terrific yell from thirty throats filled the air.

Straight on those brawny, bending backs and shoulders had descended thirty quarts of boiling, blistering soap, from thirty hands that did not tremble in the least with fear.

The scalded warriors danced and shrieked with pain. The reserve force, dashing with savage fury against the church, were met with a second deluge full in their faces, and retreated, blinded and howling. After a short time spent in council, the whole force advanced, flourishing their tomahawks, and, rushing against the building on both sides, attempted to climb to the windows and massacre those within. But, fortunately for the women of the hamlet, Eric Silver had placed those casements some ten feet above the level of the foundation-walls; and each savage, climbing painfully up the walls, received such a baptism from one dipper or another that it was impossible for them to continue the attack.

Five minutes before old Nokontis arrived with the men of the settlement, the last Indian had limped into the welcome shade of the forest, and the women and girls were laughing together on the church green, and praising Susie for the excellent quality of her soap, which alone had won the day.

I heard this story not long ago in Philadelphia, not far from the site of the old Swedish log church; and she who told it to me was named Susie Silver, and had the blue eyes and yellow hair of her great-grandmother—who did not go back to Sweden, after all. As for the great soap kettle, it is an heirloom in the Silver family still.

DEFICIENCIES.—A sense of one's own deficiencies is a salutary thing, or the reverse, according to the use that is made of it. If it spurs us to more zealous effort, if it makes us resolute in our purpose of living a worthier life than we have hitherto spent, its benefit is great; but, if it arouses no more healthful frame of mind than a feeling of regret that we have accomplished so little, and an indolent and despairing conclusion that there is not much use in trying to do anything more in the world, then it is merely an additional hindrance to a life already marred by failure.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is said to be the way to virtue; it would be more correct to say that virtue is the way to self-knowledge. A pure mind, like a diamond, is clouded by the slightest defilement, and does not see, till after its purification, how many specks and stains still disfigure its holes and corners. And the purest are tormented by foul thoughts, which cling to them like spiders to the walls of a palace, and must be crushed at once, or they will overrun the whole building. Alas! our completest victories over ourselves are all but defeats.

XUM

A FEW COMMON MISTAKES CORRECTED.

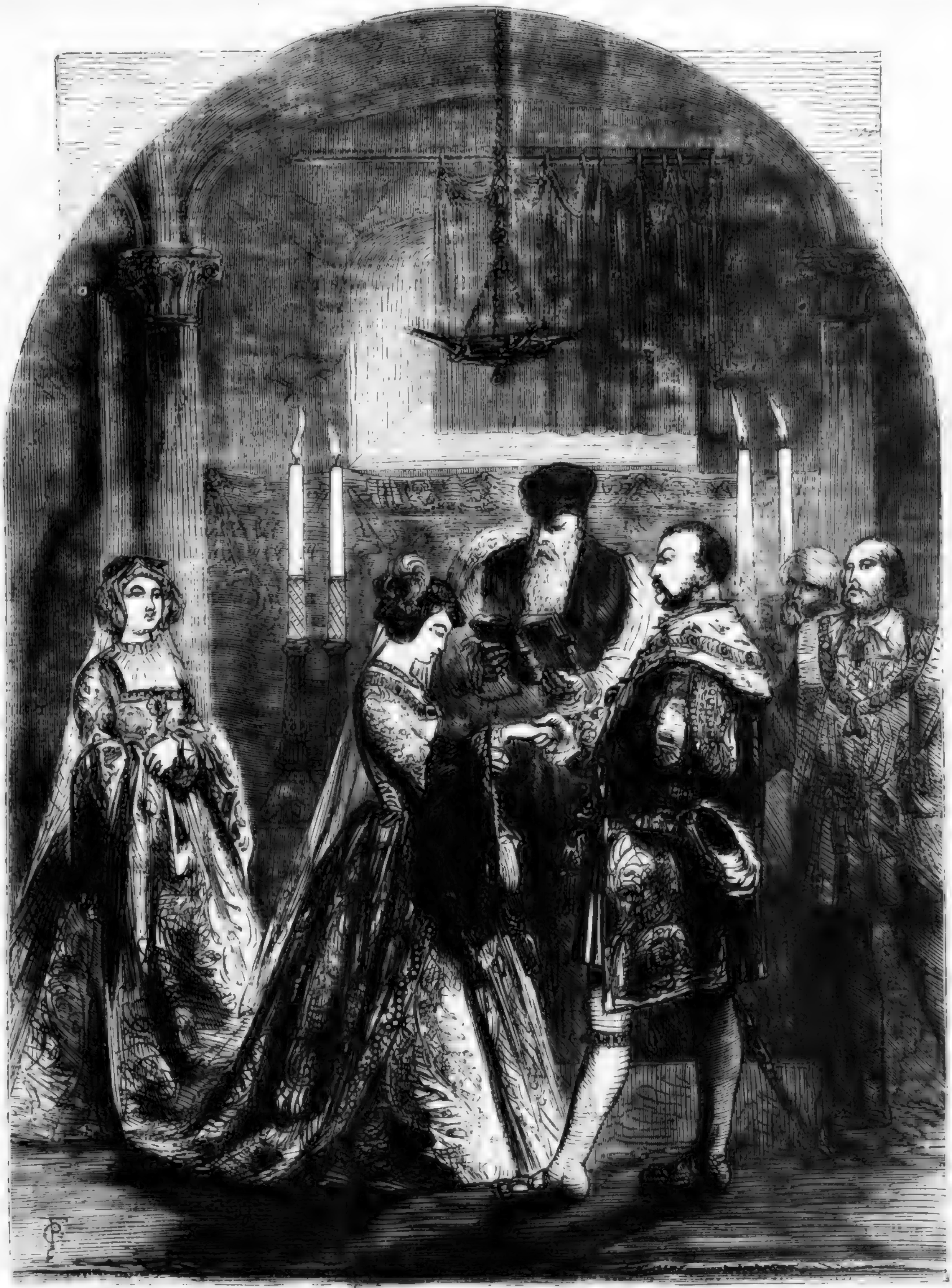
The middle of July is often spoken of as midsummer. The 24th of June, the festival of St. John the Baptist, is midsummer day, "so called from its dividing the year with the Feast of the Nativity, December 25th, sometimes called midwinter." With the eve of St. John's day are connected many old superstitious observances.

An interesting speaker and well read man was not very long ago reported (perhaps inaccurately) as expressing himself deeply interested in a certain place, though he was "not to the manor born." Hamlet speaks of his dislike of a certain custom, though well used to it, being "native here and to the manner born."

"Benefit of clergy" is often spoken of as if it were some benefit to be derived from the attendance of clergy—religious instruction, consolation, etc. It refers to an old privilege, whereby the clergy were exempted from the jurisdiction of lay tribunals; their trials, being managed by an ecclesiastical court, were often but a mere form. In the darker ages of learning, "every one who could read was by the laws of England considered to be a clerk." The fifty-first psalm, "Miserere mei," was accustomed to be read by criminals claiming this benefit; hence its opening came to be called "the neck verse." Sir Walter Scott says: "When education was more generally diffused, the laws conferring this privilege were gradually changed, and have been finally abolished."

"The Immaculate Conception" is supposed by many to refer to the Saviour, "Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost." (I observe a misunderstanding of the sort in "Kismet.") The Immaculate Conception is a dogma of the Church of Rome, and relates solely to the Virgin Mary. It was long asserted that she was born sinless; some maintained that she was sanctified a few hours after birth, but it was a question whether she could, at the earliest period of existence, have contracted any taint of sin. This controversy has been decided by papal authority during the time of the present generation, by the declaration that she was conceived free from all taint of original sin.

GODIVA.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 651.



THE MARRIAGE OF HENRY VIII. AND ANNE BOLEYN.

ANNE BOLEYN.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII. of England, was born, probably, in 1501, and was beheaded on May 19th, 1536. Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, was a knight of moderate fortune, distantly related to the royal family. Anne was carefully educated at home. At the age of fourteen, she spoke and wrote English and French with more than common accuracy, and was skilled in music, needlework and other feminine accomplishments. At this time she was appointed one of the maids of honor to accompany Mary, the youngest and favorite sister of Henry, who was to be married to the old and imbecile Louis XII. of France. Louis died within less than three months, and Mary returned to England, where she clandestinely married her former lover, Charles Brandon, Earl of Suffolk.

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Anne remained in France, entering first the service of the Sedate Queen Claude, the wife of Francis I., and afterward that of the rather questionable Margaret of Alençon, sister of the young King of France.

She soon became an acknowledged belle in the nowise prudish French Court. The Viscount Chateaubriant has left a description of her at this time which would do credit to the correspondent of any modern newspaper who was called upon to describe a reigning beauty upon whom royalty itself was supposed to have cast a not ungracious eye. "She possessed," says the viscount, "a great talent for poetry, and when she sang, she would, like a second Orpheus, have made bears and wolves dance attendance. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new steps, which are known by her name, or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced them. She was well skilled in all games fashionable at Court. Besides singing like a siren, accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than King David, and handled cleverly both flute and rebec. She dressed with marvelous taste, and devised new modes, which were followed by the fairest ladies of the French Court, but none wore them with her gracefulness."

As we shall see, Anne Boleyn had the art to introduce some fashions which she designed to conceal defects, amounting almost to deformities, in her own person. Of one of her marvelous costumes, as beheld by the masculine eye, we have a full description. On a particular occasion "she wore a vest of blue velvet, starred with silver, and a surcoat of watered silk, lined with minioli, with large hanging sleeves, and a *bourcelet* of blue velvet, trimmed with points, at each end of which hung a little bell of gold. On her head was a golden-colored aureole of plaited gauze, and her hair fell in ringlets. Her little feet were covered with blue velvet brodequins, the insteps being adorned with a diamond star." The *bourcelet*, as we understand, was a kind of broad cestus, or girdle, so shaped as to cover the hips, where Mademoiselle Anne seems to have required a little padding.

In 1522, Anne returned to her father's house in England, where she met with Henry VIII. The King was just past thirty, and had not yet begun to tread that downward path in which he was soon to make such rapid strides. If he had died at this time, he would have left one of the fairest names in the history of English Kings; and there would have been no need for a Froude to endeavor to whitewash that black figure which he came to be. We shall have to say much about Henry, with not a word in his favor. We will, therefore, present the description given of him a couple years before this time by Giustianini, the astute Venetian ambassador. He was writing a private dispatch to the signora, and had no motive to tell things otherwise than as they appeared to him. "His Majesty," says the Venetian, "is about twenty-nine years of age, fair and well proportioned. Learning that the French King lets his beard grow, he has begun to do likewise. His beard, being somewhat red, has the appearance of being of gold. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman and wrestler. He has a good knowledge of the French, Latin and Spanish languages, and is very devout. On the days when he goes to the chase, he hears Mass three times; but on other days, as often as four times. Every day he hears service at the Queen's chambers at vespers and complin. Affable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said to me that he wished every one was content with his condition; adding, 'We are content with our own islands.'"

Henry's morals, up to this time, seem to have been pretty good for a king. Queen Katharine, some years older than he, had less reason than most royal ladies to complain of her husband. He had indeed formed a *liaison* with Lady Talbois, who bore him a son, who was made Duke of Richmond; but that entanglement was of no long continuance. There had certainly been something between him and Mary Boleyn, the elder sister of Anne. No one can now say with certainty whether this intimacy was or was not a criminal one. But whatever it may have been, it was over, and he had exerted himself to get Mary Boleyn well married, and she was now the wife of Sir Henry Carey.

So matters stood when Henry first saw Anne Boleyn in the garden of her father's house. He was charmed with her, and that very evening told Cardinal Wolsey that he had been "discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown." To which the cardinal responded, significantly: "It is sufficient if your Majesty finds her worthy of your love." Henry said, somewhat dolefully: "I fear that she will never condescend in that way." To which Wolsey replied, soothingly: "When great princes choose to play the lover, they have that in their power which would soften a heart of steel." Henry acted upon this hint, and Anne Boleyn was soon appointed maid of honor to Queen Katharine.

Several writers of the day describe Anne Boleyn as she appeared at this time. Sir Thomas Wyatt, than whom there have been not a few worse poets and many much better men, styles her "that noble imp of the graces of nature, adorned by gracious education." Cardinal Pole's pen-and-ink picture is not over flattering as to her personal beauty. She was, he says, "in stature rather tall and slender, with an oval face, black hair, and a complexion inclined to sallow. One of her upper teeth projected a little. On her left hand a sixth finger might be perceived. On her throat was a protuberance." This protuberance is described by Chateaubriant as "a large mole like a strawberry"; to conceal it she wore a high collar-band, as she usually wore long sleeves to cover the malformation of her hand. There are portraits enough of Anne Boleyn, all bearing something of a common likeness. None of these represent her as beautiful in feature. The most flattering of them give a harsh and rather coarse expression to her face. But all contemporary writers agree in praising her cleverness and vivacity. "Beauty and sprightliness," says one, "sat upon her lips; in readiness of repartee, skill in the dance, and in playing upon the lute, she was unsurpassed."

We know something of the routine of the life of maids of honor to an English Queen. Fanny Burney has told us what it was under the very virtuous and very disagreeable Queen Charlotte, the spouse of George III. The life of a "saleslady" in a London or New York shop could scarcely be so hard. It was not so in the days of which we have here to speak. Queen Katharine's maids of honor had little to do. Each was permitted to have, as attendants, a woman-servant and a spaniel dog. They had enough to eat and drink. The ordinary fare consisted of a chine of salt beef, or a leg of mutton, with coarse bread at discretion, and a *manchet*—or, as we should say, a "roll," of fine wheat bread. On fast-days, fish—mostly salted—was provided; game and poultry were sometimes added. At dinner each maid of honor and her attendant were allowed a gallon of ale between them; and it was specially ordered that it should be pure malt liquor, without hops or brimstone, which were thought to be unwholesome, if not poisonous.

Henry began to act upon Wolsey's hint, and to put in use those means which great princes have when they choose to play the lover. He raised the father of Anne to

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the peerage, under the title of Viscount Rochford, and made Sir William Carey, the husband of her sister, a gentleman of the Privy Chamber. He offered Anne costly jewels, and pressed his love upon her. Her reply is on record. Falling upon her knees, she said: "I think, most noble and worthy King, your Majesty speaks these words in mirth, to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore, to ease you of the labor of asking me any such questions hereafter, I beseech your Highness most earnestly to desist, and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul) in good part: I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dower I shall bring my husband." Henry replied, after the customary fashion, that he should continue to hope. "I understand not," she said, "most mighty King, how you should retain such hope. Your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a Queen already. Your mistress I will not be." She was to become both.

Anne was looking forward to an honorable marriage with Henry Percy, son and heir of the Earl of Northumberland. He had, indeed, been contracted in infancy by his father to Lady Mary Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, while Anne had been in like manner contracted to Sir Piers Butler. Ignoring these pre-contracts, Anne and Percy entered into a troth-plight with each other. Henry ordered Wolsey to break this off, by inducing the Earl of Northumberland to compel Percy to fulfill his contract with Lady Mary, upon pain of disinheritance. "Whereat," says a contemporary writer, "Mistress Anne was greatly displeased, promising, if it ever lay in her power, she would be revenged upon the cardinal, who had prevented her from becoming Countess of Northumberland." She retired from Court, refusing to return for four years, the King urging her over and over again to come back. In an evil hour she returned, and Henry resumed his protestations, to which Anne began to listen with less disfavor. Most likely she had come to look upon the possibility of becoming Queen, for Henry was urging his suit for the annulment of his marriage with Katharine of Aragon. The King's passion for Anne came to be an open secret, known to all the Court; and as early as 1528, it is certain that she had in some way acceded to his suit; for in that year he confided to Wolsey his intention to make her his Queen. The cardinal was thunderstruck. He was quite willing that Anne should be the King's mistress, but her elevation to the throne, involving as it did the degradation of the kinswoman of the King of Spain, would be fatal to his long-cherished hope of becoming Pope. He flung himself at the King's feet, remaining there, if the chroniclers are to be trusted, for hours, and besought his sacred Majesty to renounce his infatuation; but all in vain.

At what time the actual criminal intercourse between Henry and Anne began, can never be known. Certain it is, that by the close of 1529 she was almost publicly acknowledged as the King's mistress. The enamored monarch provided her with a splendid mansion close by Whitehall, where she held daily levees with all the pomp of royalty. She had her ladies-in-waiting, her train-bearer and her chaplains. Everybody who wanted favors, in Church or State, resorted to her. At Christmas the King went to Greenwich, where the Queen resided. Madame Anne accompanied him, and in the splendor of her receptions she far outshone her nominal mistress.

The matter of the divorce dragged its slow length along year after year. In 1532 things approached a crisis. On the 1st of September Anne was made a peeress, under the title of Marchioness of Pembroke—the first instance in English history where a peerage was created for a woman. She was thus ennobled, as recited in the royal letters-patent, "Because a monarch ought to surround his throne with many peers of the worthiest of both sexes." The shameful ceremony of induction was conducted with almost regal pomp. The account is worth reading, as given in the records:

"The King, attended by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the French ambassador and many peers, besides the Privy Council, went in state, on Sunday, September 1st, to the state apartment in Windsor Castle—called by some 'the Chamber of Salutation,' and by others 'the Presence Chamber'—and seated himself in the chair of state. To this room Anne Boleyn was conducted by a great train of courtiers and the nobility, both lords and ladies. First entered Garter King-at-Arms. After him came the Lady Mary, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and cousin-german to Anne Boleyn, carrying on her left arm a robe of state, made of crimson velvet, furred with ermine, and in her right hand a coronet of gold. She was followed by Anne Boleyn herself, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, attired in her inner garment, called a surcoat, of crimson velvet, lined with ermine also, and with short sleeves. She walked between Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, and Dorothy, Countess of Suffolk, and she was followed by many noble gentlewomen. As she approached the King's royal seat, she made three obeisances, and when she arrived before him she kneeled. The charter having been presented to the King, he delivered it to his secretary, Gardiner, who read it aloud, and when he came to the words *mantillæ inductionem*, the King took the robe of state from the Lady Mary, and put it on Anne Boleyn's shoulders; and at the words *circuli aurei*, the Lady Mary handed him the coronet, which he placed on the brow of the new-made marchioness. When the charter was read, he presented it to her, together with another which secured to her a pension of £1,000* per annum during her life for maintaining that dignity. She then gave the King humble thanks, and, with the coronet on her head, and invested with the robe, she retired, the trumpets sounding most melodiously as she departed from the Presence Chamber. A largess was cried, on her gift to Garter King-at-Arms of £8, and to his officers of £11, while Henry gave a largess of £5 on the occasion."

It is worthy of note that the materials for Anne's robes were paid for from the King's privy purse, the cost being £30 16s. 6d. (say $1,550). He also presented her with gold and silver plate, inventoried at £1,188 (say about $60,000), besides richly jeweled miniatures painted by Holbein. The royal bounty by no means stopped here, as is shown by the King's expense-book, still extant. Not long after we find an item of £94 10s. 10d. for silk and furring "for my Lady Marques of Pembroke." Just about this time there is an extraordinary item of £12,000 (considerably more than half a million dollars) paid in one day for jewels, mercery and millinery, the greater part of which was doubtless for Mistress Anne. And in about a month we find Henry settling upon her lands in Wales and in several counties in England. The monarch and his mistress were wont to play at cards and dice, she being invariably the winner. In ten consecutive days we find that she and her partners won from him £52 1s. 4d. The marchioness indeed needed all she received, in order to maintain the dignity of her station. Her establishment far exceeded those of the sister and nieces of the King. She had a train-bearer, three ladies of the bed-

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* It must be borne in mind that the value of money was then about ten times greater than at present, so that Anne's pension was equivalent to about $50,000 in our day.

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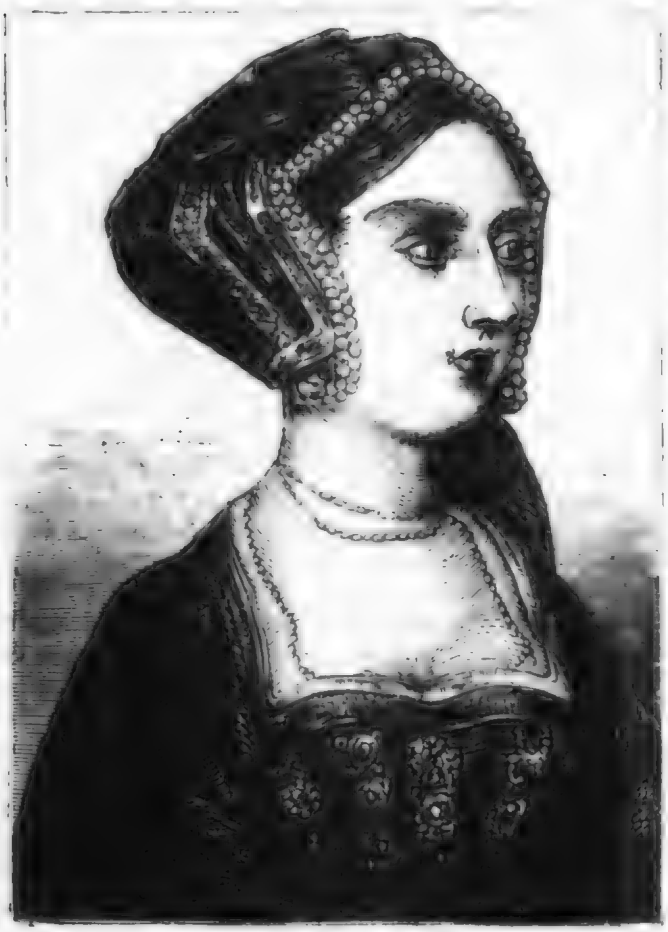


ANNE BOLEYN.

chamber, and four maids of honor—all of them daughters of barons or knights; three gentlemen-in-waiting, six officers, all knights or barons; and more than thirty domestic servants.

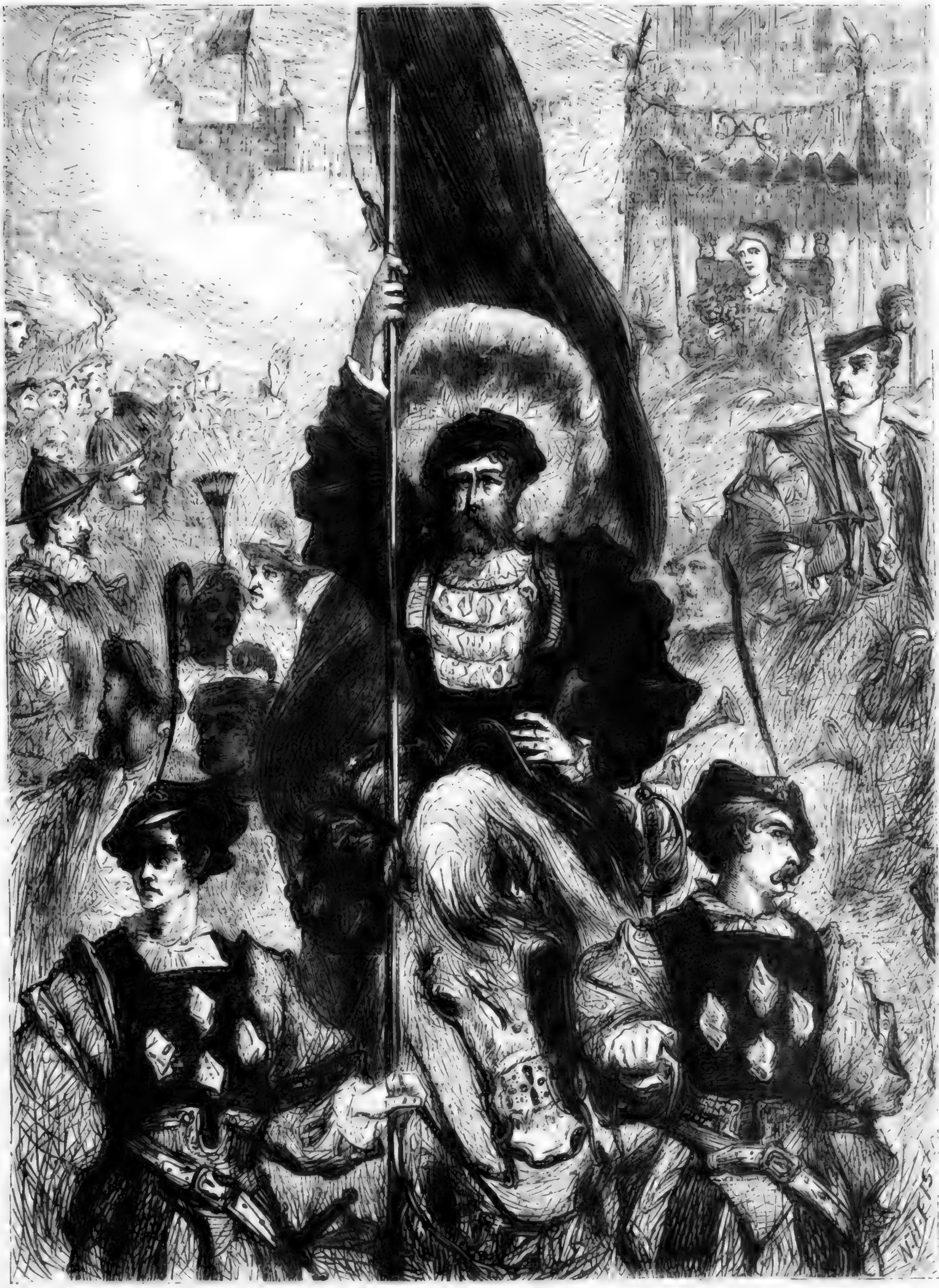
A few weeks after this, Henry paid a visit to the King of France at Boulogne, accompanied by the Marchioness of Pembroke; but, greatly to her chagrin, none of the ladies of the French Court were present. King Francis, however, accompanied the happy pair on their return to England, and at parting presented Anne with a purse containing 15,000 French crowns.

There is some uncertainty as to the date of the marriage between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Several times and places are mentioned traditionally. In any case it was in private, and some time before Cranmer pronounced the sentence annulling the marriage with Katharine of Aragon. Most likely it was for this reason that the archbishop was not told of it. The commonly received account runs thus: "Before daybreak on the 25th of March, Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the King's chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate Mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. Here he found the King, attended by Norris and Heneage, two grooms of the chamber, and the Marchioness of Pembroke, accompanied by her train-bearer, Alice Saville, afterward Lady Berkeley. He was required to perform the nuptial ceremony between his sovereign and the marchioness. As soon as this had been performed, the parties separated in silence before it was light." The account adds, quite improbably, that the chaplain hesitated at first, but was assured by Henry that the Pope had already granted the annulment of the marriage with Katharine. The complaisant chaplain was soon rewarded by a bishopric.

The great desire of Henry was that a son might be born to him to inherit his crown. Anne gave promise of approaching maternity, and it was desirable that the expected prince should be born in acknowledged wedlock. So on Easter Day, April 12th, the marriage was publicly acknowledged, although the consistory had not yet annulled that with Katharine of Aragon. A fortnight later the King issued an order directing that the wives of all the peers and their women should "give their attendance at the approaching solemnity of his dearest wife—Queen Anne's procession from Greenwich to the Tower; and at her coronation, which is to take place on the Feast of Pentecost; wherefore he requires them to be all at his manor of Greenwich on the Friday before that feast to attend his said Queen from thence to the Tower of London on that day, and the next day to ride with her through the City of London on horseback;" all of them were bidden to come provided with white or gray palfreys. Pentecost, the day set for the coronation, came on the 1st of June. On the 19th of May the Queen left Greenwich for the Tower, which, according to custom, was to be her residence for a few days. She went by water, escorted by the Lord Mayor of London and fifty civic barges, all gayly decorated. On that day three years afterward, Anne Boleyn was led out from the Tower to the block.

Saturday, May 31st, was the great day, when the Queen rode in procession through the streets. All the long way from Temple Bar to the Tower the streets had been freshly strewn with gravel. Every front was decorated. From every window streamed tapestry and hangings of every gorgeous hue, crimson and scarlet and purple, the product of the looms of Flanders and the East. Cheapside was

HENRY ATTRACTED BY CATHARINE HOWARD.



ANNE BOLEYN'S ENTRY INTO LONDON.

draped even yet more royally, in cloth-of-gold. On each side of the streets through which the cortége was to pass, a narrow footway was railed off. One side was crowded with the 'prentice boys and common citizens, on the other were the beadles and other civic servitors, with their clubs and maces, to see to it that good order was preserved—a precaution all the more needful, for on that day every conduit and fountain spouted forth jets of good Rhenish wine. Every window, balcony and coigne of vantage was thronged with anxious spectators.

At length, at the booming of a Tower gun, the massive Tower gates were swung back, and the long procession defiled out. In front rode twelve French knights, in coats of blue velvet, with sleeves of yellow silk. The place of honor had been accorded to them because France and Venice were the only States which permitted their ambassadors to take part in the ceremonial. To all the rest of Christendom Anne Boleyn was no Queen, and though, as all could see, soon to become a mother, was not even a wife. Next came, two-by-two, in long procession, a troop of English gentlemen, many of whom had almost beggared themselves that they might make a fitting show on this great day. After them followed the violet-gowned Knights of the Bath, robed and mitred abbots, barons in common velvet, bishops and earls and marquises, each successive order seeming to outshine the preceding one in splendor of attire and adornment. Then, marching alone, came Lord Chancellor Audley; after him the Venetian ambassador and the Archbishop of York; then Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Paris—a famous hunter, but now bearing the episcopal crozier; then the Lord Mayor of London, with Garter King-at-Arms, and "Belted Will Howard," Lord Marshal of England; then followed the officers of the Queen's household, resplendent in crimson and gold; and, last of this division of the procession, the Duke of Suffolk, Lord High Constable, with the silver wand, the emblem of his high office.

Then, after a brief space, came the one for whose coming all eyes were strained. In a white chariot, drawn by white palfreys covered to the fetlock by white silken damask, and under a golden canopy, rode Anne Boleyn. She was robed in white, a jeweled coronet upon her head, and her long dark hair flowing loose over her shoulders. Then came peeresses and their women, some in white chariots, others mounted upon white or gray palfreys, according to the royal mandate. Ever and anon the procession paused to look at some quaint show or "pageant," mostly of an allegoric or semi-classical design. Here it was Mount Parnassus, with the fountain of Helicon spurting out four jets of red wine into the basin below. On the summit of the mountain was Apollo, with the nine Muses around him, all making such music as they could with harp and lyre and voice. Not far off was "a little mountain, covered all over with white and red roses." As the Queen drew near, a white falcon "was made to descend as out of the sky"—pulled down, we suppose, by a string; and then, continues the old chronicler, "incontinent came down an angel, with great melody, and set a crown of gold on the falcon's head; and in the same pageant sat Saint Anne, with all her issue, and Mary Cleophas, with her four children, of the which one made a goodly oration to the Queen of the fruitfulness of Saint Anne, trusting that like fruit should come to her also."

So along street after street wound the procession to Westminster Hall, amid shouting and singing, ringing of bells from all church-steeples, and infinite quaffing of wine from the over-flowing fountains. Thus this great Saturday came and went, and Sunday, Pentecost Day, the day for the coronation, dawned. Early in the morning the peers were assembled in Westminster Hall, with the high dignitaries of Church and State. Anne, now robed in purple velvet, furred with ermine, took her seat upon the dais, and when the preliminary ceremonies had been performed, the procession was formed to the venerable Abbey, the bishops and monks, properly posted in the court, solemnly singing. She took her seat in the coronation chair, and at the proper time was conducted to the high altar, where stood Archbishop Cranmer, whose lips had only a few days before announced the decree that the marriage between Henry and Katharine, so many years before, was a sham, void, and of no effect from the beginning. His hands poured the consecrated oil upon the head of Anne Boleyn, and from him she received the golden sceptre and the crown of St. Edward. She had, to all seeming, attained the summit of her desires. She was the publicly wedded wife of Henry, and the crowned and consecrated Queen of England. It is observable that the King nowhere appears in this whole ceremonial. He seems to have wished that Anne should have all the glory of it. Yet two things were still lacking: Katharine of Aragon still lived; and Anne, to make assurance of her position, must become the mother of a living son.

The expected child was born on September 7th, 1534, a little less than seven months after the most probable date of the private marriage. History knows this child as Queen Elizabeth. Henry was bitterly chagrined at the sex of this child. If it had been a prince instead of a princess, all might possibly have gone well with Anne Boleyn. Henry had toiled for her quite as assiduously, and almost as long, as Jacob did during his two terms of servitude for Rachel. The prize, once gained, lost all value in his eyes, and he soon began to cast lustful eyes upon Jane Seymour, one of Anne's maids of honor. Meantime, in the Autumn of 1535, Anne was again to become a mother. When close upon her time of trial, she one day caught her husband in amorous dalliance with her dishonorable maid of honor. The shock of this discovery caused her, on January 29th, 1536, to give birth to a dead son. Henry was furious, and charged her with the "loss of his boy." She replied, indignantly, that he "had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind about that wench, Jane Seymour." Henry left her, muttering wrathfully that Anne "should have no more boys by him." The end was fast coming. But one more gleam of triumph was reserved for Anne Boleyn. The blameless Katharine of Aragon died, and Anne exultingly exclaimed, "Now, indeed, am I the Queen!" In a little more than four months her head rolled upon the scaffold.

After the quarrel with Henry, Anne withdrew herself from the gayeties of the Court, and spent her time at Greenwich, her principal enjoyment being in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. One can scarcely help thinking that she was half crazed. Saving her relations with Henry, she had passed her four-and-thirty years without any marked scandal against her. But now, making all allowance for false testimony, there can be little doubt that she suffered more than one of her attendants to address her in terms of passionate endearment. Among those whom scandal pointed out as her paramours, were Brereton, Norris and Weston, grooms of her chamber, and Mark Smeaton, a low-born musician. Besides these, was named her own brother, George, Viscount Rochford. Reports against her became rife early in June, 1536, and a committee of the Privy Council was secretly appointed to investigate the charges against her. Among this committee were her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, and her own father, now Earl of Wiltshire. Rightly or wrongly, they found matter of grave accusation against her; but she seems to have had no suspicion of the weapons which were being forged against her.

The blow fell on Monday, May 1st, 1536. On that day there was a great joust at Greenwich, over which Anne presided, Henry being one of the spectators. He was evidently prepared for something; for all at once he sprang up wrathfully and left the balcony, followed by half a dozen of his attendants. One chronicler says—how truthfully no one knows—that he saw the Queen throw her handkerchief to Sir Henry Norris, and that after he had wiped his face with it, he handed it back to her on the point of his lance; for in this joust he was her champion knight. Be this as it may, Henry rode off, giving orders that Anne should be arrested next day and committed to the Tower. Of what followed there are accounts enough, but not altogether consistent with each other. On the fourth day of her imprisonment, she wrote a long and pathetic letter to the King, who had by emissaries evidently endeavored to wring from her some confession of guilt. Of this letter, which may still be read in the original, we give only a portion. She writes:

> "Let not your Grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought ever proceeded. Never a prince had wife more loyal in duty, and in all true affection, than you have found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had so been pleased. Neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received Queenship, but that I always looked for such alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer basis than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration was fit and sufficient (I know) to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honor, good, your Grace; let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favor from me; neither let that stain—that unworthy stain—of a disloyal heart toward your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on me and on the infant princess, your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful trial; but let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and my judges; yea, let me have an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shames. Then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicions and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped; or my guilt openly declared, so that, whatever God and you may determine of, your Grace may be at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unfaithful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled upon that party for whose sake I am now what I am. But if you have already determined of me that not only my death, but an infamous slander, must bring you the joying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin herein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof. . . . My last and only request shall be that myself may only bear the burden of your Grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake."

But the King had already determined the matter, and whatsoever the King willed the courts would surely decree. On May 10th, four days after the date of this letter, two indictments for high treason were found by two grand juries in two counties "against the Lady Anne, Queen of England, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, Sir Francis Weston and William Brereton, gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, and William Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments." Smeaton was said to have pleaded guilty, after having been subjected to the rack. Norris, Weston and Brereton averred their own innocence and that of the Queen. Short work was made of their trial. They were all found guilty, and executed. Smeaton's alleged confession did not gain him his life.

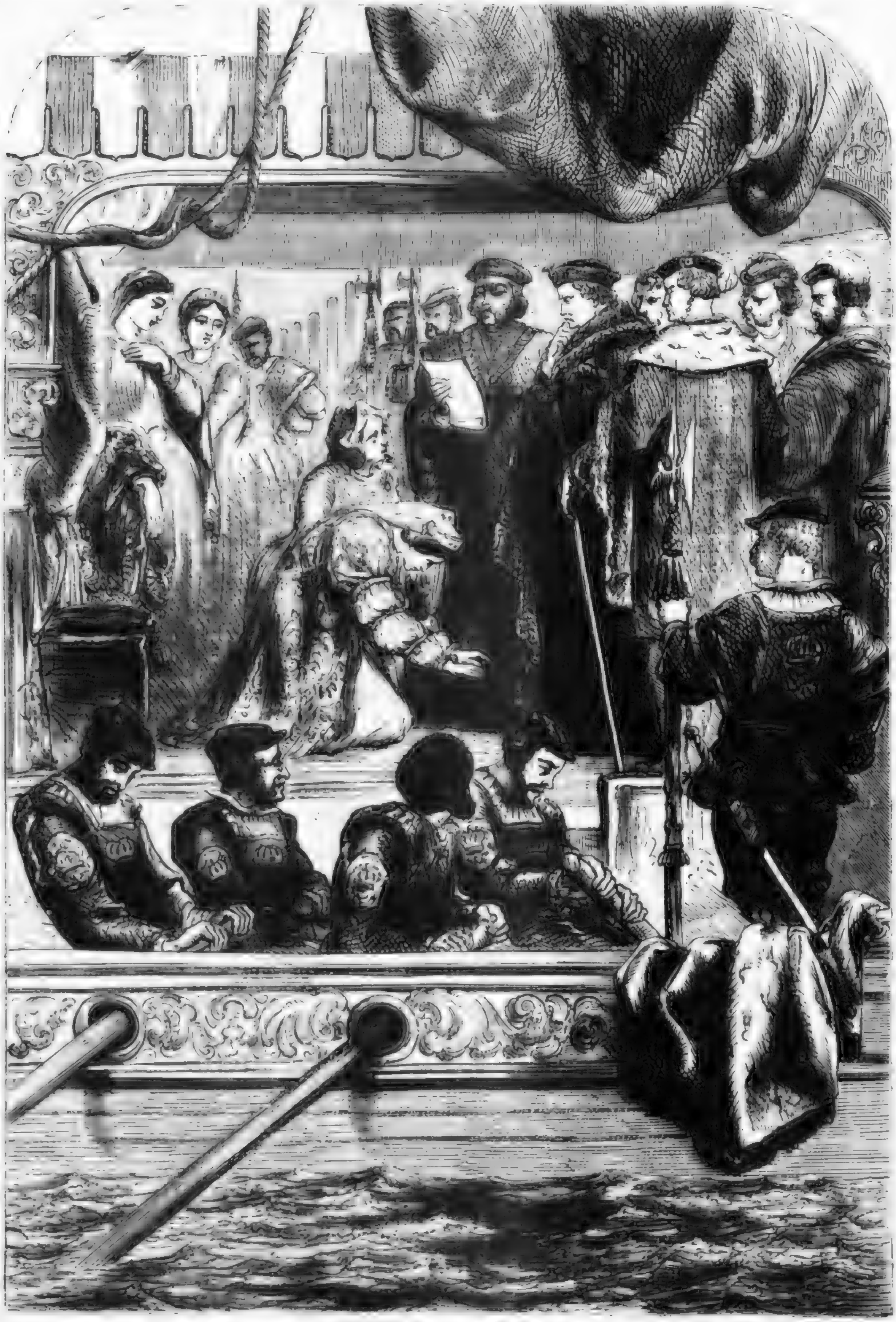
The Queen and her brother, being peers, could be tried only by the Lords. Of the fifty-two English peers, half were constituted a commission for this purpose. The president on the trial was the Duke of Norfolk, uncle of the Queen; another member of the court was that Henry Percy, now Earl of Northumberland, who had once hoped to be the husband of Anne Boleyn. Her father, now Earl of Wiltshire, had been named as one of the commission, but he did not act as such. The charges against the Queen were definite and exact, naming the time and place of each alleged act of criminality. Of the evidence there appears no record. The trial began on the 15th of May, and on the next day the decision was delivered. The unanimous verdict of the court was, that "The Queen be taken back to the King's prison within the Tower, and then, as the King shall command, be brought to the green within the said Tower, and there be burned or beheaded, as shall please the King." It is said that the Duke of Norfolk burst into tears as he pronounced the sentence, and that the Earl of Northumberland "was obliged by a sudden illness to leave the court." Viscount Rochford was also found guilty of incest with his sister; the principal witness against him being his own wife, an infamous woman, who in time came to an evil end.

Whether Anne Boleyn was or was not guilty of the crimes laid to her charge, will never be known to mortal man. In favor of her innocence is the enormity of the charges, and their apparent inconsistency with the general tenor of her whole previous life. On the other hand is the fact that she was unanimously condemned by the most august tribunal known to English law—a tribunal which included some men of the best repute in their day.

A curious incident occurred during some part of these proceedings. By the King's order, Cranmer was made confessor to the Queen, and to him she is said to have made an avowal of something which rendered her marriage with Henry unlawful and void from the beginning. What that avowal was, supposing it was ever made, is wholly unknown. Some conjecture that it related to the former intimacy between Henry and Mary Boleyn; some even hint at something darker—that Anne was the daughter of Henry. Perhaps the most probable conjecture is that it referred to her pre-contract with Piers Butler, which at that day was held to preclude any marriage with another. The legal record, of a somewhat later date, is wholly vague. It runs thus: "Now, of late, God, of His infinite goodness, from whom no secret thing can be hid, hath caused to be brought to light evident and open knowledge of certain just, true and lawful impediments, unknown at the making of the said Acts [by which the marriage had been declared legitimate], and since confessed by the Lady Anne, by the which it plainly appeareth that the said marriage was never good nor consonant to the laws." Cranmer, acting in one judicial capacity, pronounced the marriage to have been null and void from the outset; while another decree granted a divorce to Henry. If there had been no marriage, one cannot understand how there could be a divorce.

The King, in his infinite goodness, had decided that Anne should not be burned, but beheaded, and that the execution should be performed on the 19th of May. On that day, three years before, she had made her first public appearance in London as acknowledged Queen of England. A little before noon she was led down to the Tower green. A single gun was loaded on the ramparts; beside it stood a cannoneer with lighted lintstock; for the discharge was to announce to eager ears that the deed was done. Upon the scaffold were several notabilities—perhaps the most notable being Henry Fitzroy, the young Duke of Richmond, illegitimate son of the King, who had it in mind to legitimatize him, and make him heir to the crown. When the brief preliminaries had been concluded, Anne walked firmly to the block. The bitterness of death was past, and she met her doom with all firmness.

"Good Christian people," she said, "I am come to die. And according to the law, and by law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die. But I pray God save the King, and send him long to reign over you; for a gentler and more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was ever a good, a gentle and sovereign lord. If any person will meddle of my affairs, I require him to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world and of you. O Lord, have mercy upon me.



ANNE RECEIVES THE ORDER FOR HER ARREST.

To God I commend my soul." Having spoken these words, says the chronicler, "with a smiling countenance, she kneeled down on both her knees, and said, 'To Jesus Christ I commend my soul,' and with that word the hangman of Calais smote off her head with one stroke with a sword."

Meanwhile, Henry was in Richmond Park, surrounded by hounds and huntsmen attired for the chase, only awaiting the boom from the Tower gun which should announce that Anne Boleyn was no more. As soon as the sound rang through the noontide air, he gave an exultant shout. "Ha, ha!" he exclaimed, "the deed is done! Uncouple the hounds!" And then the hunt sped gayly westward. Henry rode fast and well. At nightfall he drew rein at Wold Hall, in Wiltshire, the mansion of the father of Jane Seymour, who was looking out for the coming of the bridegroom expectant, whose first wife had been dead less than five months, the second only about as many hours. Marriage preparations had been going on, for how long we know not; but they were now complete. A dutiful Privy Council had besought the King to take a third wife without an hour's delay after the head of the second one had fallen upon the scaffold. Henry needed no such urgency, but complied with the request almost to the letter. Early next morning his Royal Highness, "Defender of the Faith," and all that, clad in pure white, took to wife Jane Seymour, the waiting-woman of her whose corpse was scarcely cold. As nearly as we can measure the time, Henry was married to Jane Seymour just twenty hours after the head of Anne Boleyn had fallen from the sharp sword-stroke of the executioner of Calais.

According to United States Fish Commissioner Baird, the world is indebted to a woman for the discovery that the oil of the "menhaden" fish has much commercial value. About the year 1850, Mrs. John Bartlett, of Blue Hill, near Mount Desert, Maine, while boiling some fish for her chickens, noticed a thick scum of oil upon the surface of the water. Some of this oil she bottled, and when on a visit to Boston soon afterward, she carried samples to one of the leading oil-merchants of that city, who encouraged her to bring more. The following year the Bartlett family industriously plied their gill nets, and sent to the market 13 barrels of oil, for which they were paid at the rate of $11 a barrel, in all $143.

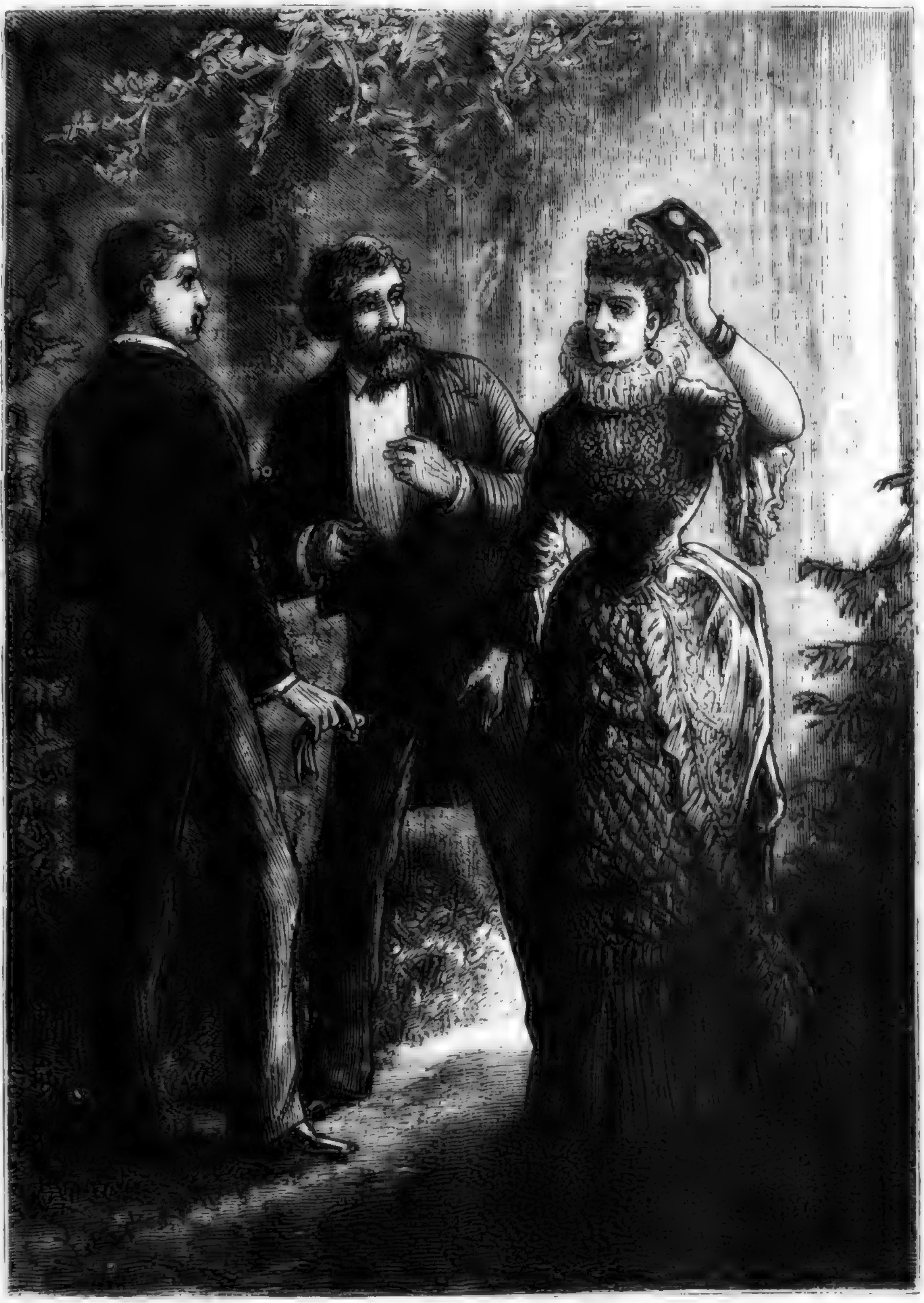
Courtesy at home, like other virtues, cannot be practiced too constantly, or be too well fortified by undeviating habit. Even when a man is alone it is not well to throw aside the restraints and observances of social usage.

THE MASKED MARQUISE.

By Lillie Devereux Blake.

[The main facts of this story are of real occurrence, and Fanny Foley was a living character, well known to old residents of Louisiana.—L. D. B.]

Some years ago, when I was a wandering young bachelor, business took me to New Orleans, and led me to make my way to the Southern capital on one of those miniature palaces which float on the Mississippi. One evening, just as we were approaching the Crescent City, my friend Tom Bowie and I were strolling on the upper deck, when an outward-bound steamer came puffing up-stream, and passed us, the people on deck enthusiastically waving their handkerchiefs, and the whistles of both vessels sounding a shrill and almost deafening greeting.



THE MASKED MARQUISE.—"'THERE, BOYS,' SHE SAID, WITH THE SAME BITTER, MOCKING LAUGH THAT WAS ALREADY FAMILIAR, 'YOUNG GENTLEMEN DO NOT FIGHT FOR THEIR GRANDMOTHERS.'!"

"The *Fanny Foley,*" I said, reading the name which adorned the paddle-box. "How many of your boats are named after women!"

"Yes; the wives and sweethearts of the builders and owners of these steamers are often immortalized in that way. This boat, however, is named after one of the most famous belles this river ever saw."

"Indeed! Well, it is a very dashing-looking boat," I said, as I turned to watch the gay colors and profuse gilding of the vanishing *Fanny Foley.*

"It should be, to do justice to the original, if all I have heard of her is true," replied Tom. "I never saw the lady myself. But there is your friend, Miss Parker, coming on deck, Charlie, and a present beauty is better than an absent one, any day, especially——"

But I did not hear the end of Tom's sentence, for I turned quickly, to meet the pretty blue-eyed girl who was coming toward us, and presently forgot all about the *Fanny Foley.*

Two weeks after this, I went with my friend Tom to one of the masked balls that were in those days the favorite amusement of the season in New Orleans. The scene was a brilliant one, crowds of dancers thronging the floor, costumes of every age and country mingling together, many of them noticeable for their splendor—for I write of the good old days before the war, when the people of New Orleans were wealthy and prosperous.

As we passed up the room, Tom was seized upon by a dashing *vivandière,* and, with a parting nod and smile, left me to my fate. I walked on, feeling for a moment somewhat lonely in the gay crowd. My dress was that of a Venetian cavalier, which I fancied rather set off my six feet of muscular Christianity; and I was unmasked. Stranger as I was, I had no need of concealing myself for any especial purpose, and, with the vanity of youth, I thought my face might serve as a card of introduction.

People hurried past me in busy groups, or whirled by in the dance; but no one noticed me, and I was just about to turn aside and seat myself somewhat moodily on a bench against the wall, when a tiny hand was laid on my arm, and a clear voice said: "Why so pensive, gentle stranger?"

I turned and beheld, standing beside me, the daintiest figure I ever saw—a lady rather under the middle height, attired in the costume of a French marquise of the time of Louis XIV.—a blue satin bodice, cut square, with full white lace chemisette reaching to the throat, where a ruff came up to the very chin. The rich skirt, full, and trimmed profusely, was looped over a white satin petticoat. There were pink roses on these loopings, and on her bosom, while her hair, powdered to snowy whiteness, was sprinkled with diamond-dust, and dressed with pink roses and blue ribbons.

There was an airy grace about her light and delicate form, the foot and ankle revealed by the short petticoat were exquisitely dainty, set off by the fine silk stockings and high-heeled slippers, adorned with diamond buckles; while the hand that rested on my arm was small and beautifully shaped.

I was captivated at once, and said, as I offered my arm to the fair unknown:

"I was pensive, lady, because in this great crowd I felt myself alone; but your presence has driven away the clouds, and I am happy since you have deigned to smile upon me."

"Well spoken, Sir Cavalier," she replied; "and I accept your escort, so gallantly given."

She slid her small hand within my arm, and we joined the promenaders, I finding a new interest in the scene that a moment ago had seemed so dreary.

"Have you been here long, Sir Cavalier?" asked the lady.

"I am a stranger in a strange land," I answered; "therefore I am especially grateful to you for your condescension in noticing me."

As I spoke, I looked keenly at my companion, hoping to trace somewhat the lineaments of her face, but it was in vain. Her mask was of black velvet, and from its lower edge hung a fall of figured black lace, which completely concealed the mouth and chin. I could only see that a pair of dark eyes looked up at mine, and that they rivaled in their brilliancy the jewels which hung from her ears, the flashes of which gleamed through the shrouding lace.

At this moment the band struck up a waltz, and people began moving about to find partners.

"Will it please your ladyship to dance?" I asked.

"Of all things, fair knight," she replied, and in a moment we were whirling about the room.

Such a dancer I never met, either before or since. I have tripped it with Spanish girls under the moonlight, with light-footed Frenchwomen, with fair-haired German *frauleins,* and, perhaps, best of all, with our graceful New York belles, but never have I met such lightness and grace of motion, such exquisite rhythm of movement! This dainty marquise seemed to be the very incarnation of Terpsichore, as her light form swayed to every strain of the music.

When we paused, I was fairly captivated.

"Ah, lady!" I said, "my poor words are all inadequate to tell you what a delight that was! I could have wished that waltz could have lasted an eternity!"

She laughed, lightly.

"Would not that be rather tiresome, Sir Knight? I fancy an eternity, even of waltzing, would become rather a bore."

"Not with you!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"A brave compliment, and well turned," she said, quickly; "but are you not somewhat rash? Remember, you have not yet even seen me."

"I can guess at the beauty which I hope ere long to be permitted to gaze upon, lady."

A faint laugh, which had a suggestion of mockery in it, rippled from under her vailing mask, and at that moment Tom made his way out of the crowd toward me.

He was unmasked, and, as I saw how handsome he looked, his face flushed with the dance, a sudden pang of jealousy shot through my breast.

"Ah, Charlie, you have found a partner!" and he bowed low to the lady.

"Only for one dance," she replied, as she withdrew her hand from my arm.

"A fair challenge, lady," he said, quickly. "Shall the next be mine?"

"With all my heart!" and she transferred the dainty white glove to my friend's arm.

The music struck up a redowa. I had the aggravation of seeing my charming partner whirling away from me, apparently as well pleased with her new companion as she had been a moment ago with me.

I was somehow most unreasonably vexed, and plunged in the crowd till I saw a lady standing alone by the wall, and at once offered her my arm. She accepted it, and we began to dance; but she seemed awkward, clumsy and stupid, and I left her as soon as I could respectably, and went prowling forlornly over the room, thinking enviously of how happy Tom must be all the time.

"Pensive again, Sir Knight?"

The words were uttered at my elbow, and I turned to find the marquise close at my side.

"Oh, you have come back to me!" I cried. "I am so glad!"

My heartiness seemed to please her, for she took my arm at once.

"Yes; and I will not leave you so abruptly again. You will forgive me for that, won't you?"

"Y—es," I said, slowly. "But you made me very miserable."

"Oh, no!"

"You did, indeed."

I repeated the words earnestly. She looked at me quickly.

"I saw you dancing quite gayly," she said.

"Yes, with a horrid, clumsy thing!"

"Ah, ha, Sir Knight! where is your gallantry?"

"Well, she was, compared to you," I repeated; "but I will forget it all if you will dance with me now."

Once more she rested on my arm, and we floated through the room to the delicious strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, while I had the satisfaction of seeing Tom viewing us jealously from a distance.

The moment the dance was over, I led my companion into the balcony, that she might not escape me, or be carried off by my friend, of whom I had a sudden distrust; and as thus comparatively alone we walked up and down under the soft Southern night, my fascination deepened each moment. The lovely marquise was as witty as she was graceful. Her conversation sparkled with jests, with epigrams, and appropriate stories. There was a finish about it, a knowledge of the world displayed in it, and a fund of reminiscence that were absolutely wonderful, and stimulated to the highest point my desire to know who the lady was. I tried by every eloquent persuasion of which I was master to induce her to unmask, but to no purpose. I offered her refreshments, and she took only a glass of wine, which she drank beneath the lace, and not for my most eloquent prayers would she even unglove her small hand.

I had become, perhaps, teasingly persistent in my entreaties, when Tom again appeared upon the scene, and, with a mocking laugh, she left me for him.

Not for long, however. I was walking up and down in the balcony alone, trying to reason myself out of the utterly exaggerated interest I felt in the mysterious lady, when Tom came rushing up to me.

"She isn't with you, then?" he exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment.

"Who?"

"The marquise."

"No; I thought she was with you."

"No; she left me suddenly because I asked her to unmask, and I fancied she might have come back to you."

"Let us try to find her," I said, eagerly, and together we started in search of our fascinating *incognita*.

Vainly, however, although we made our way through the throng in every direction; we saw no more of the marquise, and as the last of the dancers were leaving the hall, we, too, left it, with our curiosity unsatisfied.

For days after that Tom and I talked only of the marquise when we were alone together, and, for my part, I was so far fascinated that my thoughts and my dreams were constantly of her.

One evening, just at dusk, I was walking through the fashionable part of New Orleans known as Lafayette, when I saw a lady coming down the path from an elegant private house. That graceful figure, that quick, elastic step, I could not mistake, and, with my heart beating to suffocation, I hurried toward her.

Just as I almost reached the spot, the lady stepped to the sidewalk. It was nearly dark, and she was vailed, but I saw the outlines of a fair, delicate face, and I caught the flash of the brilliant eyes that met mine with a look of startled recognition.

As she caught sight of me she turned quickly away, and sprang toward the carriage awaiting her. I hastened forward, but before I could reach her the door was closed, and I heard her utter the one word:

"Home!"

I raised my hat with a profound bow, and she responded with a graceful inclination of the head; and then the carriage rolled away, and I was left standing there like one who had seen a vision.

It was too dark to distinguish anything about the carriage and horses, or I was too much bewildered to notice them; and I thought, on the whole, I had better not mention the circumstance to Tom, as it had led to no discovery.

A month slid away, and the last night of the carnival arrived. It was to be celebrated by a masked ball, finer than anything which had yet been seen. Tom and I had haunted a dozen balls since in the vain hope of seeing our fair unknown, and were resolved not to miss this one.

We had prowled through the splendid rooms for half an hour, however, in a seemingly hopeless quest, and were beginning to think of finding partners, when Tom caught my arm suddenly.

"There she is, Charlie!"

I turned, and there stood the lady of my dreams. She was again dressed as a marquise, but this time her bodice and hooped skirt were of rose-colored silk, while a diamond coronet shone in her powdered hair, and a splendid circlet of diamonds surrounded the ruff which concealed her throat.

She came directly toward us as we advanced with outstretched hands to meet her.

"A good-evening to you, Sir Knights," she said; "whom are you waiting for so patiently?"

"For you!" we cried, simultaneously; and almost in the same breath we both asked her to dance.

It was a somewhat trying moment for her, as she was forced to a choice between us. After a second of hesitation she said, as she took my arm:

"You are my first acquaintance, fair sir; but"—turning to Tom, and giving him her hand for a moment—"you shall have the second dance."

I walked away with my prize, intensely proud and happy, while Tom turned from us with a black frown on his brow.

I cannot tell what spirit of coquetry swayed this strange woman; what Circe spells she had caught in a long career of conquest; what witchcraft she possessed and chose to use that night—but certain it is that Tom and I were completely and utterly captivated and enslaved—more than that, we were rendered absolutely wretched.

If I enjoyed a triumph, it was but a brief one. My dance was scarcely over, before my partner abandoned me for Tom; and again, before he had been with her half an hour, she quitted him and searched me out where I was mooning in a corner.

We were both of us fascinated, bewildered, tormented; and, as the night deepened, I began to feel an intense, jealous hatred of my formerly favorite friend.

That he reciprocated the feeling was evident enough. He looked at me, whenever I saw him, with a defiant frown; and we were both ready to break out into an open quarrel at the least provocation.

All this time the lady, as before, resisted any entreaty

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to unmask, though more than once she joined each of us in drinking the champagne that was ready to tempt me at any moment.

The crowd was thinning in the ballroom, when, after a dance, I persuaded the marquise to leave the glare and lights within, and walk on the moonlit grounds which surrounded the building where the ball was given.

We strolled on slowly down a shaded walk, and I, carried away by the scene and the fascination that was upon me, began making to my companion some desperate love-avowal.

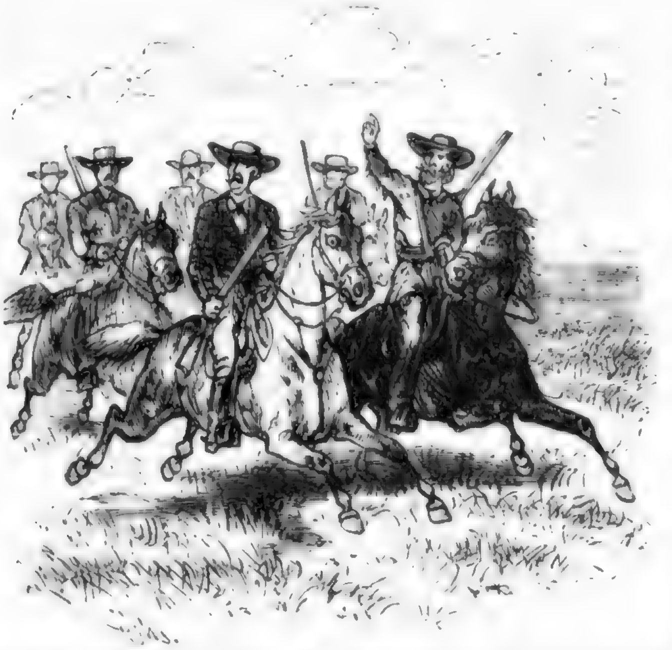
At my words she drew back at first, as if startled; and then, as if resolved to rally me out of my folly, she said:

"What! love a woman you have never seen?"

"But I did see you that evening!" I replied, impetuously. "I know that you are beautiful! But you will let me see you again, will you not? Please, sweet lady." As I spoke I endeavored to pass my arm about her waist, and unloose her mask. She eluded me with a quick start, and at the moment my arm was roughly seized, while Tom's voice, thick with anger, cried:

"For shame, Charlie! Use violence to a woman!"

A DESPERATE CHARGE.



RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"OFF WE STARTED IN HIGH SPIRITS, WHILE THE ANTELOPES AND OTHER SMALL ANIMALS BOUNDED AWAY IN ALARM."

Then, turning to her, "Madame, will you take my arm?"

Maddened by his taunt, I sprang between him and the marquise.

"This lady is with me!" I said.

"Stand back!" ordered Tom. "You have shown yourself unfit to protect her."

"And what have you done?" I cried—"following us out here like a sneak!"

This was too much for Tom, and, as I uttered the word, he gave me a staggering blow. My blood was on fire now, and, with a quick motion, I drew the short dagger I always carried. In a second there was another gleam of steel, as Tom raised one of those murderous knives which have received their name from his family.

All this passed so rapidly that interference had been impossible; but now, with a sudden cry, the cause of our quarrel sprang between us.

"Boys! boys!" she cried. "No, you shall not strike each other!" and she caught each of us by the wrist with a little hand that seemed to have the strength of iron. "Strike me, if you please—I deserve it—it was all my fault. Ah! boys, if you only knew!" Then, very quickly, as she saw us growing a little calmer, she began dragging us toward the light which fell from the windows into the grounds. "Here, I will unmask," she said, "and you will see how absurd all this is. Come, will you promise me not to hurt each other if I let you go?"

We both rather sullenly acquiesced, and slowly sheathed our weapons, curiosity in both of us probably getting the better of any other feeling.

She took a few steps nearer, till her light figure was full in the glow which fell in a broad bar across the grass. Then, with a quick motion, she took off her mask. The face thus revealed was still beautiful, with the fadeless beauty of perfect features, the complexion wonderfully fair; but it was seamed in every direction by a hundred wrinkles, and the hair that crowned her head was snow-white, not from artifice, but with the frost of age.

"There, boys," she said, with the same bitter, mocking laugh that was already so familiar. "Young gentlemen do not fight for their grandmothers. I am Fanny Foley. Good-night."

With a graceful bow, she turned, and before we could detain her, vanished into the ballroom.

Tom and I stared at each other for a moment in silence; then a sense of the absurdity of our position flashed on us simultaneously, and we shook hands with a spontaneous impulse.

"She was a belle when my grandfather was a boy," said Tom. "I have heard stories of her all my life."

"She is charming yet," I said, with a long sigh, feeling as if something had gone out of my life. "I only wish I could find a girl of twenty who was like her."

Tom shook his head.

"You could never do that. No young girl could ever be so finished a coquette; but she has been practicing half a century. Why, as I told you that evening on the steamer, the most famous belle our river ever saw was this same Fanny Foley."

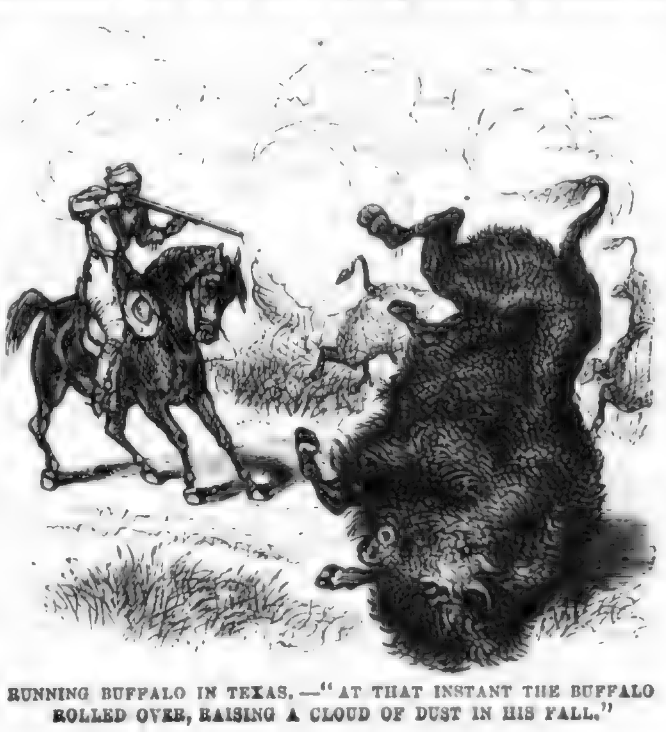
RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.

The athletic American hunter, who pursues game for a livelihood, as well as from love of sport, frolics about over the prairies like a schoolboy, and thoroughly enjoys a run at buffalo.

Many years ago (it is, perhaps, as well not to say exactly how many), I made one of a party who started out to run buffalo on the plains of Texas. Whatever may be the date of that buffalo-hunt, I shall only say that ladies who were babies then are now wives and mothers.

Fort P——, on the upper waters of the Brazos, was the name of the frontier post of which Colonel G——, an officer of Uncle Sam's dragoons, was the commandant. The country around had once been a favorite hunting-ground of the Indians, but they had been compelled to give way before the adventurous Texan settlers, and were necessitated to seek their game further to the northwest. It would have been very difficult to imagine a more beautiful country than those wide savannas, which were here and there dotted with small clumps of live-oak trees or magnolias, amongst which the Old World visitor each moment expected to see the mansion of some fine old English gentleman peering through the park-like scenery.

The second morning after my arrival at Fort P——, a buffalo-hunt took place, in which I took part. My own horse being fatigued with many days' travel, the worthy commandant placed at my disposal one of his trained buffalo horses; and, on as fine a Spring morning as could well



RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"AT THAT INSTANT THE BUFFALO ROLLED OVER, RAISING A CLOUD OF DUST IN HIS FALL."

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be imagined—although, by-the-way, all Spring mornings are beautiful in Texas—we sallied forth.

Colonel G—— carried one of Sharp's breech-loading rifles—a most rare weapon in those days. A brace of subalterns were armed with Colonel Colt's celebrated revolvers, or "six-shooters," as they were more commonly called, these weapons being always used by the army. A hunter named Harris, who was attached to the military station in the capacity of professional hunter and provider of game, bore a weapon without which he seldom traveled—namely, a long rifle, with which he was an unerring shot. For my own part, I adhered to a very old friend—a short double-shot gun, loaded with ball in each barrel. I had several loose bullets in my pocket, for the convenience of loading afterward while running at a gallop, as the bullets, when well wetted in the mouth, could easily be dropped down the barrel of the gun, and the damp, causing the powder to adhere to it, would suffice to keep the leaden missile in its place for a short time.

Off we started, in high spirits, while the antelopes and other small animals bounded away in alarm; but, as we were in search of buffalo, not one of the party would condescend to waste a shot on such insignificant trifles. Even the prong-horns were perfectly safe.

Our horses pranced away over the short flower-sprinkled grass, disturbing myriads of humming insects which flew and buzzed around us, angry at being disturbed from their repast. Then through marshy spots, where tall reeds reached to our shoulders, and would have concealed us entirely had we been dismounted, we came to a track of long waving grass which had escaped the prairie fires of the preceding year, and which now reached a height of from three to four feet.

Our horses seemed quite as anxious for sport as we; they shook their heads, flourished their tails, and pranced on, snorting and pricking up their ears in thorough wantonness and health.

A few turkey-buzzards were seen wheeling through the air a long distance off, looking no bigger than humble-bees, as their dark forms stood out like spots upon the white, fleecy clouds which were beginning to rise—their presence betokening wind.

"You see them thar birds, stranger?" said the hunter. "I'll stake high thar's buffalo not far off."

"Yes, but how about the wind, Harris?" asked the colonel.

"Of course, that thar cloud means wind; but I reckon it won't come till nigh night-time, and then it'll blow hard from the norrard. Still, I reckon it'll be better to fall back and get below the swell, and so ride round 'em to the westward. When we makes a rush at 'em, a good many of the brutes'll bolt toward the fort, and we'll play at *that* lot, if you've no objection, colonel, because it'll be all the handier for getting in the meat."

During the few moments employed in delivering this oracular speech, we had reached the summit of a swell, or undulation, of the great plain, from which we could discern, at a long distance, the dark forms of the masses of buffalo.

We had been riding nearly south from the fort, and a smart breeze was blowing from the southeast. I imagined that it was just possible we might approach the herd undiscovered, by riding straight on till we were within fair distance for charging.

The hunter, however, did not feel inclined to leave anything to chance; remarking that it was quite possible (though it did not appear very probable) that the wind might shift round more to the south, in which case the buffaloes would smell our approach, and at once start off at such a rate that we should never be able to come up with them. So, the hunter's plan being warmly approved by the colonel, an old hand at the sport, we fell back as quickly as possible, and were soon hidden from the quickest-sighted bull of the herd, though we had much more to fear from the noses of the animals. Three-quarters of an hour brought us to the proper spot for charging, as the distance from swell to swell was not very great.

The final preparations were then made. Each man dismounted, looked at his saddle-girths, shortened his stirrup-leathers by a couple of holes, and, having loosened the thong of stout buckskin which served as a curb to the bit of his bridle, fastened his *sombrero* to his saddle, so that its broad brim should not flap in his face, and in its place bound a pockethandkerchief round his temples to screen his head from the sun; for, though we dwellers in the South are less liable, from the thinness of our blood, to attacks of sunstroke than dwellers in more Northern lands, it is as well to protect the head as much as possible from the hot rays which begin to make their power felt almost as soon as the sun rises above the horizon. Last of all, the weapons—rifles and pistols—were carefully inspected, and with the greatest anxiety we waited the signal to charge the herd.

"Are you all ready?" asked the colonel.

"All right!" was the response from every man.

"Run at them, then!" shouted Harris; "dash at the lower side of the mob, and do all you can to start them homeward."

"Forward, lads!" shouted the colonel, perhaps fancying for the moment that he was charging a body of Mexican cavalry.

Off we charged down the slope at full speed, and had covered nearly half a mile of ground before we were perceived by the animals; but as soon as it was evident that they had discovered us, we dashed right at them, each man endeavoring to ride out his particular beast.

To those who have only read of bison-hunting, it may, perhaps, appear no very difficult task to separate a particular animal from the herd. But when the tyro comes to put his well-read theory into practice, it will not appear so easy, as the animals invariably seek for safety in company. It is almost impossible to turn a single buffalo, except by inciting him to an angry charge, while it is altogether out of the question to make a herd change its course. Attempts to frighten the whole herd by any combination of yells and screams are useless, for the thunder of their hoofs, as they gallop over the turf, drowns all lesser noises. A *motte*, or a fire, alone can make them deviate from their course.

With tails raised high in the air, the buffaloes run close together, their horns rattling against each other, while the horses trained to the sport strive, equally with their riders, to separate some special object of pursuit. This once accomplished, it would be easy work to range alongside the huge quarry, and bring it to the ground by a well-directed fire.

"Go it!" yelled the colonel, as he endeavored to force a fine fat cow from the rest of the herd.

"Lay on!" shouted Harris, the hunter; "stir 'em up; they're all a-boiling!"

As he spoke he pulled his horse right up on its haunches; his long rifle was raised for an instant, and, as the white smoke puffed from the barrel, the bull rolled over and over in a cloud of dust.

The earth trembled beneath the rapid gallop of the countless herd, and a dull, rumbling sound was heard, which entirely deadened all other sounds. Dense clouds of dust were raised by the thousands of flying hoofs, which, together with the crack of rifle and pistol, made the scene resemble in some degree a battle-field. The hunters were all, with the exception of myself, peppering away as rapidly as they could, the revolvers of the subalterns being heard constantly, as they plied the flying herd with leaden bullets. It was time to begin action myself, if I would earn any laurels in the chase. My horse was, luckily, well trained to the sport, and I soon found that he understood it quite as well as I did. He galloped along at a pretty pace till we came close upon the herd, when I at once felt a change take place in his behavior. He fairly trembled with excitement, as, with head thrown forward and ears laid back, he bit viciously at the air and hurried forward, with a fire and determination which not even a chain-cable would have restrained. I could only guide him, and, indeed, felt pleased when I found that I still possessed the power to direct his headlong career.

We were going at a most awful pace, when I selected a monster bull, and ranged alongside of him. Throwing the gun over the fore part of my bridle-arm, I pressed the trigger. The moment the report was heard, my horse turned on his heels as on a pivot, nearly throwing me, so sudden was the movement. At that instant the buffalo rolled over, raising a cloud of dust in its fall. The animal was shot through the backbone, just beyond the hips; but the wound, though severe, was not immediately mortal. The huge beast raised himself up on his forelegs, shook his shaggy mane savagely as he uttered a low growl of defiance, while his eyes flashed with anger, terrible to behold.

It will be a long time before the image of that animal is absent from my mind. Dismounting as soon as I was well satisfied that the shaggy monster was too much injured to be able to rise, I gazed upon him. His head and shoulders seemed like the fore-quarters of a lion fearfully caricatured, to which the short curved horns and wild gleaming eyes gave a more savage and ferocious appearance. But this expression soon changed when he had made one or two fruitless efforts, and had discovered his inability to rise. His bold look of defiance and anger changed to an aspect of seeming regret and heart-sick pain. His dark eyes became more mild, and beautiful in appearance as those of a doe. His gaze wandered across the prairie in the direction where the forms of his uninjured companions were rapidly lessening in the distance.

The sight of the sufferings of this gigantic brute cooled my ardor, and for a short space of time more kindly feelings overpowered the hunting instinct which was so strong within me. Had it been in my power, I would then and there, on the instant, have restored the bull to health and strength, even though well aware that he would immediately have charged at me. In that case I should, at all events, have had the plea of self-defense to lay as flattering unction to my soul.

The end, however, was at hand. The stream of blood which flowed from the wound drained his strength. He shivered, gave a low moan, and rolled over. A thrill passed through the huge carcass, and all was still. The wild ranger of the prairies was dead.

I hastily remounted, and galloped forward to escape from the regret which began to steal over me. In the hurry of the chase I soon found relief for my feelings. We sallied in pursuit of a fine, fat cow, and my good steed soon enabled me to roll her over dead with the contents of my second barrel; after which I stood for a time watching the exploits of my companions, who were killing on every side.

But the reckless waste of life and food was sickening, and there seemed to be little of chivalry in an encounter with a brute whose huge strength alone was insufficient to enable him to cope with man armed with a deadly rifle.

Though the risk in buffalo-hunting is considerable, yet there is some profit to those who kill it for means of subsistence; but it is sincerely to be hoped that both Indians and white men will see the necessity of using moderation in the slaughter of this useful animal—the largest and noblest wild quadruped found on the American continent.

THE WOLF AND THE CAT.

A Wolf, pursued by hunters and by hounds,
Fled at full gallop to a hamlet's bounds,
And thus unto a Cat by him descried
Basking upon a wall: "Where shall I hide?
Say, Puss, whose friendly roof will grant defense?"
"Stephen," says Puss, "is all benevolence."
"True, true; but once, by accident, I tore
One of his sheep a bit." "Try Theodore."
"Alas! I fear I there should be forbid:
We had a difference, too, about a kid."
"Philip will shelter you, no doubt of that."
"I doubt it much. I took his calf, dear Cat."
"What do you think of Basil?" "There I'd flee,
Did not I know what Basil thinks of me.
What shall I do?" "Dear friend, my heart will break.
I wish we had some wolves here, for your sake;
Yet bear this comfort to the shades' abode—
You have not failed to reap what you have sowed."

Krilof.

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.

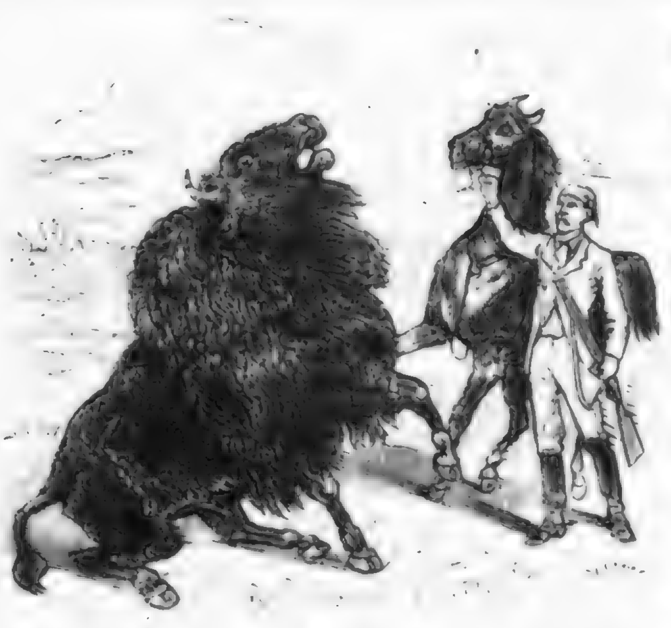
IN the trunk of a fallen tree, in the depths of a fir-wood, not many miles from the Castle of Starnberg, a man sat, one Summer twilight, with a flute to his lips. Over the peaks of the Bavarian Alps a storm was gathering. The conscious forest groaned in all its multitudinous branches. Far off, one could hear the brawl of torrents, the whistle of goatherds, the echo of convent-bells.

As for the man, he was young, and handsome as an archangel. His hat was tossed upon the turf beside him—his rich hair hung in confusion about his pale, dreamy face. Eyes, marvelous in their pensive splendor, shone from under his knitted brows. Heedless alike of falling night and coming tempest, he was hugging the flute—an exquisite instrument, of silver and ebony—to his lips with the rapt air of a devotee.

A wayward trill the youth had at his finger-ends—a brilliant bubble of sweet sound—bent upon bursting into airy, tantalizing failures. Nevertheless, he practiced patiently, coaxing the sweet, swarming notes in an absorbed, impassioned way, till, of a sudden, a hand raised the boughs behind him—held them open for a face to look through.

In a twinkling, the trill was snatched from the lips of the player, from the mellow throat of the flute, and tossed into the air by a clear, audacious voice—a girl's voice, without a flaw—whirled giddily up into the gathering dark, and dropped again, sudden and short, adown its silence.

The youth leaped to his feet. Standing beside him, under the black firs, he saw a figure in a white bodice and short blue kirtle, with silver buckles in her shoes, and a



RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"DISMOUNTING AS SOON AS I WAS SATISFIED THAT THE SHAGGY MONSTER WAS TOO MUCH INJURED TO BE ABLE TO RISE, I GAZED UPON HIM."—SEE PAGE 669.

silver chain, with the massive clasps the Bavarian peasant loves, shining on her milky throat and bosom. Her brown, fawn-like eyes were fixed with a startled, timid look on his face. Far below the belt of her trim bodice streamed the broad plaits of her blonde hair.

"By my faith, that was well done!" cried the flute-player, half extending his hand to seize and hold her before she could escape him; "who learned you that trill, my pretty maiden?"

She seemed about to fly, but his smile, his reassuring gesture, restrained her.

"The birds on the mountains," she answered, with a little laugh.

"Heavens! you have a voice like an angel!" he burst out. "Who are you, and what are you doing in this lonely forest at this hour?"

She flung him a quick, coquettish glance through the sleek lashes that swept over her dark, deer-like eyes.

"I am Marie," she answered, making a little courtesy—"the daughter of Max, the forester. I came to the fir-wood to find my father's kids. Hark!"

A peal of thunder broke suddenly out of the dark above them. It crashed with a deafening roar through the great solitude. Immediately a rush of rain followed, smiting full upon the two.

"As I live," cried the youth, in some consternation, "the storm is upon us, and I have lost my way in this wilderness! Tell me, pretty Marie, can I find a shelter near?"

"Follow me," she answered, and dashed into a narrow goat-track leading off and away under the black branches.

Waiting for nothing more, he strode after. The rain poured upon them, as if all the windows of heaven were opened. Red streaks of lightning flashed through the gloom. Breathlessly they hastened on till they came to a torrent leaping down a steep, its foam and fury spanned by a single fallen fir, which stretched across it from bank to bank.

"Give me your hand," cried Marie. She looked back at her companion through her streaming blonde hair with a face which seemed to him like some luminous star. "I will lead you. A false step on this trunk might be your death."

Eagerly he obeyed. Her dimpled palm closed upon his. She leaped upon the dangerous bridge, drawing him swiftly after. Directly they stood in the pouring rain on the opposite side.

"Come!" cried Marie, "yonder is my father's cottage!" And running breathlessly across a green opening, where the kids she had driven from the wood stood huddled together, she lifted the forester's latch.

"Enter," she said, and her companion followed her in silence across the threshold.

The fir-rafters of the room were black with smoke. On the open hearth below a cheery fire burned. Against the wall stood a spinning-wheel and a bench, covered with tangled wool. The small windows shook with the violence of the tempest outside.

Marie's companion advanced to the hearth, chilled, soaked and breathless.

"Sir," said she, "sit down and be welcome. I see that you are some burgher's son. What is your name?"

He looked confused.

"Call me Ludwig," he answered. "I am not a burgher's son, pretty Marie, but a poor musician from Starnberg, separated from some friends who were wandering with me in the forest. With your permission, I will rest here till the storm is over, and then set forth to seek them."

An old woman, whom the forester's daughter called Gretchen, with a *goitre* on her neck, and a parti-colored shawl crossed on her breast, entered, and began to prepare the evening meal. This consisted of black bread, goat's milk, a little bacon, and *knackwurst*—a hard, smoked sausage.

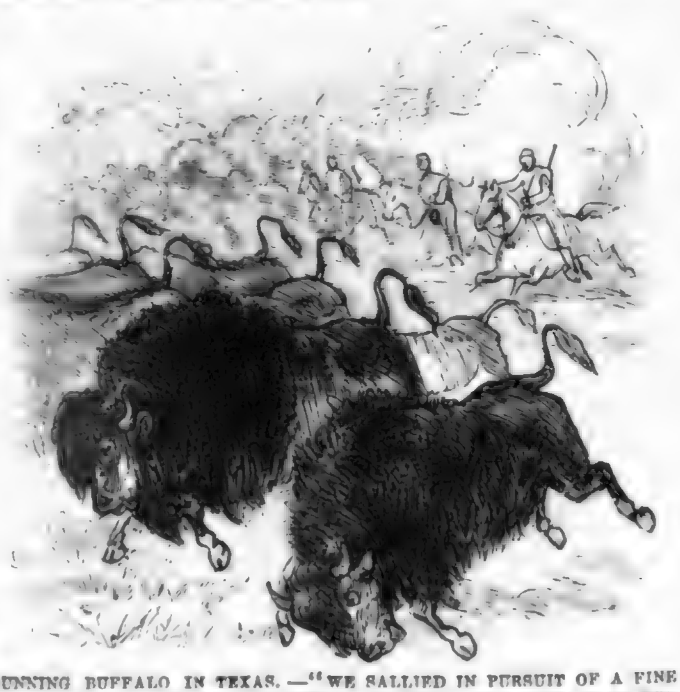
While the old woman was moving about, Marie stood upon the hearth in the ruddy light of the fire, wringing the wet from her luxuriant blonde hair.

"Hear the rain pour!" she said. "My father has gone to Starnberg Castle to have speech with his brother Lepp, who keeps the deer in the King's park. The saints protect him as he comes back across the torrents! I would that I had borne him company, in spite of the King."

"The King!" replied Ludwig, with a faint smile; "does he keep you from the castle?"

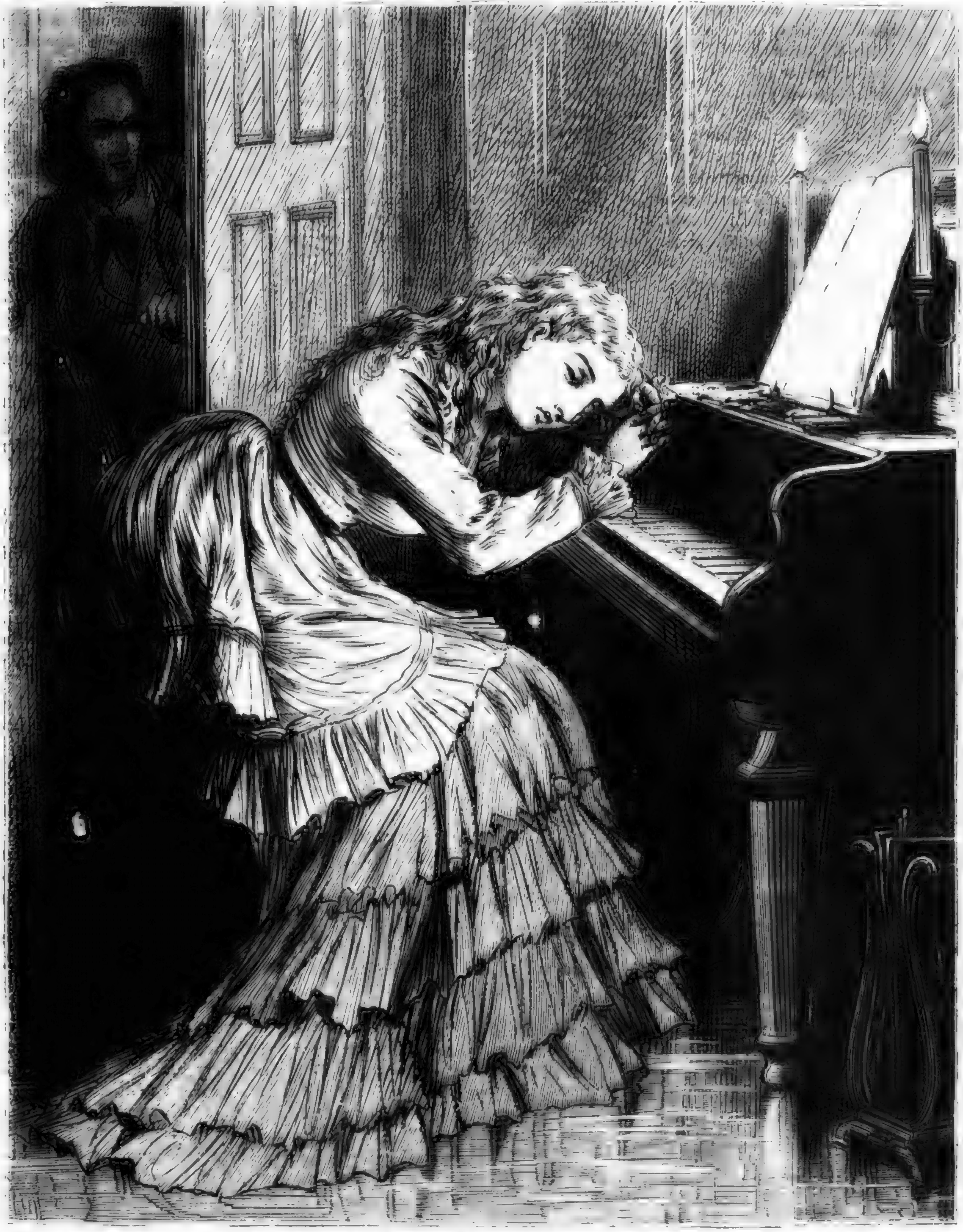
"He likes not to have strangers intrude there," she answered, shaking her golden head. "My father is careful never to be seen by his Majesty. No one can enter the great park without permission, for he loves to be alone."

"He must be an ass," said Ludwig, "if he objects to the sight of such a face as yours."



RUNNING BUFFALO IN TEXAS.—"WE SALLIED IN PURSUIT OF A FINE FAT COW, AND MY GOOD STEED SOON ENABLED ME TO ROLL HER OVER DEAD WITH THE CONTENTS OF MY SECOND BARREL."

"Nay," she protested; "since you come from Starnberg, you must know that he is good and beautiful—so beautiful, my father says, that Nuremberg maidens, when he rode through their city, looked from their windows upon him, and cried, 'One kiss, and then die!'"



THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER.—"HERE WAGNER FLUNG OPEN THE DOOR AND RUSHED INTO THE CHAMBER OF HIS PUPIL. A COTTAGE PIANO STOOD IN ONE CORNER, AND AT THIS INSTRUMENT MARIE SAT, HER HEAD FALLEN FORWARD UPON THE KEYS."

He watched her with laughing eyes.

"And have you never seen his Majesty?" he asked.

"No," sighed Marie, "for I have been at Starnberg but twice in my whole life, and each time the King was absent in Munich. And now I fear I shall never go again, for Hans, the son of my Uncle Lepp, has asked me to marry, and to-day my father will tell him that I refuse his offer."

Herr Ludwig, the musician, looked greatly amused.

"I would," he said, "that the King could hear your voice, for he is an ardent lover of music. And what is the matter with Hans, that you send him that answer, pretty Marie?"

She looked unspeakably lovely as she stood plaiting anew her long, rich hair.

"He is a dolt," she said—"fit only to drive the swine. He thinks only of the guldens I shall have for a dowry. Bah! I will listen to no sweetheart like Hans. I can read in books, which he cannot. I know many things which he is too stupid to learn. I can mock the song of every bird that sings. Listen, now!"

She flung back her coquettish head, and over her lips rippled such a storm of marvelous trills and cries and calls, perfect in their mimicry, yet more exquisite than feathered throat ever uttered—such a hurly-burly of ravishing notes—the merry mingling of lark and thrush and nightingale—the wail of fir-woods in the wind, the plaint of torrents—that Herr Ludwig held his very breath as he listened. The passionate soul of music burning in his own breast leaped to his lips in a cry of irrepressible delight.

"Wonderful!" he cried, and seemed for a moment ready to snatch to his embrace the red young mouth, with all its sweet utterance; but Marie drew back, crimson to her temples, and at that moment Gretchen brought in the supper, and the three sat down together at the forester's board.

Ludwig ate with the keen appetite of youth. The rain made merry music on the roof. The turf fire burned brightly. Marie poured the goat's milk, and watched the guest through long, sly lashes. So, also, did old Gretchen.

"A handsome youth," she thought, "and, Holy Mother! he seems right fond of the *knackwurst* and the black bread. He has eyes for this pert child's beauty, too."

Before the meal was over, the thunder began to grow fainter above the mountains.

Marie sprang up from the board, and, lo! through torn and ragged clouds a slender white moon was wading, and a streak of watery light slipped from its curved rim and stretched ghostly and long across the cottage floor.

"The storm is passing," said Marie.

"And I must be gone," sighed Ludwig, starting as if from a dream.

"But you know not the way," she said, in perplexity. "Gretchen or I must go with you as far as the Starnberg road."

"Gretchen!" he answered—"no, no! Youth and age cannot keep pace together. I will have no guide but you."

She yielded to his tender, smiling look, made ready, and they set forth. The air was heavy with forest scents, beaten by the rain from tree and bloomy thicket. The moonlight fell in patches along the path. In silence Marie crossed the green opening, and descended a steep track till they came to the torrent. Then she stopped—she started back.

"Look! ah, look!" she cried, and pointed to the fall, now a terrific thing of foam and thunder and shattering spray, roaring under and over the solitary fir-tree which spanned the chasm from bank to bank. Upon this frightful bridge the forester's daughter leaped fearlessly.

"Dare you follow?" she called to Herr Ludwig.

He answered, with a light laugh:

"Ay—lead on!"

Betwixt their combined weight and the jar of the water below, the fallen tree swayed and shook and groaned drearily. Marie, who looked like some spirit born of the foam, beckoned him on; but the bark of the fir was wet and worn with the ceaseless dash of the torrent. Midway across it his unaccustomed foot slipped suddenly. He flung out his arms, caught a treacherous bough that bent like a reed to his hand, and fell, and went over with a stifled cry. There, above the frightful chasm, he hung suspended, enormously long, holding only to that slim, swaying branch.

"Merciful God!" shrieked Marie, and turned back, quick as thought, upon the dripping trunk, and, leaning low, like an Undine in the flying spray, seized him by the shoulders. "Hold fast!" she cried, straining with all her generous young strength; "hold fast for your life! Oh, Mother of mercy, help me now!"

With a tremendous effort, she dragged him upward within reach of the wet trunk. Supported by her strong young arms, he grasped it convulsively, and upheaving his body upon its slippery length, crawled slowly along it to the opposite bank.

"Ah," shuddered Marie, drawing a broken breath, "that was a narrow escape! Fritz, the goatherd, lost his life in this very place but a year ago."

He stood panting and pale with his struggle, and drenched to the skin.

"But for you I might have shared his fate," said he. "How shall I thank you?"

"I want no thanks," answered Marie, with a toss of her head. "Is it likely I would stand and let you drown before my eyes?"

With that they continued on their way till they reached the Starnberg road.

"Follow this," said Marie, "and presently you will come to the meadows, where the peasants cut turf. Should you meet an old man dressed in green, you will know he is my father. He will point you out the village and the lake, with the King's steamer thereon; and so, farewell!"

"Farewell!" answered Herr Ludwig, regarding her steadfastly, but not attempting to touch so much as her hand. "Farewell, Marie; we shall meet again."

"Ah, no!" she sighed; "you will soon forget me."

"Never!" he answered, and waved his white hand, and, like some magnificent dream, plunged into the forest, and disappeared from her gaze.

When Max, the forester, returned to his dwelling that night, he found Marie sitting pensively in the chimney-corner, her blonde plaits streaming down her bosom, the firelight playing on her pale face.

"Ah," she cried, starting quickly up, "did you meet him on the way, my father?" And old Gretchen added, "Herr Ludwig, master—a strolling player from Starnberg. I hope he will not come here again."

"Good faith, not I!" answered the forester; "I have seen neither man nor beast since I left the castle. Your Uncle Lepp is sorely vexed, my girl, because you will not marry, and Hans swears his heart is broken. There! bring the beer and the sausage, and let us hear about this player."

"He has white hands, like a nobleman's son," sighed Marie, in her father's ear; "I doubt if the King himself be half as handsome." And leaving Gretchen to finish the story, she crept to her little bed under the fir-rafters, and fell asleep there, to dream all night of Herr Ludwig's eyes.

The next day Marie went to the forest with her father, and sang sweeter than any bird in its solitude; the next she staid at home with Gretchen, and moped in silence over her flax and distaff; the next, as she sat by the fire, moistening her black bread with tears, a stranger stepped over the forester's threshold and stood before her.

He was a man of middle age, with a massive forehead, from which his iron-gray hair was swept serenely back, a heavy nose, a thin mouth, a keen but kindly eye. He stood and surveyed the girl, who sat like another Cinderella among the ashes.

"I come," said he, "from Herr Ludwig, the musician whose life you saved three days ago, my little maiden. He wishes to reward you; in view of which he has sent me to hear the voice that can mimic so well all the sounds of the forest."

All over her lovely face the bright color flashed. She started up.

"And who are you?" she faltered, in confusion.

"My name," answered the stranger, "is Richard Wagner."

On the ears of the forester's daughter those two words, famous as they were throughout the world, fell meaningless. She had never in her life heard them before.

"And Herr Ludwig," she added—"is all well with him? You are his friend, then? Do you also come from Starnberg?"

"He is well," Wagner answered, briefly. "No, I do not come from Starnberg, but from Lucerne, in Switzerland."

"He has sent you to hear me sing!" cried Marie, clapping her hands in delight. "I was thinking, as you entered, that I should never sing again—it is so sad to be forgotten!"

Whereupon, without a moment's hesitation, she lifted up her marvelous young voice to the fir-rafters, and, one after another, every wild melody the goatherds sing on the steeps, every note of bird or tempest she had ever caught from the depths of the forest, she now blew out, airy as bursting bubbles, from her lips.

Wagner sat by the peat fire and listened. He said not a word. Presently, however, crushing his hat betwixt his knees, he lifted his keen eyes to the flower-like face—to the little figure in the white bodice and blue kirtle.

"Will you come to Lucerne with me," he said, "and learn music—learn to sing and charm the world? You will have a home like a paradise; you will be clothed in fine attire, and fare sumptuously; and, last of all, Herr Ludwig bids me ask it of you in his name."

That was enough. The great composer supped that night on goat's milk and black bread, and lingered long by the peat fire, talking with Max, the forester.

"I myself will be her teacher," he said; "and when she has learned of me, she shall sing in the Court-chapel at Munich, and her fortune will be made."

"Ah, heaven!" cried the old man, "whoever would have dreamed of such luck as this for our little Marie!"

So the birds in the fir-wood were left to sing unmocked, and the torrent, the goat-track, the forester's cottage, and the wheel and the distaff, knew Marie no more, for the very next day Herr Wagner carried her off to his chateau at Lucerne.

"I cannot write music," the composer once said to Louis II., "unless I am surrounded by beautiful objects."

His dwelling was, as he had told Marie, a paradise. It stood in a wood of beech and chestnut, facing a purple lake. Gardens surrounded it, full of cascades, costly exotics, luscious thickets, rare vines and plants. Within, a princely luxury prevailed. Superb pictures and statuary met one at every turn; draperies of silk and velvet, costly carpets and magnificent upholstery. That the King's generosity had provided all these things, the German people knew well.

The great musician's greedy grasping at favors, and his overweening pride, had rendered him obnoxious in their sight—forced him, indeed, to leave Nymphenburg for his home in Switzerland.

"Here, in my household, you will live," said Wagner to Marie. "You will see no one but my servants and myself—you will think of nothing but study. I predict a great future for you. It is your voice which will some day interpret to this dull Germany—to the world—the music which I write, not for the present, but for the future."

In her heart Marie thought how dear Herr Ludwig must be to this man, since in every room of the chateau his face hung—his splendid pictured face, with the soft, romantic features, the dreamy poet eyes, the flowing hair, which she remembered only too well.

For a year after Wagner's visit to the forester's cottage, the good Bavarians heard but little of the unpopular composer. It was whispered in Munich that he was living in great seclusion, devoting himself exclusively to a pupil of extraordinary promise, who was to make her *début* either in the Court-chapel or in one of Wagner's own operas at the royal theatre. It was whispered, furthermore, that her genius and her personal beauty were alike wonderful, and that she lived like a nun with the old musician—his constant companion, but secluded utterly from the outer world.

All this was quite true. A year of tireless study developed in Wagner's young charge such talent as amazed even the old master. He loved her with that instinctive love which attracts genius to genius. He put rich garments on her, and seemed to draw from her living, breathing loveliness a deeper inspiration than he had ever done from rare painting or flower. She shared the weary vigils he paid to his art. He confided to her his dreams, his idealities. He called her daughter—she called him father. Her velvety skin lost the soft brown of the mountain sun, and became like snow. She grew tall and marvelously lovely, like the sumptuous day-lilies blooming in the chateau gardens.

Meanwhile she never once saw Herr Ludwig, nor did Wagner ever mention his name in her presence.

One Summer night Marie sat in a mullioned window of Wagner's music-room, gazing out into the dark of the chestnut wood. The moon shone above the mountains; the air was heavy with the perfume of flowers. As she looked down on a terrace below, where, during all the warm months, coffee and wine were served after dinner, she saw—pacing back and forth there, in the shadow of the trees—Herr Wagner and another figure, tall and handsome, wrapped closely in a military cloak.

Her heart gave a great bound, and then seemed to stand still.

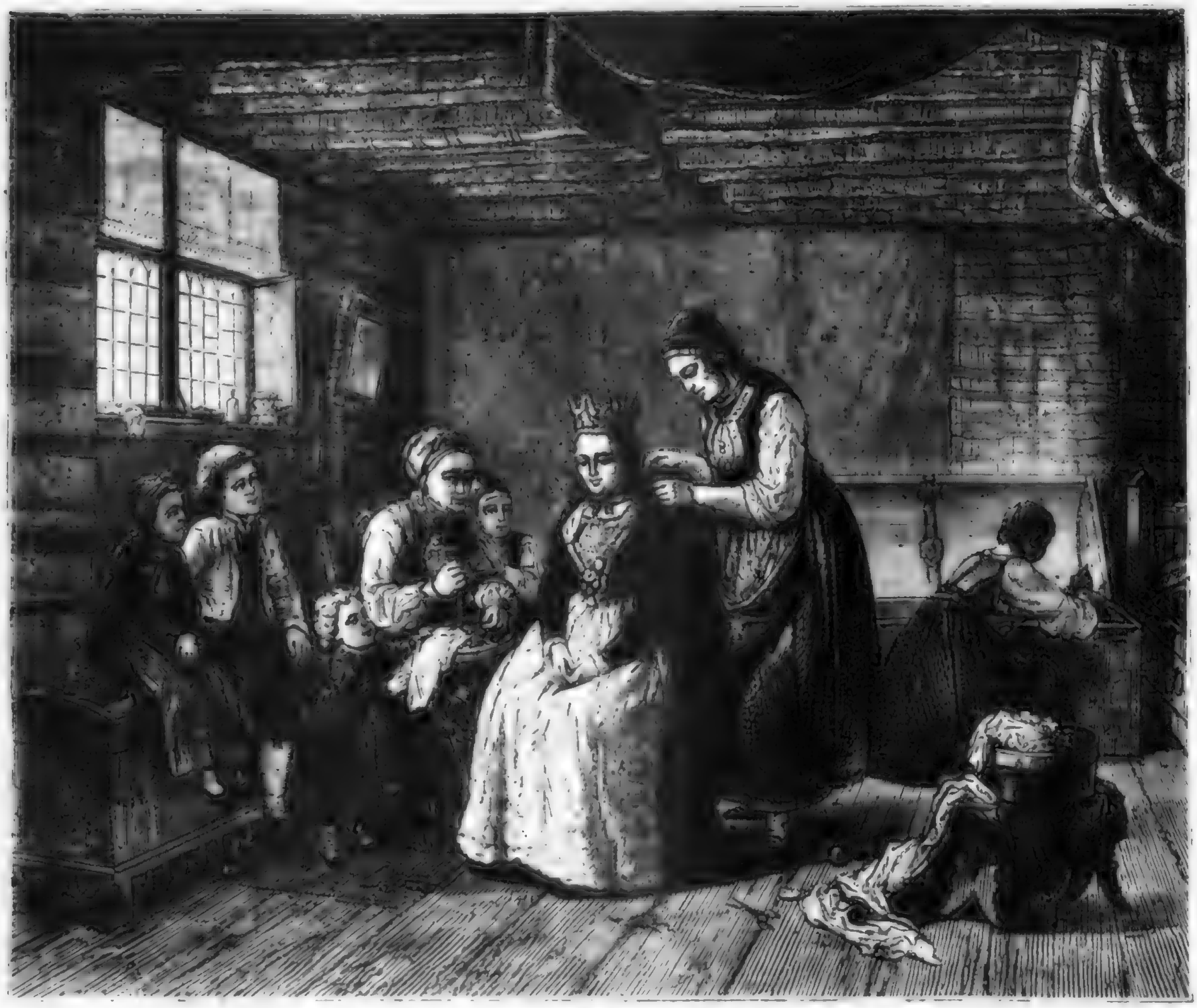
He walked by the side of the old composer, his hand resting with familiar tenderness on Wagner's shoulder. They were talking earnestly and in low voices.

Marie heard now and then the echo of her own name dropped in the pauses. With flitting color, with quickened breath, that came like perfume through the red blossom of her lips, she watched the pair.

He of the military cloak paused beneath the window and looked up. The moonlight slanted upon his pale, handsome face. It was Herr Ludwig.

He stood for some moments, gazing intently upward. The deep vines that swayed about the window sheltered her from his view. Presently a deep, passionate sigh broke from his lips. He turned and disappeared among the chestnut trees, and she saw him no more.

"He would not stay to speak so much as a word to me!" murmured Marie, and she hid her face in her long blonde hair and wept.



AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.—DRESSING THE BRIDE.—SEE PAGE 679.

The next night as she sat at supper with Wagner in that wilderness of beauty which he called garden—the cascades rippling, the thickets about them on fire with bloom, a step crushed through the flowers, and Herr Ludwig stood before the two.

The year had added power to his face—yes, and melancholy.

Wagner seemed disconcerted at the sight of him.

"Heaven save us!" he muttered, and would have started up, but Ludwig held him back with a gesture.

His eyes were fixed on Marie.

She, in turn, sat voiceless, motionless, looking at him. Her blonde hair lay in massive braids upon her shoulders. Her face was quite colorless—the velvety-brown eyes shone under their black lashes like stars of heaven. She wore a long white gown of some rich opaque stuff, confined at the waist by a golden girdle.

NORWEGIAN PEASANTS.

He seemed dumbfounded at the sight of her exceeding beauty.

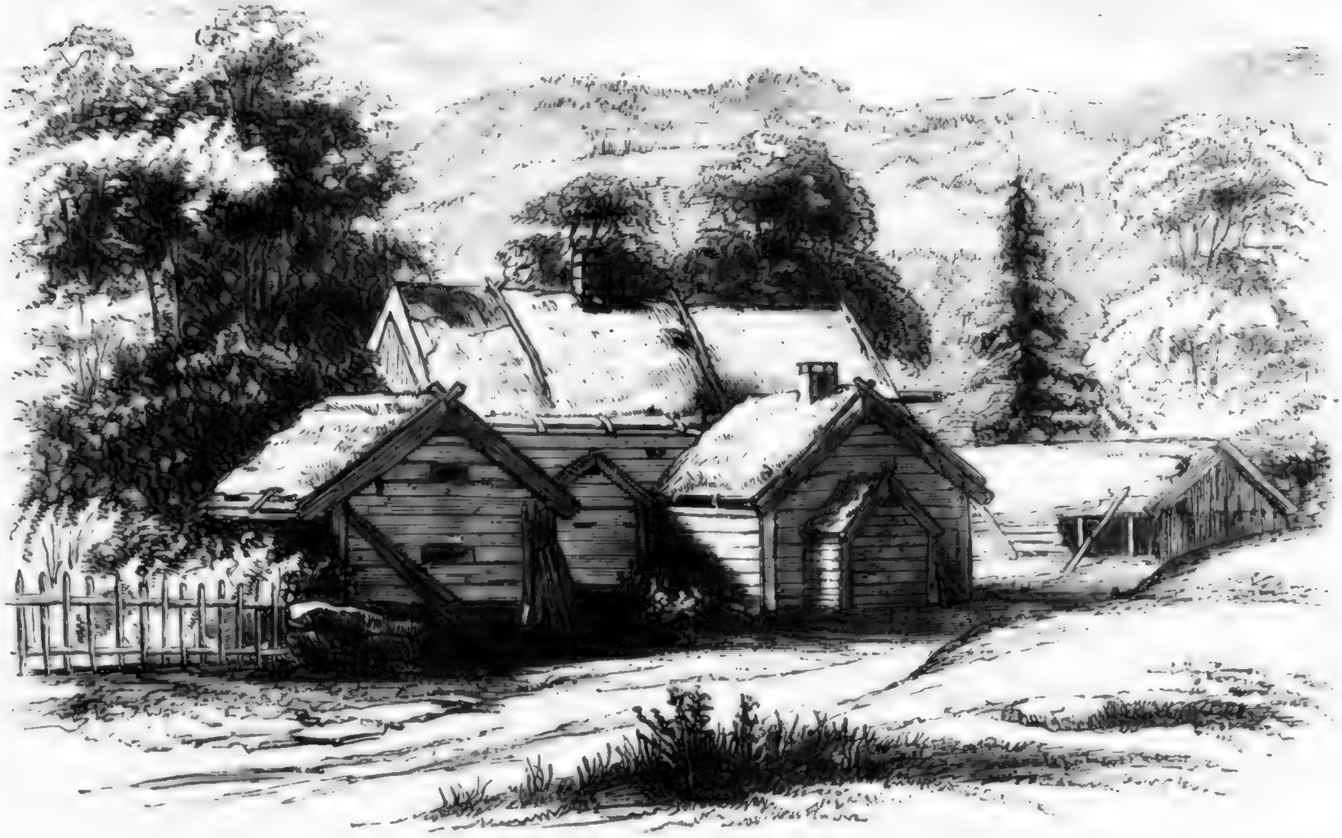
"Surely you have not forgotten me?" he murmured, with a mingling of reproach and tenderness in his voice.

"Forgotten?—ah, no!" she answered; "but I have not seen you for a year."

And her head drooped, and the blood ran red as fire into her white cheeks.

"True," replied Ludwig, "for the portal of this Eden Herr Wagner has guarded with a flaming sword. His will, not mine, has kept me from it. Let me remind you, my friend, that I have not supped. Why do you look so dazed? Have you a vacant seat here?"

At this the old composer picked up his scattered wits, and set his guest a chair with his own hands.



NORWEGIAN HOUSES IN GULDBRANDSDAL.

"A thousand pardons!" he muttered; "you quite take me by surprise. Shall I order——"

"Nothing!" said Ludwig, with a look. "I requested particularly that your servant should not announce me. Pray be seated, and go on with your supper."

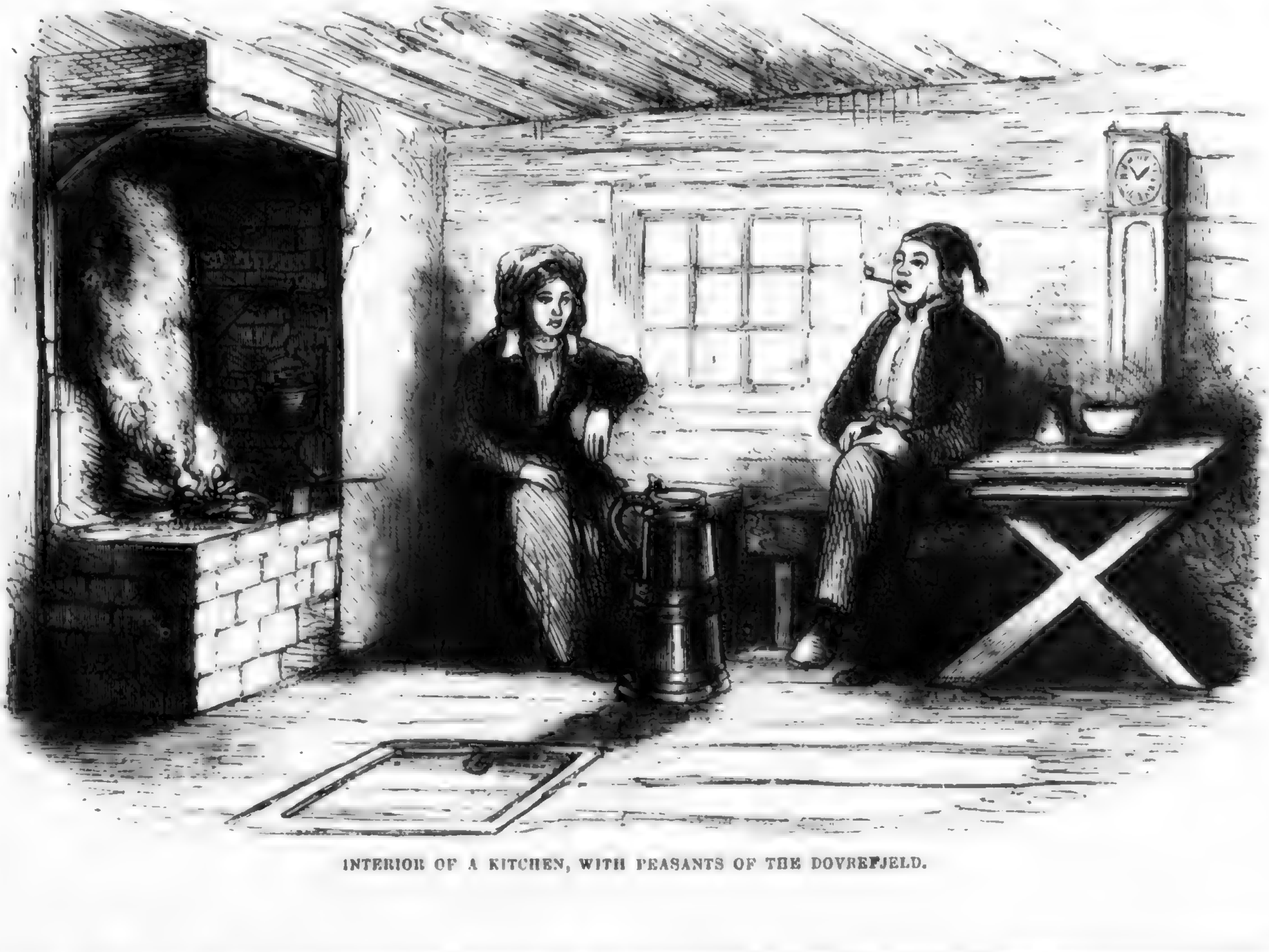
He took a place at the board beside Marie.

The sunset died on the mountains. The moon hung a shining sickle overhead. Some impassioned lover sang in his boat upon the lake.

"Do you come to-night from Starnberg?" asked Marie.

"No," answered Ludwig, in a low voice and with averted eyes; "from Munich."

"Ah!" cried Wagner, in exultation, "the Court is now there, I hear, and the city waxes right merry over the



INTERIOR OF A KITCHEN, WITH PEASANTS OF THE DOVREFJELD.

King's betrothal with the Bavarian princess, Sophia." Ludwig looked defiantly across at the speaker.

"For Courts I care nothing, as you know," he answered; "nothing, either, for the King or the princess—bah! almost as little, in fact, as they care for each other."

Marie lifted her head.

"Would the beautiful young King marry one whom he did not love?" she said. "He is too noble for that, I am sure. And the princess—is she lovely? is she good? will she make our sovereign happy?"

Ludwig left his friend to answer these questions.

"She is pretty and piquant," said Wagner, "and good, too, I dare say, since the Queen-mother and the nobles pronounce her such. My child, a year ago Herr Ludwig promised that he would not seek to see you, or hear your voice for a twelvemonth. The time is now past. Come now and sing some little song, that he may judge of the work we have both done since I brought you to Lucerne."

How deadly fair, in that placid light, looked her face! She arose, and the three entered the chateau together.

Wagner seated himself at the piano, and opened thereon one of his own operas—that wild, strange music, incomprehensible to the admirers of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. Behind him, in the mullioned window, stood Ludwig, his arms crossed on his breast, the moonlight shining on his fixed, intent face. Marie crossed to the old master's side.

A long, wailing note shivered suddenly through the scented hush, and she began to sing.

It was something to see Wagner's eyes glisten, and his hands drop unconsciously from the keys—to see him hang on her voice, as a bee on a blossom, while she seized at a glance on the divine mysteries of his music—ay, poised a flight above them, even, to hint of others yet more divine. She seemed to draw his plaint and passion into some depths of her own soul, and fling them back to him again, full of a fiery new-born life of her own making. And in the mullioned window Herr Ludwig stood, pale, breathless, like a statue in stone.

Wagner turned from the instrument, and snatched his pupil in his arms.

"Child of my heart!" he cried, "I have no words with which to praise you! Speak, Herr Ludwig! Have we not done well?"

Ludwig advanced, and stood with one hand on Wagner's shoulder—his eyes upon Marie.

"Master and pupil—heaven surely made you for each other," he answered. "I can say no more than this."

And then a thrilling silence fell—the silence under which some current of strong passion throbs. Wagner arose from his seat.

"The hour grows late," he sighed.

And Ludwig, with a deep-drawn breath, carried Marie's listless hand to his lips, murmured above it some broken words, drew his cloak about his shoulders, and—was gone.

During the weeks which followed this night, a tall man, muffled to the eyes, and attended by a servant, would often, of fine nights, start from Starnberg, and, plunging into the forest, gallop up to some lonely station in time for an express-train, fling his bridle to his attendant, and, seating himself alone in a carriage, locked against all intruders, whirl off and away—whither, no human being knew.

In the old chateau-garden, at Lucerne, the same person walked in the soft, romantic moonlight, among thickets and cascades, with a girl's ravishing voice in his ear—a girl's heavenly face shining upon him everywhere—from old windows, from recesses hung with gorgeous fabrics, from the hot-hued shadows of flowers—as changeless in its beauty as a star.

He came one night to the chateau, when a great storm was roaring through the quiet Swiss valley. In the long hall he met Marie, with Wagner's opera of "Tannhäuser" in her hand. Her face was weary and pale, but she came toward him with a smile on her lips.

"Herr Wagner has to-day received word from the King," she said, "that a place is vacant in the Court-chapel at Munich. I am to fill it; I am to go to the capital; to sing before the Court, the Queen-mother, the King himself, and his betrothed!"

Ludwig started.

"Surely that is great good news," he said, in a constrained voice.

"Ay," she answered; "and Gretchen and my father will now want for nothing. Ah! can I ever pay to Herr Wagner—to you, the debt that I owe you?"

His superb eyes dwelt fixedly upon her.

"To *me!* Great God!" he groaned; "betwixt your face and your voice, it is easy to read your future. You will take the Court and the world by storm. You will soon cease to remember Ludwig, who owes you not only his life, but the few hours of perfect happiness he has known in the world."

The passion in his voice seemed to shake her from head to foot. She stood, white as a spirit, before him.

"Cease to remember you!" she echoed; "you, without whom this fortune would never have come to me? No—oh, no!"

He advanced slowly toward her, as if drawn by a power he could not resist.

"Marie!" he breathed rather than spoke.

She ran toward him. His arms closed around her; he bent; his mouth pressed hers, madly, passionately, again and again. Then, with an agonized face, he thrust her from him—he stood; he gazed wildly upon her.

"My God!" he cried, through his clinched teeth, "why was I ever born?"

At the same moment a door near by was flung violently open, and Wagner rushed into the hall. He seemed in the uncertain light to see only the tall form of Ludwig. He flew toward him, with a paper fluttering from his hand.

"Your Majesty!" he gasped, "the Queen-mother is taken suddenly ill at Hohenschwangau! Bah! the jealousy of my enemies! They know always where to find you! She requires your presence at once——" Then, for the first time, he saw Marie, and stopped short in confusion.

Stark and stiff she stood, her dilating eyes fixed on Ludwig.

"Speak, for the love of heaven!" she cried—"who are you?"

And he, staggering back a step, answered, in a voice of intense agony:

"I am Louis, King of Bavaria!"

In silence she stared at him one moment. Then a wild, piercing shriek broke from her lips. She fell senseless into the arms of Wagner.

"Go, your Majesty," groaned the old master. "You have had your play out, but you have broken her heart."

The King picked up the dispatch, which had fallen to the floor, and read it with a shaking hand.

"Would to God I had been born a peasant!" he cried, wildly. "If her heart is broken, so also is mine!"

"I entreat your Majesty to go before she revives," urged Wagner; "and to come near her no more, for her soul's sake."

Louis II., the betrothed of the Princess Sophia, snatched the unconscious girl from the old master, strained her wildly to his heart, kissed hair and eyes and sad, sweet mouth with bitter anguish, and then, covering his face, rushed off and away, with his one servant, into the night.

And Marie! Wagner carried her to her chamber, and called the women of the house to attend her. She opened her eyes after a time, and looked up in his face.

"Leave me alone!" she prayed, with white lips. "Send them all away—leave me alone."

He obeyed her, sorely troubled in spirit, and retired himself to seek consolation in his divine art. But the storm beat, and the wind roared in the gables and chimney-stacks; and, being ill at ease, the old composer arose at last, and ascending to his pupil's chamber, knocked at her door.

"Marie!" he cried—"child of my heart, open to me."

There was no answer. He listened, but heard nothing.

"Marie!" he prayed again, "do you not know my voice? The King has gone. You will see him no more. You will soon forget this unhappy passion. I will not leave you alone. Open—open to me!"

No reply. A clock struck midnight in the hall below; then all was still. Thrilling with indefinable terror, Herr Wagner flung open the door violently, and rushed into the chamber of his pupil.

A cottage piano stood in one corner, over which a bronze lamp burned. At this instrument she sat, some sheets of "Tannhäuser" spread before her, her head fallen forward upon the keys. On the edge of the music she had written in pencil the following words:

> "Sire, I bless you—I love you. Had I loved you less, I might have lived——"

Wagner sprang and raised her. He turned her face to the light—he called her by name. The lashes clung wearily to her colorless cheek. Her head fell back against his breast. Her young life, snapped at the root, perhaps by the work of the year, had yielded to this first great shock of sorrow—snapped in a moment, like a thread overdrawn. Marie lay in his arms, beautiful and still and dead.

A week after, the betrothal of the King of Bavaria with the Princess Sophia was openly annulled. The latter has since married the Duke d'Alençon, a prince of the House of Orleans. But Louis II., the handsomest prince in Europe to-day—young, gifted, the patron of Wagner, and of all things great and good, consumed of a mysterious and hopeless melancholy—goes upon his royal way alone.

AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.

By David Ker.

There are few finer bits of scenery in all Norway, picturesque though it is, than the upper part of the Hardanger Fiord; and I am just admiring the effect of a huge wood-crowned cliff, which looks down upon the tiny log-hamlet beneath it like some battered old soldier watching his grandchildren at play around his feet, when my usually quiet and self-contained boatman startles me by springing up and gesticulating like a madman, with a halloa that awakens all the echoes, far and near. At first I conclude that he must have run into an excursion party of hornets, or been suddenly seized with a fit of "jumping toothache"; but his shout explains everything:

"*Bryllup, bryllup!*" (A wedding, a wedding!)

The sympathy of every Norwegian—even the most confirmed old bachelor—with anything pertaining to a marriage, is without limit; and honest Olaf's rough visage looks as radiant as if he were going to be married (or divorced) himself. Even my English courier, a quiet, hardy lad from one of the London clubs, is almost equally enthusiastic.

"Let's go ashore and see the fun, sir," he suggests. "I'd like to see if them outlandish folk get married same way as us; and p'raps they'll give us a chance to drink the bride's 'ealth!"

The same ecstatic thought seems to inspire my pilot, who bends to his oars with a will. But before we can reach the village (where a considerable bustle is now apparent), we are passed by another boat coming from it.

"Who is it?" shouts my boatman.

"Lars Hanssen," is the reply.

Olaf's face waxes more radiant (if possible) than before, and he hastens to inform me that the bridegroom is a relation of his own, and that if I like to come up to the house with him I can see the whole affair, from beginning to end.

The offer is too good to be declined, and I agree at once.

The scene upon which we enter on landing is just like a fancy fair. All the peasant costumes of the district (for some of these revelers have come from a considerable distance on their wiry little horses) seem to be represented in this hot, mirthful, never-resting throng. Fur caps and tall hats, coarse brown frocks and smart velveteen jackets; short-skirted girls, with cheeks as round and rosy as the apples which they are eating; tall, active lads from the hills, with their long guns on their shoulders; chubby little fellows in tasseled caps, who look more like over-fed boys than grown men; hale, bright-eyed graybeards, with the healthy brown of the sea air upon their weather-beaten faces; big, jolly-looking farmers in homespun, scattering jokes broadcast among the crowd, and laughing uproariously at their own wit.

Through this motley assemblage we at length elbow our way up to the house, at the door of which we are received by the bridegroom himself, a good-looking, hearty young fellow of two-and-twenty.

"Ha, Olaf!"

"How goes it, Lars?"

And the two men embrace very lovingly, kissing each other on both cheeks.

"I've brought you a guest, Lars," says the boatman, putting me forward; "a gentleman from over the water, who has come to see how we Norsemen live."

"He's heartily welcome," says the hero of the day, grasping my hand cordially. "Come along in, both of you, and have a look at my *pige*" (girl).

Just as we enter, the *pige* herself (who has been completing her toilet in an inner room, with the help of half a dozen female relations) comes forth in all her glory—a typical Norwegian bride.

On finding herself suddenly face to face with a perfect stranger, the young lady's comely countenance shows visible signs of confusion; and when I produce pencil and paper and attempt a sketch of her dress, she seems disposed to "bolt" outright. But her future lord and master reassures her at once with an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Don't be afraid, Helga; the gentleman only wants to draw your crown. Stand still, and let him do it."

Miss Helga "stands still" accordingly, and I am enabled to take a full inventory of her very picturesque costume, the details of which I give at length for the benefit of my lady readers, if I am so fortunate as to have any.

The most conspicuous features of it are a white Garibaldi jacket, with large hanging sleeves, and a piece of embroidery on the breast shaped like a shield; a red bodice, trimmed with green velvet, coming low down on

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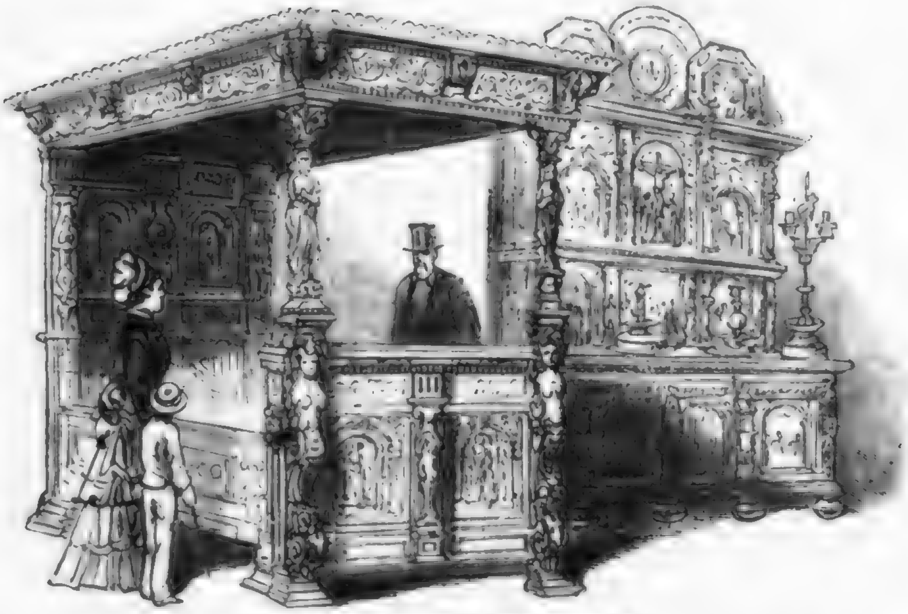
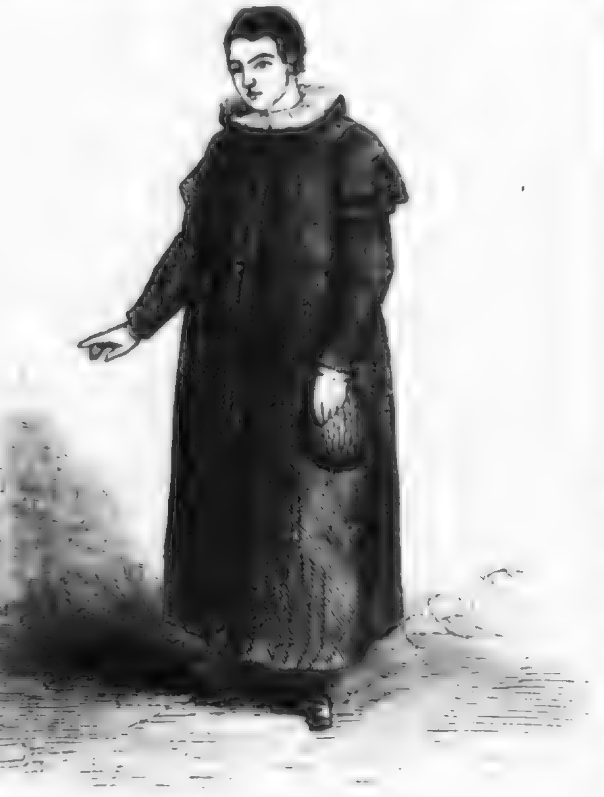


NORWEGIAN BEDSTEAD AND SIDEBOARD.

the shoulders; and a skirt of dark blue *wadmaal*, quite short enough to display to perfection a pair of the prettiest ankles in Norway.

The young lady's rich brown hair is judiciously allowed to hang loose over her shoulders, and the only visible ornaments of her dress are a waistband embroidered with gold thread, and a circular band of gold on the neck. But this simplicity is more than counterbalanced by the profuse decoration of the bridal crown which adorns her head. In Russia, although the popular phrase for marriage is "to go under the crown," the actual crown itself is nothing more than a wreath; but the Norwegian *kron* is a different affair altogether. Helga's white forehead is surmounted by no simple wreath, but by a magnificent tower-like tiara, of which the Pope himself might be proud, interwoven with bright scarlet ribbons, and hung with enough gold beads and bangles to set up any princess in "Lalla Rookh."

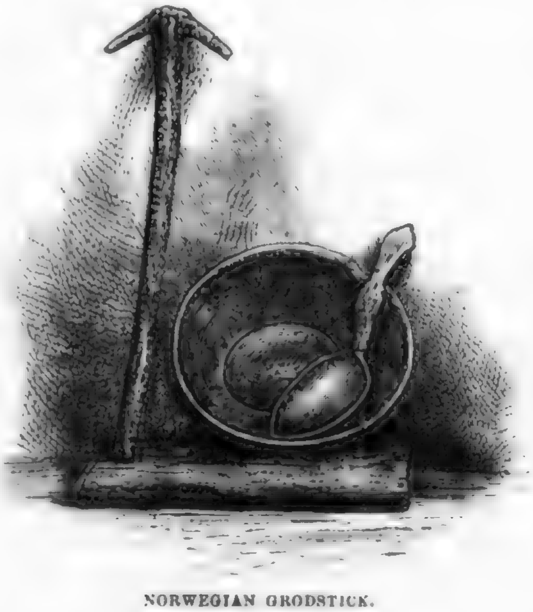
While I am criticising the lady, my English henchman, Saunders, is "taking stock" of the furniture and household utensils, which are certainly well worth looking at. Many of these quaint little farmhouses, far away from the beaten track of civilization, contain cabinets, bedsteads and sideboards of carved oak worthy of a Louis Quatorze chateau, which have descended from father to son since the days of Gustavus Vasa; and in not a few out-of-the-way nooks of Norway and Sweden you may find antique silver spoons and goblets which would command any price from a connoisseur in London or New York.



LUTHERAN CLERGYMAN, NORWAY.

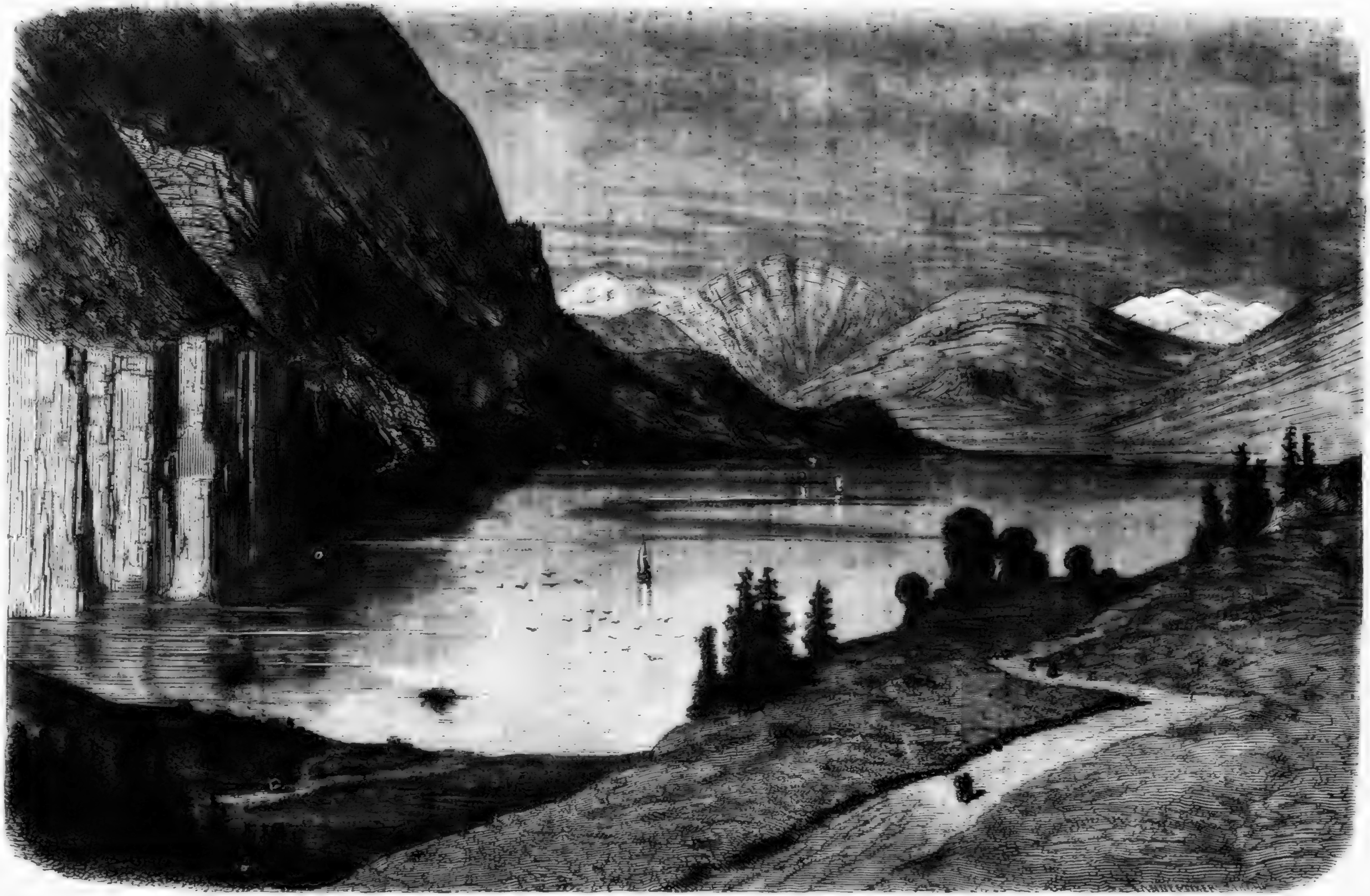
But all this while the bridal party has been mustering outside; and now the bride's father—a ruddy-faced, stalwart old patriarch, with a beard as broad and thick as a door-mat—comes forward to announce that all is ready, and that it is time for us to set off to the church.

Off we set accordingly, though not without a somewhat unexpected prologue. Some of the wedding-guests—doubtless under the inspiration of a few glasses of good Northern whisky—decide upon indemnifying themselves in advance for the slow pace of the procession, by having a little fun before the start. Accordingly they put their horses to speed, and gallop up and down the road, with a succession of ear-piercing yells worthy of my old friends the Cossacks of the Don. Every here and there one of the riders rolls off his horse into the dust, to the no small damage of his wedding finery, while the rest, instead of compassionating him, ride over him with the utmost composure, seeming to care very little whether they trample upon him or not.



NORWEGIAN GRODSTICK.

This little interlude being ended, the bridal procession gets fairly under way at last, presenting as queer a picture as can easily be imagined. First come the two fathers, in blue coats and silver buttons, with hats so enormous that the faces beneath them look very much like a cucumber under a bell-glass. Then follows the "best man," with a huge frilled collar sticking out all round his neck, like the label on a medicine-bottle. Beside him rides one of the most important personages of the day—viz., the fiddler, without whom no Norwegian wedding can go off properly.



A MIDNIGHT SCENE IN NORTHERN NORWAY.

Early as it is, the worthy musician has evidently been "wetting his whistle" already, and can with difficulty be restrained from executing a frantic solo upon his instrument every now and then, to the manifest discomposure of his sober-minded horse.

Next in order come the bride and bridegroom, mounted on white horses linked together by a coupling-chain, emblematic of the bond which is about to unite their riders. My English henchman, who has the eye of a hawk for everything connected with horses, is not slow to perceive that one of the gallant steeds owes its color to art rather than to nature, and goes into a paroxysm of suppressed laughter over the discovery.

Then, riding two-and-two like troopers on parade, appear the relatives and friends of both parties, who seem to be remarkably well off in that respect. The men, like the two "heavy fathers" at the head of the procession, wear blue coats with silver buttons, supplemented in most cases by round caps trimmed with fur, and high boots reaching to the knee.

The married ladies are, one and all, exact fac-similes of the bride, minus the crown and the flowing hair. They are perched on curious side-saddles, with a hanging step on one side to support the feet, and carry in their hands pocket-handkerchiefs almost as big as tablecloths, appallingly suggestive of the floods of tears which they intend to shed during the ceremony

As I look back to watch their progress, Saunders ranges up alongside of me to relieve his mind of a remark:

"Tell you what, sir, these foreigners seem an unmannerly kind o' lot, too. That young woman yonder's as nice a gal as I've set eyes on for a goodish bit, and yet I'm blest if they don't all keep on callin' her 'smoked piggy'!"

"That's their word for 'nice girl' in this country, Saunders," answer I, with difficulty keeping my countenance at this new version of "*smukt pige.*"

"Well, I never!" ejaculates the amazed John Bull. "I've heerd a young gal called 'a duck' often enough, but I never heerd of anybody callin' her 'smoked piggy' before!"

And now comes the most picturesque part of the whole show—a far-extending file of young girls, among whom are to be seen not a few faces quite pretty enough to make the fact of their owners being still unmarried a standing reproach to the whole masculine portion of the community. As in some parts of Russia, their maiden state is expressed by the hair being plaited in two long tails, which hang down over the back, and are tied together at the ends with a piece of ribbon. The gay kerchiefs and bright-colored rosettes of these young ladies, their tasteful wreaths of narcissus, their sunny hair and clear blue eyes, and that peculiar softness of complexion which is characteristic of the Norse and Danish races, all combine to form a picture which any painter might love to copy.

But the spectacle is not over yet. Following in the rear of our procession comes another bridal train, consisting of at least thirty *stolkjaere* (small carts), each and all crammed like a sardine-tin with guests of both sexes. In the foremost cart sit two mature ladies, arrayed in bridal finery similar to that of our charming Helga, though in every other point they offer as strong a contrast to her as can well be imagined. Both are manifestly on the wrong side of forty, and their flat, sallow, homely faces look so singularly uninviting, that I inwardly marvel at the courage of their prospective husbands.

By this time the dust, bad enough under any circumstances, has been stirred up by the wheels and horse-hoofs to an extent suggestive of a simoom. The blue-coated gentlemen look like a committee-meeting of baker-boys, and the white, powdery cloud works sad havoc among the gay toilets of the ladies. Even the two mature vestals in the bridal cart, despite all their efforts, spoil the effect of their dignified attitude by sneezing lustily every two or three minutes.

One of my Norse companions, shooting a sly side-glance at the pair, whispers to me, "*Gammle brut*" (an old bride), which uncourteous epithet arouses once more the righteous indignation of my friend, Mr. Saunders.

"By jingo!" says he, wrathfully, "if *I* was a woman, catch me livin' in a country where they call a young girl a smoked piggy, and an' old 'un a gammony brute!"

But there is no time to pursue this interesting subject, for just at this moment a sudden turn of the road brings us in sight of the village church.

Strictly speaking, the building itself can scarcely be termed ornamental, framed as it is of rough-hewn pine logs smeared with tar, which give it very much the look of a badly smoked stock-fish. But the quiet little graveyard, with its low gray wall, and its smooth green turf dotted with white headstones, would make a worthy frontispiece for Gray's "Elegy;" and the quaint, patriarchal simplicity of the interior harmonizes well with the old-world costumes of our cavalcade, and with the primitive aspect of the surrounding landscape.

This effect is not a little increased by the appearance of the clergyman himself, who is already at his post. He wears around his neck a *bona fide* Elizabethan ruff of enormous size, and this, with his long black cassock and pointed beard, gives him quite the air of a "schoolman" of the sixteenth century.

The simple old Lutheran service is soon over, and my friend Lars's bride (looking prettier than ever in the first flush of her new dignity) is handed round, like a tray of refreshments, to receive the embraces and congratulations of her relatives. Then we get to horse again, and ride back to the village at a much livelier pace than our former one, while the fiddler strikes up a wedding-march that makes the air ring.

The next thing, of course, is to do justice to the substantial breakfast that awaits us, provided on a scale which would dismay any languid "society" appetite. For in Norway things are still done in the bountiful ancient style, handed down from those good old times when any hospitable gentleman, whose own stock of beef was running short, had only to go forth and carry off that of his neighbor, and cut his throat to boot if he presumed to object.

As we enter the courtyard, where the tables have been spread, my boatman, Olaf (who has undertaken to be my chaperon, the bridegroom himself having naturally something else to think about), sees my eyes wandering toward a huge wooden framework, almost as big as the cow-catcher of a locomotive, which is lying in the further corner.

"That's one of our snow-plows, master," says he, with a grin; "and you'd find it hard work to get about without them, if you were to come here at Christmas-time. We have it pretty deep here then, I can tell you."

"And then, I suppose, you take to your snowshoes?" suggest I.

"Just so. And famous races we have over the hills. There's no finer fun in the world than coming down a steep slope on snowshoes, if you can keep your feet; but if you can't——" an expressive shrug finishes the sentence. "I like it better than *pige kelker*, though, for all that."

"What's that, pray?"

"A sort of sled, steered with two long sticks. At a distance, it looks just like rowing a boat on dry land; but you can go pretty quick on them, all the same. And then the sleighing! I tell you, when once I get fairly started, and feel the wind whistling through my hair, and hear the bells jingling merrily, and see the frozen woods flying past on each side, I feel as if I should like to do nothing else all the rest of my life!"

And now we take our places, and the marriage feast begins in earnest. As if the mighty meal were not sufficient of itself, it is preluded (according to the invariable custom of Norway and Sweden) by a perfect legion of small saucers, filled with sliced ham, tongue, beef, smoked salmon, etc., supplemented with strong liquors of every kind.* This formidable prologue—reminding me of the work scarified by Lord Macaulay for possessing a title as long as an ordinary preface, and a preface as long as an ordinary book—is popularly known as *smorgosbrod* (bread and-butter), which, however, plays a very subsidiary part in the enormous total.

The saucers are soon emptied, and then, for the next half-hour or more, the rattle of knife and fork is as steady and continuous as the musketry of a great battle. The ladies eat as heartily as the gentlemen, and the parson himself, who is just opposite me, shows himself as valiant a trencherman as any of his flock.

For those who prefer it, there is excellent coffee to be had, but the principal liquors are Christiania beer, sour cream and corn whisky—to all of which the revelers do justice. My Englishman makes trial of all three, greeting each in turn with a grimace of marked disapproval.

"They ain't so bad in the eatin' line, sir, these chaps," he whispered to me, confidentially; "but I never knew a foreigner yet who 'ad a proper appreciation of drinks. It don't seem to lie in the genius o' the race, somehow."

And now, the appetites of the company being a little appeased, up rises the bride's father, in all the glory of a white shirt-collar three sizes too big for him, and strikes up a highly patriotic Norwegian song, in the chorus of which all energetically join in making the glasses rattle again. This is appropriately supplemented by the toast which never fails to arouse a Norseman's enthusiasm in any part of the world—that of "*Gammle Norgé*" (Old Norway), as the land of Thor is affectionately called by its children.

Other toasts succeed, each honored with a full measure of good liquor. There is the health of the bride, the health of the bridegroom, the health of their respective fathers and mothers (not to mention their sisters and cousins and aunts), and finally the health of every one else, myself included. I believe I made some kind of a speech in acknowledgment, but at this moment I have not the slightest idea what it was about, except that it ended with some flattering allusions to Norway, the sea-kings, and my poor old friend Ole Bull (whom no one *then* supposed to be within one short month of his end), which completely "brought down the house."

In the midst of all this speech-making, in comes a sturdy fellow with a brimming punch-bowl, huge enough to have served Harold Hardrada himself, at sight of which a rollicking young student on my left, home from Christiania for his Summer vacation, strikes up a very appropriate drinking-song, to which the following translation does but scanty justice:

"Four elements, joined in
An emulous strife,
This universe fashion,
And constitute life.

"From out the sharp citron
The starry juice pour;
For acid to life is
The innermost core.

"Now, now let the sugar
The bitter one meet;
Thus still be life's bitter
Toned down by the sweet!

"Now let the bright water
Flow into the bowl;
Thus water, the calm one,
Embraces the whole.

"Now drops of the spirit
Pour quick'ning within;
For Life but it's life from
The spirit can win.

"Then haste while it gloweth,
Your vessels to bring;
The wave has but virtue
Drunk hot from the spring!"

The singer is lustily applauded, and the fun goes on briskly, jokes, healths, songs, stories following each other without a check. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, does a stranger feel at home so soon and so thoroughly as at a merrymaking in Norway. Already I have shaken hands half a dozen times over with every soul within reach, and seem to have known these jovial comrades all my life, instead of having seen them for the first time barely an hour before.

But just as the merriment is at its height, there comes a sound which breaks in upon it as effectually, though not quite so tragically, as the cannon of Waterloo upon the military ball at Brussels. The notes of a fiddle are heard from the "great room" of the house, as a hint that the drinking has lasted long enough, and that the dancing is about to take its place. Up start the whole company at once, and rush helter-skelter into the house.

In most other countries, it would be a hazardous experiment to supplement a drinking-bout with a dance; but not so here. Most of the faces are certainly a good deal flushed, but the feet and hands are just as steady as ever. In fact, your Norse villager—thanks to his open-air life and constant exercise—is a seasoned vessel, capable of absorbing with impunity an amount of liquor which would lay any degenerate foreigner under the table at once.

"Now, Saunders," whisper I, as we enter the long, low room, with its heavy cross-beams and bare floor, "this sort of capering is scarcely the thing for a man who is just well of an African sunstroke; so I'll just sit here and watch *you* go in and win, for the honor of the old flag and the credit of Pall-Mall.'

Saunders complies, nothing loath; for he is secretly rather proud of his agility, and certainly not without reason. But he is not long in finding out that he has met his match this time. The Norse beauties, delighted with their new partner (for a foreigner, and, above all, a foreigner who can dance, is not to be met with every day in this out-of-the-way nook), have a regular scramble for him; and as fast as he gets rid of one lady, he is pounced upon by another.

Meanwhile, I, sitting at my ease in the corner, watch with no small amusement the gradual waning of his jaunty briskness into the "dragging" movement which shows how the pace is beginning to tell. At length he can bear up no longer, and comes staggering back to his place, spent, gasping, crimson with heat, his neat white collar wofully crumpled, and his hair as wild as if it had been arranged by the Cow with the Crumpled Horn—the greatest possible contrast to the quiet, orderly, prim-looking man who left me barely twenty minutes ago.

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* This curious custom exists, though in a modified form, in Russia, where it is called *zakooska*.

"Oh, law!" he pants, pressing his hand to his side; "blest if they haven't danced me all to bits! They go by clockwork, them gals do, and no mistake. Let them try it that like; *I've* had enough!"

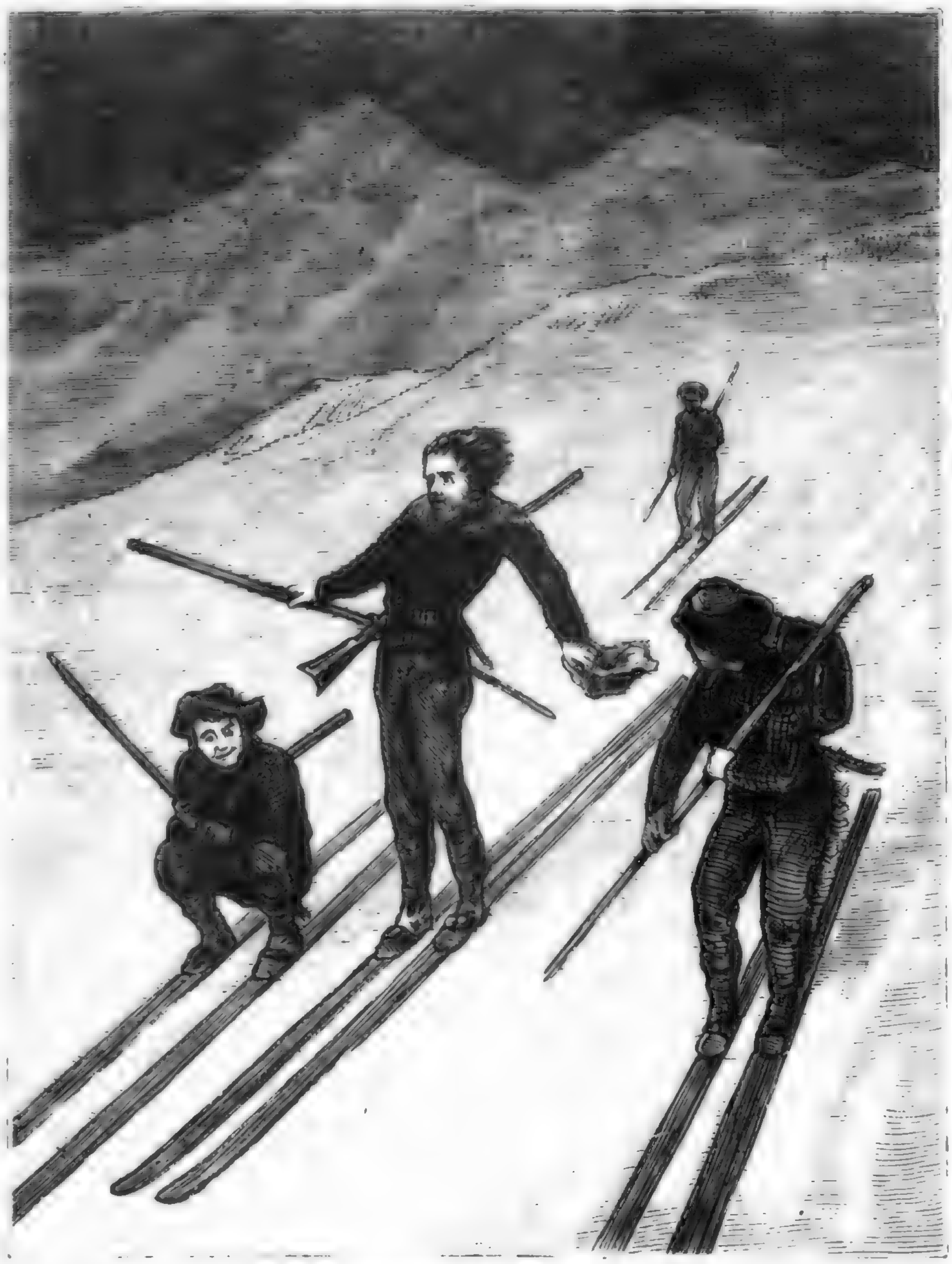
Just at this moment a general shout proclaims that the bride's crown has fallen off. According to the native custom, she is bound to dance till it does; but, happily for the poor girl—who might otherwise have to keep on dancing all night, like a firefly—it has been loosely put on by her considerate mother, who now comes forward and leads her from the room.

The general revelry, however, goes on as vigorously as ever, and I am told by an old gentleman beside me that it must be kept up for sixty hours (such being the custom), the dancers taking an occasional rest, and then "going at it" again.

"Sixty hours!" echo I; "I am afraid, then, I can't have the pleasure of sitting out the performance. As for you, Saunders, *you* seem to have had about enough of it, too; so make your bow to the company, and let us be jogging."

UMBRELLAS IN BURMAH.—In the capital of Burmah gold or gilded umbrellas, which in the provinces may be carried by anybody, are reserved for princes of the blood alone; consequently red umbrellas are affected by the gay sparks of Burmese society as being the next thing most gaudy in appearance. Etiquette has also fixed the exact number of umbrellas that Burmese nobles may display when they approach "the lord of the golden palace"; and no one but the En-She-Men, or heir-apparent, is entitled to have borne over his litter the full complement of eight golden umbrellas.

AN UNKIND WORD from one beloved often draws blood from a heart which would defy the battle-ax of hatred or the keenest edge of vindictive satire.



NORWEGIAN SNOWSHOES.

IN A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN.

By David Ker.

"*Torg-hatten* means Torg's hat, don't it? Well, if *that* was his hat, Torg himself must have been a strapping fellow!" says one of our passengers, as the steamer anchors off the "perforated island" of Torg-hatten, one of the wonders of the far North.

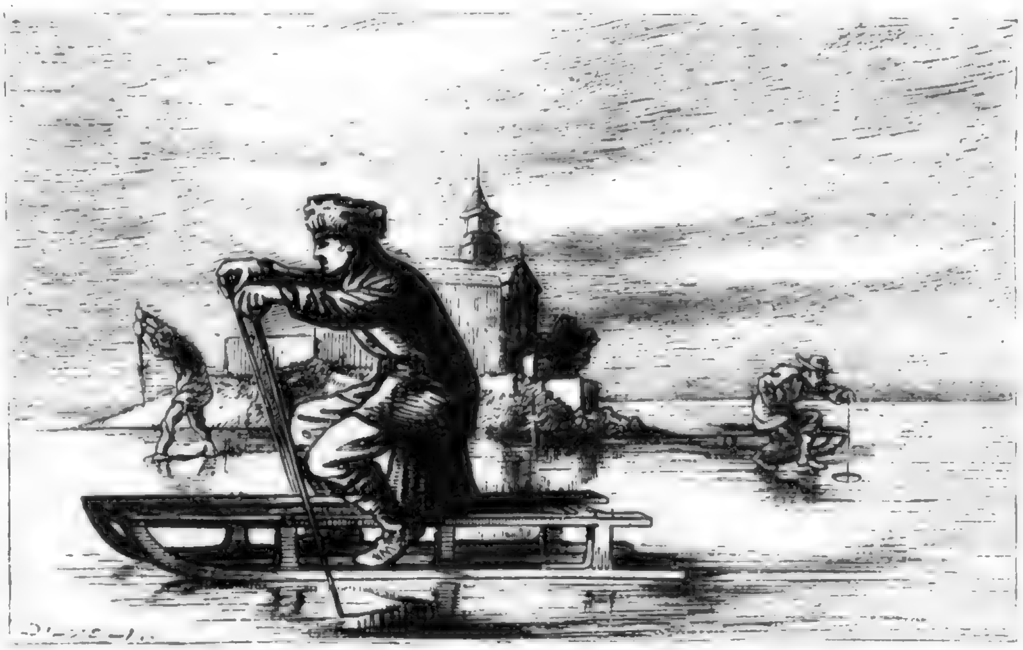
"But why on earth do they call it a hat? It's not a bit like one!" cries another, eying critically the vast black peak which blots the bright evening sky like a thundercloud, casting its grim shadow far over the lonely sea.

"I suppose because it has a hole through it—the usual ornament of a hat in these parts," suggest I. "Well, I see our good captain has lowered the boat—so suppose we go ashore and see for ourselves?"

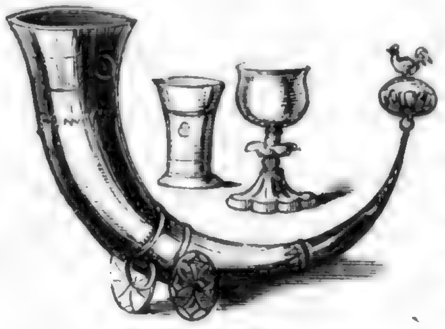
We are indeed a motley party. Two Polish counts, whose entire baggage seems to consist of a case of claret, and another of canned meats; three Boston ladies, who scramble over the wet rocks as *woman*-fully as if they had just been reading "Excelsior"; a Prussian Jew, who might sit for the portrait of *Shylock*, and who revenges himself upon Shakespeare by constantly reciting him; a roystering Englishman, making every cliff and islet resound with uproarious selections from "Pinafore"; and others besides, too numerous to name.

The low ridge fronting the sea, though rugged and slippery enough, is easily surmounted; but when we have passed it, and crossed the deep, moat-like gully that encircles the great black castle of bare rock beyond, our work begins in earnest.

The regular programme of every mountain ascent appears to be somewhat as follows: You start with a jaunty step and a general air of being able to scale Chimborazo and the Himalayas, but condescending to this little thing in default of better. Toward the end of the first hour, the jauntiness of your step is not quite so manifest, and you become aware of an invisible hand pinching your left side, and a plum of monstrous size sticking half-way down your throat. Presently you find yourself taking such an absorbing interest in the scenery, that you are impelled to halt every two or three minutes to turn around and look at it. Meanwhile your naturally sweet temper gets ruffled to such a degree, that the accidental collision of your toes with a sharp stone, or the obtrusive attentions of an inquisitive fly to the interior of your left ear, goad you to absolute frenzy, and to the utterance of remarks which your calmer judgment would wholly disapprove. Then you feel yourself gradually filled with an unhallowed longing to see your comrade sprain his ankle, or break his head, or do *anything* which may give you a chance of stopping to breathe; and when he does not, you regard him as a malefactor of the deepest dye, and wish he were dead. Finally, all these varied emotions melt into one great gush of savage misanthropy, embracing yourself, your companions, the hills, the view, mountain-ascents generally, and the whole created universe.

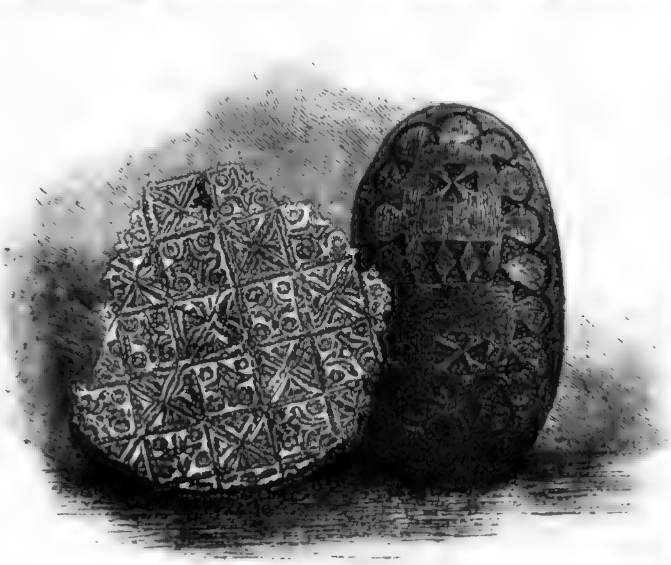


AT A NORWEGIAN WEDDING.— A PIJE KELKER.—SEE PAGE 679.



DRINKING VESSEL.

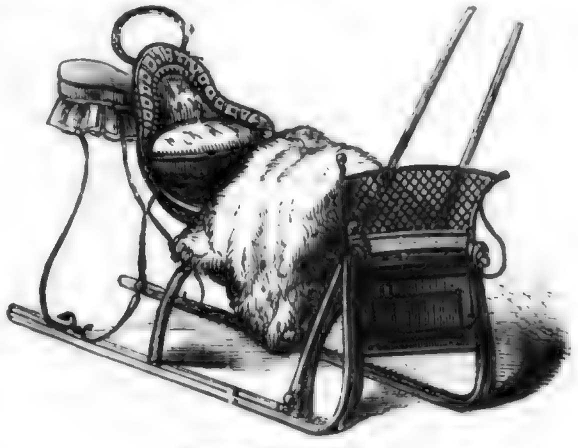
Through all these changes do we pass in succession, without seeing the least sign of the famous "hole," till at length our patience begins to run short, and some of the weaker vessels are manifestly on the point of sitting down and declaring that "there can't be much to see, after all."



NORWEGIAN FLATBROD.

"Guess I'm a big fool to come all this way for nothing," growls a stalwart New Englander, mopping his face for the twentieth time. "Who'd ever think of climbin' half a mile of stairs, just to look at a hole?"

"That depends a good deal upon the hole's surroundings," answer I. "You remember Paddy's recipe for making a cannon: 'Take a long, narrow hole, and put iron around it.'"



NORWEGIAN SLEIGH.

And the Englishman, catching the prevailing spirit, breaks out at the top of his voice:

"Up, upward we go plodding, but we never reach the goal,
For the rocks are far too trying, both for body and for *sole;*
And vainly we keep hunting for a non-existent hole,
As we go marching on."

Just at this crisis, our jovial captain (who has lingered behind to give some orders to his men) appears from somewhere as suddenly as if he had risen through the earth, and comforts us by calling out, in the cheeriest tone imaginable:

"Hi! you go quite de wrong vay altogedder!"

So saying, he turns our caravan around, and leads the way up an almost imperceptible path that winds off among the rocks to our left.

We follow, sulkily enough; but, all at once, a sudden turn around a sharp corner brings us face to face with a view which would well repay much greater labor.*

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* Two similar tunnels, the Martinsloch and the Urnerloch, figure among the "sights" of Switzerland.

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Right before us, in the very heart of the solid rock, yawns a magnificent natural tunnel, at least fifty feet in height by more than two hundred yards in length, piercing the whole breadth of the mountain, from side to side. Through it, as through some great cathedral window, we see, far beyond, the glittering snow-peaks along the horizon, and the craggy, wood-crowned islets that lie between, and the smooth surface of the blue, sparkling sea, and the tiny fishing-boats with their high prows and huge square-cut sails, that flit to and fro upon it like fireflies—all which, steeped in the brief, bright splendor of the Northern sunset, burst upon our eyes in one blaze of glory. At last the mighty picture lies before us in all its grandeur—a landscape painted by the hand of God, and framed in the shadow of the eternal mountains. In the face of such a scene, one can well understand the Norseman's stern admiration of his native hills:

Thou hast made Thy children mighty
With the touch of the mountain sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
Our God, our fathers' God!"

"I wonder how this curious chasm was originally produced?" remarks one of the Boston ladies, with a meditative air.

"Professor Airy," answers a grave-looking gentleman in black, consulting his inseparable guide-book, "attributes it to the degradation of a great mass or vein of mica."

"And Norse tradition," add I, "attributes it to an arrow shot by an ancient giant after his runaway sweetheart (then 105 miles off), with such force as to transfix not only the lady, but the mountain, too. You can adopt whichever explanation strikes you as the more probable, ladies; I will only observe that the legend is singularly confirmed by the existence of the archer's petrified figure (as you will see to-morrow) exactly 105 miles from this spot."

"Which shows," puts in our English friend, "that either the giant or the legend must have been very good with the long bow. Well, it's a fine sight, anyhow; but, now that we've seen it, I think, as these clouds yonder look rather threatening, the sooner we're on board again the better."

YOUNG AND FOOLISH.

CHAPTER I.

"NELL! NELL! engaged two whole months, and I have never dared kiss you yet."

"Mercy on us, Paul! what is the sense of kissing? Haven't I told you over and over that I consider it a perfectly childish, absurd custom? I set my face against it on principle, even with female friends, and you surely would not have me practice it with a young man. One can be engaged without kissing, I presume. Gracious the very idea ought to make you blush in a room by yourself, with the blinds down!"

"There is no more reason for an engaged couple's blushing than for a man to blush who kisses his wife," said Paul Darnly. "If they are engaged, they naturally expect to marry at some time. Oh, Nell, you would not think so if you loved me much!"

"Much? I never said I did. I told you that I liked you better than any other man, and so I do. *Strange* man, I mean—for, of course, I love papa best. And you would—you know you would—persist in calling it an engagement."

"Yes, I know," said Paul, sadly. "I was thankful for your *liking* me. But oh, my darling! will you never, never *love* me as I do you? Nell, Nell! you are not trifling with me?" he cried, eagerly, in a tone of suspicion, bending over her as she carelessly whirled back and forth on the piano-stool.

"Trifling with you? No, Paul," she said, simply. "Have I ever been in 'society,' that I should have learned to flirt? And"—her cool blue eyes looking steadily up into his, which were ardent and impassioned—"you know as well as I do that there is no other person whom I could, by any possibility, have fallen in love with. I am telling you the simple truth when I say I like you next best to papa. But, as for kissing—pshaw! Kissing is foolishness."

Paul took up his hat, looking pained and mortified.

"I do not expect to see you again for ten long months, Nellie. You do not really care for me. I fear they will be very bitter months."

"Men are so bent and determined on doing things their own way," said Nellie, peevishly. "You have got my photograph and a ridiculous lock of my hair, and yet nothing will please you but kissing."

Paul strode moodily up and down the floor, and Nellie was watching him.

"Men cannot endure to be crossed in the slightest little whim," she continued; "as if I would have made bead-work slippers for you if I had not been ever so fond of you! I did not make any for papa. Well, Paul," with a discontented little sigh, seeing he did not speak, "as you are going away for so long—that is always a man's trump card—I don't mind—you can—can—kiss me, I suppose—once."

Paul's eyes lighted up with inexpressible tenderness as he approached her.

But Nellie frowned severely, and looked extremely glum and disagreeable.

For all she had been so cool during the discussion, a hot flush dyed neck and face when she felt Paul's brown mustache pressed upon her soft lips.

"There! you need not put your arm around me," she cried, pettishly; "and now I hope you are satisfied that I am not trying to flirt with you."

"Thanks, darling—from my heart."

"And remember," cries Nellie, "that if I should kiss other strange men after this, that you would insist on my beginning it yourself."

"Hush—hush, Nell; don't talk so. And, darling, why will you call me a *strange* man?"

"Well, you are no kin to me, and I don't like kissing a bit," with a stamp and a frown.

"Then I differ with you, as I knew why kiss rhymes with bliss for half a second."

"And so I suppose you will make a practice of kissing those Western girls you are to be professor over. I know they are all freckled-faced, though; and I heard somebody say that all the Western girls had red hair and big feet."

"Your informant was mistaken in his facts. I only wish you cared whether I kissed them or not; it would make me very happy."

"Oh! of course, you will come back decked with trophies, like an Indian warrior. If you are particular in getting curls of the same shade, they might really be useful, too," cried Nell, laughing. "And then I would sit 'on a monument smiling at grief,' or something else equally absurd; and somebody might write a poem about us and hand us down to fame."

"Nellie, do be serious!"

"Then, seriously, Paul, I fear—I greatly fear—that nothing half so exciting will ever happen. We will be a commonplace couple, without a previous love-scrape on either side, for one to throw up to the other, and actually be too humdrum and well-regulated to enjoy our peaceful, proper surroundings. Oh, I wish—I wish—I were going off somewhere, too! It will be duller than ever, now that I will not have even you to help drag the hours out. Heigh-ho!" and she sighed, dismally.

"I should have said good-by the moment I kissed you, Nell," said Paul.

"Pray do not allude to that performance again," cried the girl, testily. "I heartily repent already, and am almost tempted to make a vow it shall never be repeated—at any rate, not until we are married; for you cannot make me believe it is proper."

"I do not wish to annoy you, my darling," said Paul, gently. "I hope we shall not quarrel when we are married, Nell. Ah! only eleven months, now, and I shall be back to claim you. It makes me almost dizzy to think of the happiness in store."

"Try not to think about it, then," said the young girl, with her lips set hard together. "That is what I do. I shall shut my eyes and count ten during the ceremony, as when I swallow a bitter pill. It will be so horribly dull and stupid. I have never been anywhere, nor seen anybody, and will go from one house into another without even changing my initials. Don't you know, Paul, that 'If you change the name and not the letter, you change for worse and not for better'? Paul, Paul! I wish you had not set your heart on this plan of marrying!"

She crossed her arms moodily over the piano, and leaned her face on them, while a terrible alarm seized Paul's heart and wrung it.

"Darling—my darling, if you knew how such words wound me, you would never say them. Look at me, Nell. I am going away for so long! Only say once, 'I love you, Paul!' *Love*, not *like!*"

"If you will stand in the middle of the room, I will say anything you like," said Nellie, her face still in her hands. "Now, Paul, I love *you*, I love *music*, I love *fruit-cake*, I love—— Why, Paul"—in astonishment—"I do believe you are getting angry! I did not know you were so ill-tempered! There, I hear the bell! Surely it is too early to go yet!" Seeing him looked grieved, she cried: "Paul, Paul, do not mind me! You know I love you, only I am contrary sometimes, and do not like to say so. Forgive me, dear. I will try to improve when you are gone."

He bent over her an instant, with a longing yearning to take her to his heart; but he restrained himself with a fierce effort.

"Farewell, Nellie, darling," he uttered, and the empty hall echoed sadly his departing footsteps.

Nellie Dempster leaned back with a gentle sigh of relief.

"Novels must tell great lies," she said, dolefully. "The men and women in them never seem happy or contented until they get engaged, but I am sure it is anything but delightful to me. Paul bores me horribly at times. I suppose one gets accustomed to it all when one is irrevocably married, and I do fervently hope it may be nicer."

She listlessly touched off some rambling snatches from Handel and Haydn, yawned, took up the second volume of "Children of the Abbey," went to sleep over it, and was awakened by the summons for dinner.

While she is engaged with a not very elaborate repast, let us go back and rake up a few antecedents for this small heroine.

Nellie Dempster was her father's only daughter. A mother's love she had never known, and seventeen years of her life had passed away quietly and tranquilly before her father discovered that she was no longer a child. What made him suddenly aware that she was a woman was this: Paul Darnly came to ask her hand in marriage.

"I consider it my duty to inform you, sir," said Mr. Dempster, "that Nellie will have no fortune whatever. The estate is mortgaged, and my salary has never more than supported us."

"I ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Dempster," said Paul, haughtily. "If I could not support her myself, I would not have urged this request."

And so Nellie had allowed herself, as "Papa did not object," to become engaged.

These are the antecedents I spoke of; and while Nellie, who is young and hungry, eats her cold beef, salad and potatoes with a tranquil mind, thinking nothing of the little episode of the morning, Paul Darnly, with a heart in his breast heavy as a stone, is speeding over the Union Pacific Railroad toward his destination, as professor in a female seminary in one of the far Western States.

When the moon, in unclouded majesty, peeps in that night through Nellie's casement, it finds her dreaming of imaginary ballroom triumphs, and the pink on her cheek flushes into crimson before lovers, who, alas! do not resemble Paul Darnly.

While he, still rushing at headlong speed through valleys and forests of midnight darkness, out into the plain, over the river, whirling back apparently through the same valleys and forests again and again, he smokes a solitary cigar, and his warm, faithful heart, true as steel, goes out in a gush of tenderness toward the little maid he left so many miles behind him.

Why is it that great, strong men, clever, old enough to be young Solomons—men who can see their own interest plainly enough in all else—why is it that such men will fall headlong in love with blue-eyed, fair-faced, pink-cheeked young women?—young women who are so thoroughly unreasonable that they domineer unmercifully over the finest feelings, and are greatly astonished that the worm, man, should at last turn.

Paul Darnly knew no end of Latin, was well versed in the intricacies of Greek roots, could come as near squaring the circle as any other man, and was as much at home with the "old ancients" and their proceedings as we are with our neighbors' affairs.

Still, with "Helen of Troy," and her airs and graces, in his mind, the "Female Cunigonde," "Evadne, the violet-haired," and a hundred other classic dames fresh in memory, he actually committed his great warm heart into Nellie Dempster's keeping.

She, not having her affections greatly set upon the possession of such trifles, would have vastly preferred a pair of pink coral earrings—so becoming to blondes—or a black grosgrain silk, trimmed with plenty of lace.

To Paul, Nellie's pink cheeks and fair white throat were perfect innocence; under her broad, smooth forehead could lurk no guile. Her soft blue eyes bewildered him, and when her golden curls brushed against his shoulder, it sent the blood whirling through his veins.

Fresh and young, with her dainty white frills and ruffles around her, she was to him the incarnation of youth, truth and loveliness. Oh, he was very hard hit, indeed!

Nellie is fast asleep. The ballroom, the lovers, the dresses and lights have all vanished. The showman has dropped the curtain—the play is over.

But cigar after cigar does Paul Darnly smoke, wide awake, dreaming, dreaming of her. And ever, with a rush and rattle and roar, he sweeps further and further away,

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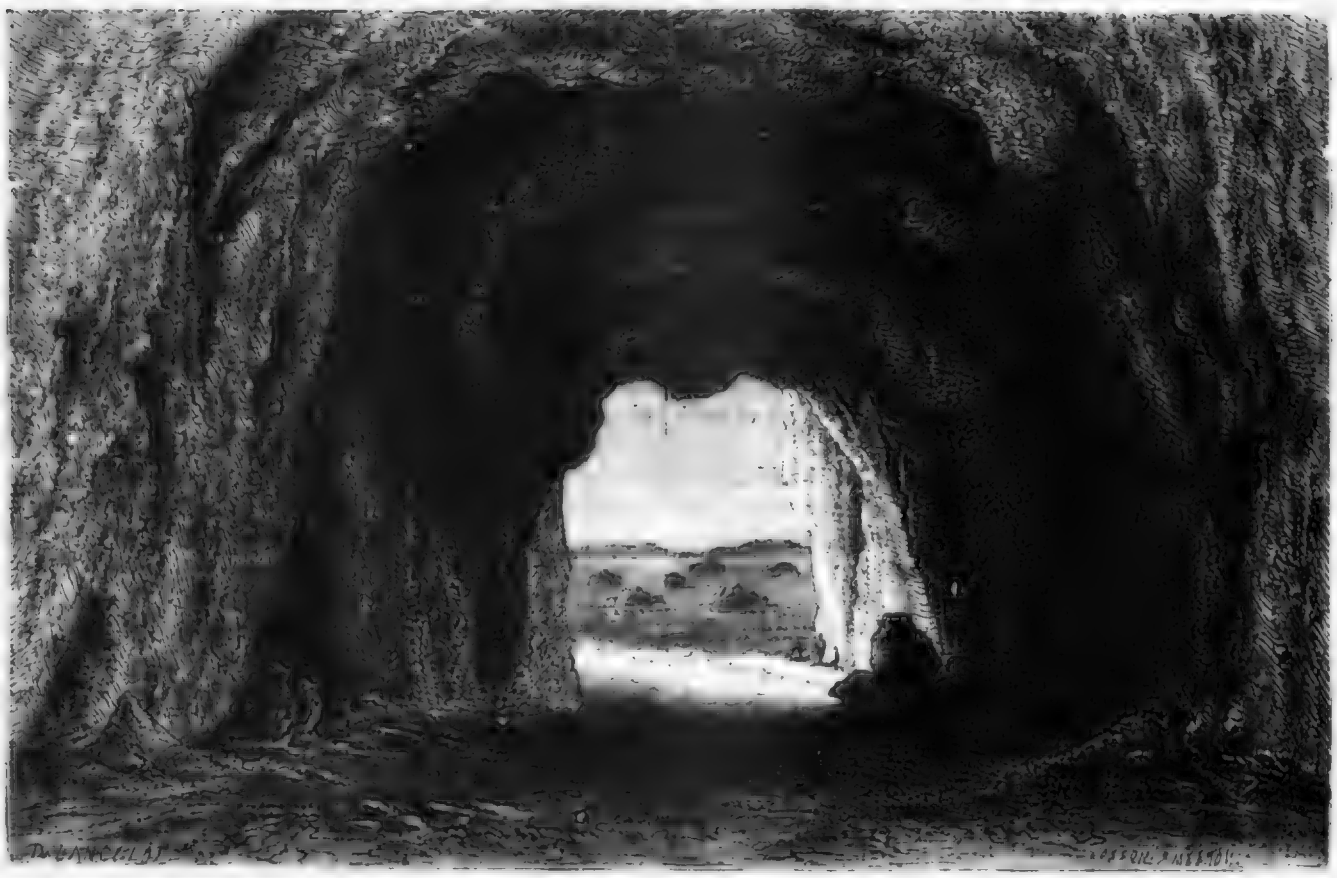


IN A HOLLOW MOUNTAIN.—CAVE AT TORG-HATTEN, NORWAY.—SEE PAGE 684.

over plains and rivers, along the brinks of fearful precipices, through forests, valleys, arches, tunnels, over and over and over again. *Fouette cocher!*

Chapter II.

Two months after Paul's departure, Mr. Dempster died. It was a sudden death, and, of course, very dreadful for his daughter, who was left so lonely and friendless all at once.

After the edge of her grief had worn off somewhat, the spirit of independence rose within her breast.

Positively refusing Paul's urgent entreaties to allow him to resign his position and come home to her, she felt some little pride in the idea of earning, for a while at least, her own livelihood.

Through the instrumentality of her father's lawyer, the situation of teacher in a private family was obtained for her.

And that was how Nellie Dempster came to be at Northbend, in the family of Mrs. Sherwood. There were three meek-eyed, fair-faced little pupils, upon whose young minds she had stipulated to impress the rudiments of the English language, with as much French as the little things could manage.

If in this change of life Nellie Dempster had hoped to become initiated into the pomps and vanities of society, a week's experience at Northbend was sufficient to undeceive her. Indeed, the first glance at her employer's face was enough to nip in the bud any glowing aspirations after gayety.

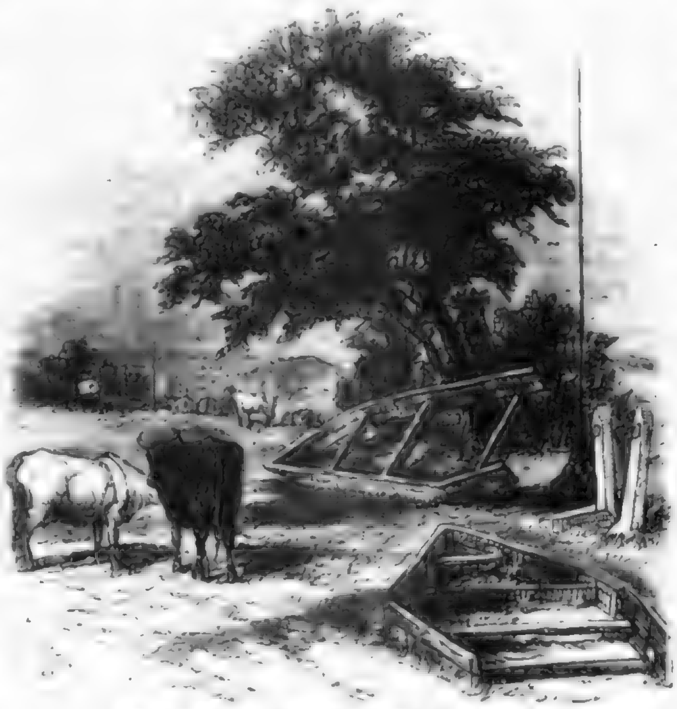
Clad severely in black, Mrs. Sherwood appeared to be about sixty. Her face was one which might have once been fair to look upon, but on which sorrow and care had carved lines many and deep.

The house had been newly fitted up on the occasion of its occupation by Mrs. Sherwood's family. "Ada, Rupert and Louise Burleigh," she said, on introducing the little children to Nellie. Adding, with a sigh, "My only descendants; they are the children of my daughter."

A stranger in the neighborhood, and courting retirement, there were absolutely no visitors in Nellie's new home, and in the monotonous routine of teaching A, B, C's and French grammar, the months slowly wore away. She took sober-sided walks with her pupils, and told them solemn little moral tales—everything of an exciting nature being strictly forbidden, after it had been discovered that Rupert cried over "Children in the Wood," and Louise had fancied she saw Red Riding Hood's wolf in the dark.

Nellie received letters glowing with affection from Paul, and wrote very nice, ladylike answers.

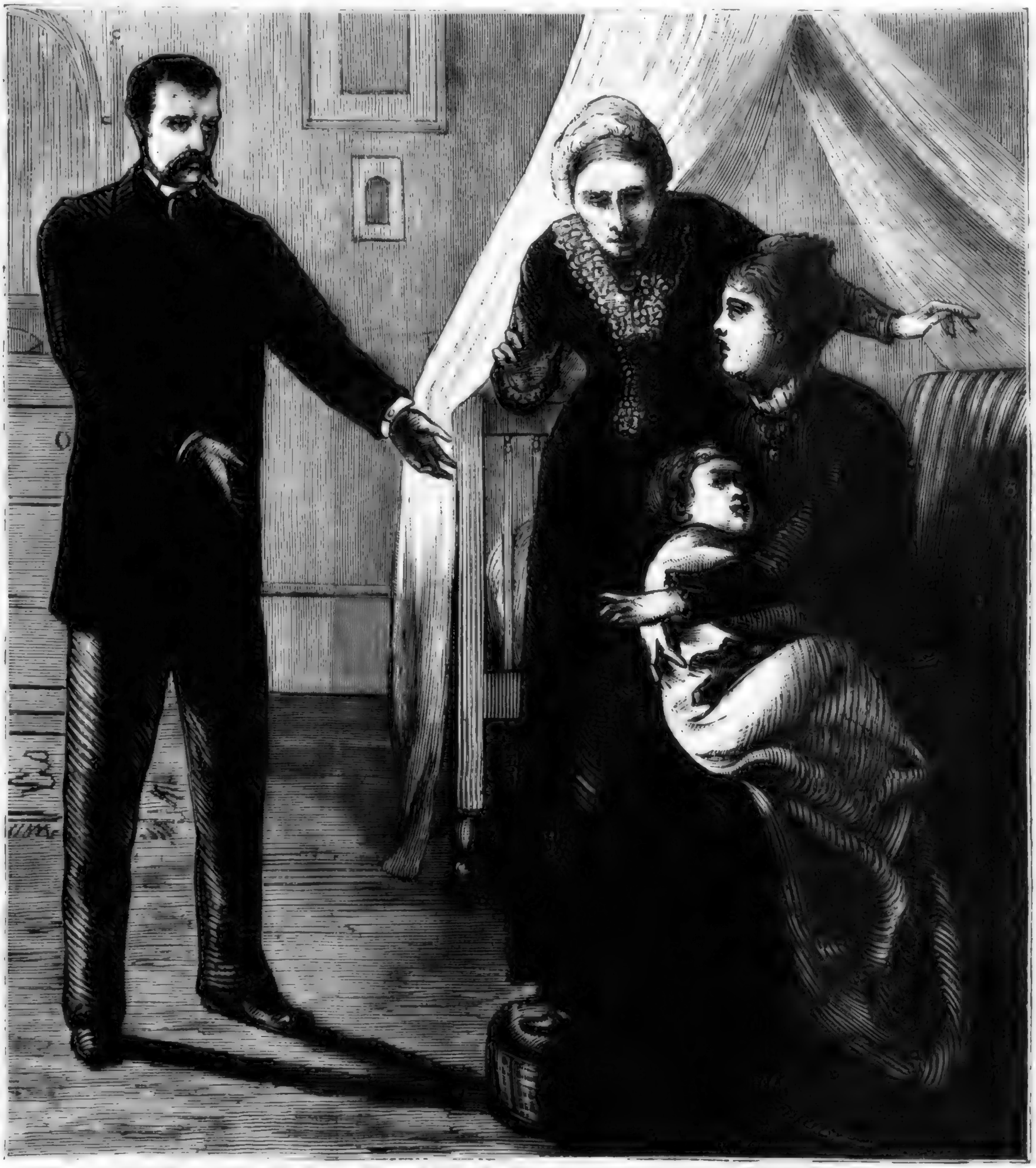
It was exceedingly pleasant to know that some one was loving her with ardent affection. She felt deeply grateful to him.



ROADMARKS AND SNOWPLOWS IN NORWAY.

"I shall be fond enough of him in time, I do not doubt," she murmured, after one of the long, tender letters had been twice read.

"I am very glad to be engaged," twisting Paul's ring pensively on her finger; "but how very absurd in him to warn me not to flirt, when, to my certain knowledge, there is not a flirtable creature in shooting distance."



YOUNG AND FOOLISH.—"'OH, NELLIE, NELLIE, LISTEN TO ME!' CRIED MRS. SHERWOOD. MECHANICALLY CLASPING THE CHILD, NELLIE GAZED ONLY UPON BURLEIGH'S FACE. HE EXTENDED HIS ARMS. 'COME TO ME, DARLING! DO NOT LISTEN TO THIS WOMAN.'"

She laughed a little over his tender pleading "not to forget him among the new friends with whom her lot now lay."

"Dear me," thought Nellie, "if my 'new friends' do not make themselves a little more lively, I will not mind marrying much, I imagine."

There were two things which she greatly enjoyed at Northbend. One was a choice modern library—"Ada Burleigh," oftener "Ada Sherwood," written in the volumes. "My daughter's name," Mrs. Sherwood had said, simply. Then there was a magnificent piano—one of Knabe's best instruments.

Nellie played charmingly, and sang with wonderful power and expression.

She would sit hour after hour evoking waves of melody from the compositions of those grand old masters, who may be superseded, but can never be surpassed, by modern composers.

At such times the weary, tense lines about Mrs. Sherwood's sad face would soften, and unshed tears glisten in her melancholy eyes.

The three children gave her very little trouble, little Rupert's studies being confined for the most part to the

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intricacies of the alphabet. The girls were older and further advanced.

Mrs. Sherwood watched over them with the tenderest solicitude, insisting on a great deal of leisure and out-of-door exercise for them, objecting strongly to their being confined to books for more than a few hours in the day; so Nellie had a great deal of time at her own disposal.

Had she occupied that leisure in the study of history and moral philosophy, as you, reader, would doubtless have done, Nellie might have greatly improved her mind, and become a very superior young person. It is sad to relate that her researches were in another direction. Her favorite books were novels.

In her father's library there had been only "Clarissa," "Evelina" and "Children of the Abbey." Now she reveled in the fictions of Bulwer, Thackeray and Dickens. She wept sentimental little "weeps" over Miss Muloch's tender love-trials, over "Agatha's Husband"; she dreamed day-dreams, and sang "Herz, mein Herz" with new pathos.

Northbend being a modern house, with new furniture, and, excepting the old negress who still followed Rupert about, new servants—therefore, a mystery was the last thing that Nellie Dempster would have looked for.

Consequently, when, on hurrying down one morning, she ran against a man in the passage, she was as much astonished as if he had been a bear.

Her surprise only increased when the children timidly addressed him as "Papa," and Mrs. Sherwood introduced him as Mr. Burleigh.

She had taken it for granted that her pupils were orphans, as she had not heard any living parent alluded to.

When Nellie had time to observe him, she found Mr. Burleigh not bad-looking.

"So far from it; on the contrary, quite the reverse," she thought to herself; having just finished reading "Pickwick."

He was dark, fierce about the eyes, and very silent, moody and abstracted. Of Nellie he appeared to take not the slightest notice; was barely civil to Mrs. Sherwood, and served as wet blanket to the customary chatter of the children. They sat quiet and subdued.

Mrs. Sherwood, however, was nervous, flushed and agitated; in her manner to him there was a studious anxiety to please.

"Miss Dempster," she said, as Nellie was leaving the room, "pray do not confine the children for long to-day. Their father's society is a happiness they cannot often enjoy."

"My society, indeed! Do not disturb yourself on my account, Mrs. Sherwood," and the new guest strode quickly out of the room, and was soon rapidly walking along the drive. Mrs. Sherwood's countenance fell.

"Ah, my poor children!" she moaned, clasping her hands. "Miss Dempster! Nellie! oh! help me to keep him. If he would only stay with them!—he must—he would surely love his poor little children, as a parent should love his own."

"Believe me, Mrs. Sherwood," said Nellie, touched by her distress, "I would do anything I can to please you. How can I possibly be of any use?"

Mrs. Sherwood pressed her hands to her forehead.

"My dear," she said, after a while, "you can do a great deal. He has a passion for music—this hard-hearted man, he adores it. Sing for him. Nellie, do this much for me! Play your sweetest melodies. Make this dreary house attractive, that he may learn to love his own children. Will you do this much for the sake of a sorrow-stricken old woman, who is at her wits' end?"

Tears trickled down the poor lady's face as she urged this strange request.

"Shall I tell all?" she murmured. "It may be that I ought. What shall I do? Ah! *miserere Domine!*"

"So something has happened, at last," thought Nellie. "Truly, nothing to add much to our gayety; but it is an event all the same, having this grum, stupid, horrid man in the house, and being set to entertain him. He paid me no more attention than if he had been a stone statue. I am thankful that Paul is not such a bear."

In obedience to Mrs. Sherwood's desire, she dismissed her little school at an earlier hour than usual, and proceeded to the drawing-room, to "make music for the bear to dance," as she styled it.

The door opened noiselessly at her touch, but what she saw made her spring back and hurry away like a guilty creature.

Standing haughtily erect, with flashing eyes and fierce gestures, she had seen "the man," and at his feet, on her bended knees, was Mrs. Sherwood, her uplifted hands passionately clasped.

Nellie had not recovered from her surprise when the door was hastily flung open, and Mrs. Sherwood, with agitated step, approached her.

"Oh, Nellie!" she cried, brokenly, with trembling lips, "when Saul was possessed by the evil spirit, David's harp had power to soothe. Now go, my child, and with your music, heaven grant that the fiend I have to contend with may be disarmed. Oh, God, that I should plead in vain with a father for his own children!"

She wrung her hands, weeping bitterly.

Frightened and confused, Nellie took her place at the instrument, and soon the witching strains of the "Olga" were floating on the air.

She played many moments before she dared raise her eyes. Then she saw that "the man" was leaning on the low marble mantel, regarding her with a frown of fierce displeasure.

"I have promised Mrs. Sherwood, sir, and shall continue to play on, whether you like it or not," she thought, defiantly. And bravely the little maiden kept her word, playing on for an hour or more, wondering the while "where he came from, why he made poor Mrs. Sherwood cry, and why he could not have natural affections like other people."

"The man" had for some moments been pacing the room, when he suddenly came over to the piano, and evinced his interest in her by a long, searching scrutiny of her face, which brought the indignant blood rushing to Nellie's cheeks.

In truth, she made a lovely picture, in her dark dress, surrounded with a halo of rosy light coming through the crimson curtains.

She struck a false note again and again.

"There!" she cried, pettishly, "you put me out; I shall go away."

"Tell me, first, did not *she* send you here?" he asked, extending his hand.

"No matter!" cried Nellie, with a crimson flush. "How can it concern you to know? I am going now! I hate to be stared at!"

"Pardon me; I could not help it, and meant no offense. Beautiful objects should not object to being stared at, and you are very lovely."

"It—it is very disagreeable," stammered Nellie, in great confusion. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, as she flew up-stairs, two steps at a time; "what a horrid man! To stare at one as if one were a flower-pot, and then pay one a horrid compliment! A wretch! I cannot endure him."

XUM

Hope is said to spring eternal in the human breast. Vanity, I suppose, does the same in the female bosom. Certain it is that Nellie Dempster took unusual pains with her toilet for dinner that day. She arranged her hair in a new and very *recherché* style, and put on her jet necklace. "It is nice to have a man to dress for," she thought, "even if that man is a bear."

The toilet was thrown away. Little Rupert said to her when she went down-stairs:

"Miss Nellie, papa is gone away, and he didn't kiss anybody but me, 'cause I'm a boy; and papa does not like girls."

Months passed, and all went on as before. Nellie almost forgot that such a creature as "the man" existed.

Chapter III.

"And so you do not like to be stared at?"

It was the voice of "the man," resuming the conversation where it had broken off three months before.

Nellie, sitting at her beloved piano, was absorbed in a delicious reverie, evoked from the airy splendor and witching enchantment of "The Wedding March" and "Fairies' Dance," as it is transcribed by Liszt from Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream."

She almost screamed when she saw close to her the flashing black eyes and dark, handsome face of Mr. Burleigh.

Now, in lieu of fierceness, there was a gay smile about the lips, which revealed teeth of dazzling whiteness.

"Yes," he continued, "I am back again, Miss Dempster—back again, like a bad shilling—but transmogrified from the fierce ogre, ready to tear and devour, into a peaceful kind of beast that will scarcely turn if trodden upon."

"I—I do not understand you in the least," said Nellie.

"So much the better, and I will drop this not very agreeable subject—namely, myself. I presume that my highly respected mother-in-law, after the manner of her sex, had made you a depository of the family secrets?"

"Indeed, she has done nothing of the kind!" cried Nellie.

"She gives to the world, then, an example of female fortitude. She must have suffered agonies in repressing her feelings to such an extent," and he laughed a hard, ugly laugh, that made Nellie recoil.

"Mrs. Sherwood is as kind to me as a mother," she said, with dignity. "Pray, turn your wit in some other direction."

"Kind as a mother, indeed! Ah, well, do not go. Continue that lovely sonata, in which all the fairies on earth seem to be represented."

When Mrs. Sherwood found him at Nellie's side, some hours later, her face beamed with unwonted pleasure and content. Nellie knew not what to think of it all.

By degrees, this strange, capricious Burleigh began to assume the position of head of the household, which Mrs. Sherwood appeared but too glad to resign in his favor.

The habit of command seemed born with him, and all yielded to his will. Indeed, Nellie was sometimes surprised to find how completely his word was law in their hitherto quiet household. Not half liking his imperious style, she felt inclined to rebel, when ordered to "Play those airs from Handel, Miss Dempster," or "Read to me now from 'Lucille.'" At such times, a pleading glance or word from Mrs. Sherwood was sure to make her yield.

Man, which includes woman, being a creature of habit, it was not long before she came to miss his presence, if for any reason he failed to appear during the day. Sometimes he would be absent for days, and then reappear with the irregularity of a comet. It was certainly nicer to Nellie to have a "man to sing at" as well as to dress for.

Burleigh never again told her that she was a "beautiful woman" with his lips, though his eyes said it a hundred times. And, in spite of her dislike for him, there was a vague fascination about "the man."

He was by turns gay, light-hearted, and, as suddenly as a meteor shoots, so melancholy that Nellie was ready to pack her trunk and send for Paul, to get away from such dismal companionship. She was annoyed at being set to amuse him; she violently disapproved of him, and quarreled and found fault with him. Finally she became interested and fascinated with him, and thought and wondered far more about him than she did of loyal, true-hearted Paul—Paul, who knew nothing and cared less for the "mysterious attractions of the soul" and "high art" that Burleigh raved about.

Really, Burleigh was at times a most charming companion. Who that has traveled over "far countries" cannot, if he chooses, interest a simple country girl like Nellie, who owned, sadly, that she had seen of the world absolutely nothing.

One day he was giving her a glowing account of *al fresco* life in Italy. "Ah, Miss Dempster," said Burleigh, "I have tasted the pleasures of life! '*Ich habe gelebt, und geliebt!*' I have tasted, but, alas! the cup was suddenly withdrawn from my lips." Then, suddenly as a storm gathers over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, his brow became overcast, gloomy and dejected. He paced the room, moody and abstracted, and vouchsafed not another word.

Little Rupert was seized one night with the croup. The household was hastily summoned, for his breathing was dangerously hoarse and quick. Nellie had sat up late over a new book. She was taking the jet pins out of her yellow hair before the cheval glass, and yawning with weariness, when old Rhoda, the colored nurse, burst in.

"Please, marm, Miss Nellie, he keeps axing for you, de blessed lamb! He dun had a hot bath, and white medicine outen de big bottle, and red medicine outen de little one, and he can't draw his bref most, scarcely. Come along, honey—do see if you can't appease him, nohow."

Nellie threw on a white wrapper and hastened into the nursery. Little Rupert lay in his crib, drawing his breath hard and short. Poor Mrs. Sherwood seemed cut to the heart, and was weak with fear and anxiety.

Burleigh was bending over him. The child's pale face brightened up at sight of Nellie.

"Sing, Miss Nellie—sing to Rupert; make pain go away. Take Rupert, Miss Nellie—so sick!" said the little fellow.

She took him in her arms.

"Poor darling!" she murmured; "he fancies music will relieve him."

"Sing to me—sing, Miss Nellie," said the boy.

Lullaby after lullaby she crooned over him, tenderly rocking him in her arms.

The medicines and hot bath taking effect at last, he closed his eyes in a fitful slumber.

"No, no!" he would mutter, when Nellie attempted to lay him down. "Hold me tight, Miss Nellie; make bad pain go away."

He was a fragile, delicate child, and his weight was slight, but the constraint of her position was becoming very fatiguing to Nellie.

Burleigh watched her closely. He moved once or twice to place a pillow where it would rest her tired arms, as the

ROBIN COMES HOME TO-DAY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 694.

boy would not suffer himself to be taken away. All danger being apparently over, Mrs. Sherwood had been prevailed on to retire, and old Rhoda was dozing in a corner. Nellie's eyelids, too, began to droop in spite of herself.

Only Burleigh, from his seat by the dim nursery-lamp, was wide awake. His eyes gazed with a wild brilliancy, not upon his sleeping son, but on Nellie Dempster's lovely face.

As the serpent gazes upon the victim he would fascinate and destroy, his eyes were fixed upon her fair countenance.

She slumbered lightly. Noiselessly Burleigh moved closer and closer to her side. He passed his hand lightly over her hair again and again. He gazed steadfastly upon her face, and spoke some words in a low whisper.

Suddenly Nellie's eyes flew wide open. With a startled, eager gaze, she followed his every movement.

"Darling," he uttered, in a voice low and tender—"darling, I love you! Nellie, kiss me, dearest!"

Did she remember Paul Darnly's pleading?

Dimly, faintly, as if it had been years ago, it came into her mind, and her words to him, "Kissing is pure foolishness, Paul."

When Burleigh repeated, "Kiss me, my darling," she slowly raised her face to his.

"Again," he commanded, and again she kissed him.

"Put your hand in mine," he said; and, even while his lips were pressed upon hers, there broke forth a long, low, plaintive cry, and, with white, horror-stricken face, Mrs. Sherwood stood before them.

"Girl, girl!" she shrieked, "you do not know what you are doing! He is married!—his wife is living!"

"Ay, but in a madhouse!" cried Burleigh, springing up, furiously. "Before heaven I am free, and would be in the eye of the law, but for your entreaties. This is your work, woman! You have blasted my life!"

"May God have mercy on me!" cried out the poor lady. "I confess I am a sinful woman. Ah, why did I not think of this danger, and tell her all? Nellie, listen to me. Oh, Nellie! why will you not look at me? What he says is true. I was wealthy, and my daughter loved him blindly. I would not tell him of the fearful curse that I knew was her inheritance, but I am punished by my own weakness. Oh, Nellie, Nellie, listen to me!"

Mechanically clasping the child, Nellie gazed only upon Burleigh's face.

He extended his arms.

"Come to me, darling!" he cried, and she walked straight into them, never moving her eyes from his. "Do not listen to this woman."

"No," Nellie, said slowly, speaking as with difficulty.

"Repeat after me, Nellie—'*I will never leave you!*'"

"I will never leave you," said Nellie, in dull, monotonous tones.

"Say—'*I will follow you to the ends of the earth!*'"

"I will follow you to the ends of the earth," repeated Nellie.

"The child! the child!" shrieked Mrs. Sherwood, snatching little Rupert into her arms.

His face was working convulsively. It was a spasm. Bells were rung, servants rushed in, the doctor came, but Nellie's face expressed no emotion.

She stood as Burleigh had left her, staring blankly after him; with eyes still blankly staring, she was carried to her room and laid upon her bed.

Little Rupert died; and Nellie was prostrated by a low, lingering fever. Her lovely hair was closely shorn, and she lay there day after day, confused, dreamily wondering, and sometimes talking in wild delirium.

The doctor was talking to Mrs. Sherwood one morning after her convalescence had set in.

"What you tell me, madam, is, as you say, very strange. Animal magnetism is of a very peculiar and mysterious nature. It has been known to have the most remarkable, almost incredible, effects upon subjects; and her illness may, as you presume, be the result of some such experiments made. She is of a highly nervous temperament, and evidently not very strong constitution."

It was in the soft, balmy weather of rosy June that Nellie got well. It was when—

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

Then it was that Paul Darnly came hurrying home as fast as steam could bring him. And this is the winding up of Nellie's confession—for she told him everything—every word, look and action of that horrible night had come back to her mind clear as the day:

"Dear Paul, I have been a very foolish girl, I know, but I could not imagine people would undertake to mesmerize me—could I, Paul? And I hope you'll knock his hat well over his ears if ever you meet him, won't you, Paul?—just to please me. A wretch! Gone over to Europe, has he? I pity the Europeans, then, I'm sure.

But now you will take care of me—will you not, Paul, dear, and never let me be mesmerized again? Ugh! It makes me shiver to think of it. And, oh, Paul! I shall try to be a good wife to you as long as I live, and be contented and satisfied with everything and everywhere, for ever!"

Paul promised with fervency to administer the desired punishment to "that Burleigh" on sight; which promise, however, he never had the opportunity of fulfilling, for Burleigh was one of the passengers on board the ill-fated *City of Paris*, which went down the very month that Paul Darnly married Nellie.

A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.

By H. A. Austen.

It was about three months after the wet monsoons had ceased to deluge the land, and old King Sol was having it all his own way, drying up with his fiery breath every blade of vegetation, and turning the beautiful green ghauts into a wilderness, that I was ordered to an out-of-the-way place far up country in Central India.

Society there was none, and I had to rely on my gun for amusement; and as my duties were not very arduous, I got a large amount of shooting.

On my first night's hunting in the jungle, I had an adventure which, though it was very exciting, was far from being amusing at the time.

The day had been one of the hottest I had ever experiended; from dawn to sunset no breeze had stirred the drooping leaves, and the scorching sun had poured its rays down upon the few living creatures that had ventured to expose themselves to their terrific heat.

As night came on, the air was still close and sultry; and thinking sleep was impossible, I determined to pass the night in hunting—not as I often had done, by lying in wait for game by water-tanks, but by prowling through the moonlit jungle.

There was something weird and fascinating in the idea of meeting the animals in their own domain, face to face, in the soft white moonlight—a night-prowler among night-prowlers—surrounded on all sides by animals who, like myself, were in search of prey.

The moon was well up by nine o'clock, so, attaching my cartridge-case and heavy hunting-knife, and arming myself with a double-barrel rifle of large calibre, I bade adieu to my solitary bungalow, and threaded my way through the long, dewdrop-covered grass which lay between me and the jungle.

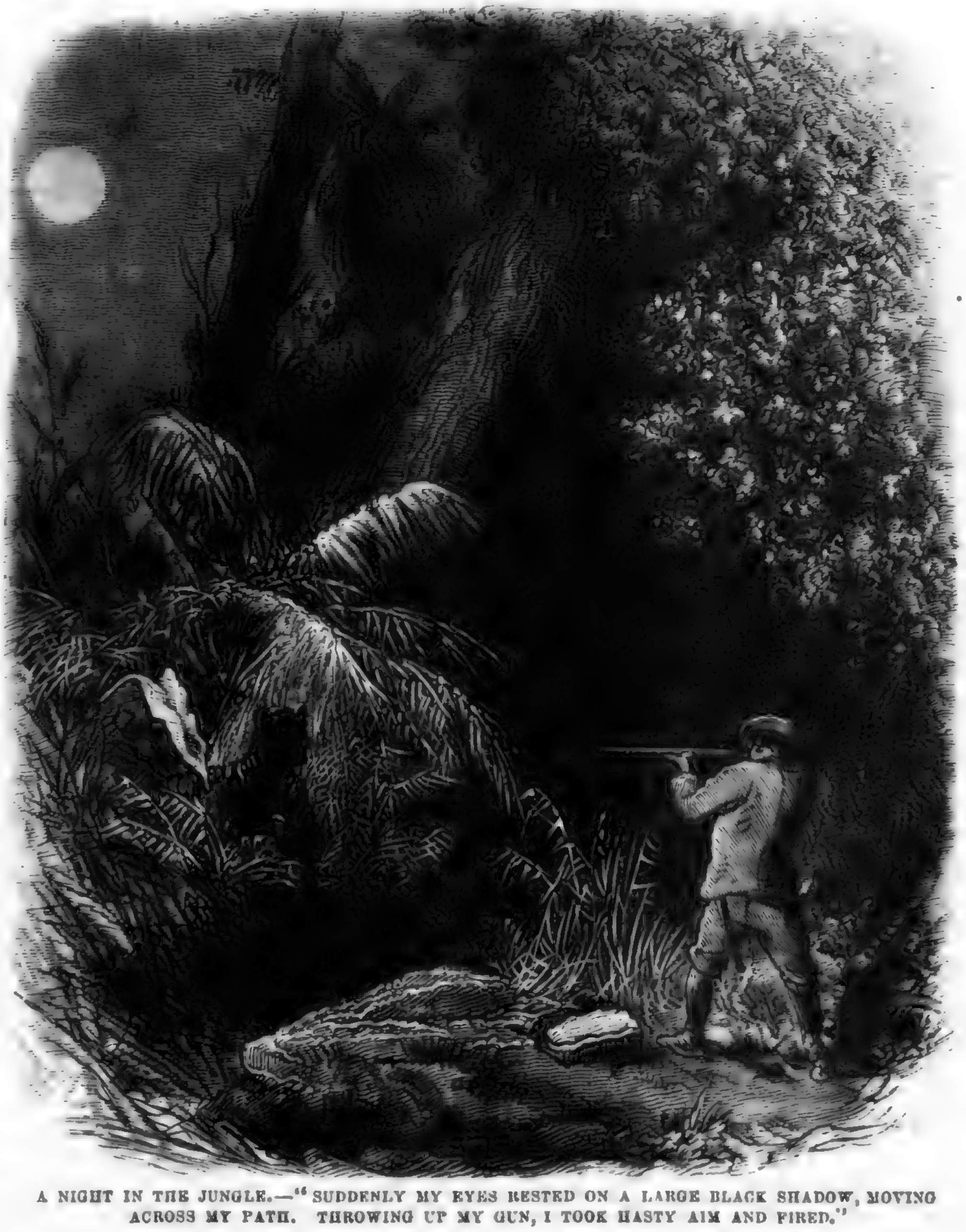
The first hour went by without incident, though every now and then a faint rustle indicated the presence of some animal; but suddenly, as I emerged from a small thicket, my eyes rested on a large black shadow, moving across my path some little distance ahead. Throwing up my gun, I took hasty aim and fired.

A moment after, a deep growl broke the silence which had succeeded the report of my gun; and, as the smoke cleared away, I saw a tiger—a full-grown male—standing about twenty yards off, amid the long, reed-like grass. To give him my second barrel was the work of a moment, and as I sprang clear of the smoke I saw the tiger stagger forward, and, recovering itself, take to flight and disappear into the deep shadows of the jungle.

To the best of my belief, my aim was steady, yet the tiger was gone, and that feeling of depression came over me that a hunter feels whose bullet has failed to reach its mark, and sees before him a void space where, but a moment before, some noble beast was standing.

Thinking that the double report had doubtless disturbed my game in the neighborhood, I had resort to a pipe as the best means at hand to dispel the chagrin which I felt at the result of my bad shooting.

As I was in the act of lighting my pipe, and holding my still unloaded rifle carelessly under my arm, my ears were greeted with a terrific roar, and, to my dismay, I saw a huge tigress in the act of springing. I just had time to throw



A NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE.—"SUDDENLY MY EYES RESTED ON A LARGE BLACK SHADOW, MOVING ACROSS MY PATH. THROWING UP MY GUN, I TOOK HASTY AIM AND FIRED."

XUM

myself flat on my face, when her feline majesty, roaring loudly, sprang into the air and alighted some half a dozen paces beyond where I was lying.

I was on my feet in a second, with my clubbed rifle in my hand, and as she turned to the attack, brought it down full on her head with all my force, at the same time breaking my rifle into a dozen pieces. The blow partly stunned her and broke her spring, and before she could recover I threw myself upon her, knife in hand, and then a struggle began of steel on one side and teeth and claws on the other. Over and over we rolled in this death-conflict, her teeth and claws tearing the flesh in strips from my left side and arm, while with my right I drove the steel further and further in my endeavors to reach her heart.

How long this struggle continued I know not, but it seemed centuries of agony to me. At last the cruel teeth relaxed their hold, the claws let go their prey, and the tigress fell back dead; while I, covered with blood and wounds, staggered to my feet, more dead than alive, only to fall back in a swoon, in which state I was found next morning, with the bloody knife still in my grasp.

For weeks I lay on a sick-bed; but when at last I got about again, I had gained prudence, though at rather a heavy cost, and the lesson learnt that night was not thrown away. I became a better hunter, and a less rash one, and the many nights which I spent afterward utterly alone amongst the wild denizens of the jungle, never found me smoking a pipe with an unloaded gun.

ROBIN COMES HOME TO-DAY.

Our Robin sailed across the sea,
When shone the Summer sun,
Ere leaflets fell in dale and dell,
Or Winter winds begun.
He said, when came the verdant Spring,
He would be sailing near;
And tidings come that close at home
To-day is Robin dear.

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
Oh, let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

The days have seemed so sad and long
Since he has been away;
None can replace his smiling face,
That beams so frank and gay;
And we have missed his merry laugh
That used our hearts to cheer;
But all is well, so tears dispel—
To-day is Robin near.

Our Robin he comes home to-day,
Oh, let our hearts rejoice;
For it is dear to have him near,
And hear his bonny voice!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

By Georgie A. Davis.

I always hated Bostonians—always, from the bottom of my soul; I felt a secret, sudden and violent antagonism spring to life within me at the very same instant that Dana Rollston's supercilious blue eyes met mine in the farm-house parlor. Besides, I always *did* despise blonde men; and he was just saved from touching the extreme of the type by the black lashes that had a sleepy fashion of drooping over those same blue eyes, and the dark, strong brows that slanted high up on his white forehead, and lent half the scorn to his face. And worse than all, he was *young*—not a day over twenty-eight, I wisely decided—and I had always declared anything masculine under the age of twenty-three to be "a babe in arms."

So of course I hated Mr. Richard Dana Rollston from the beginning, and he—did not "approve" of me. I could see at a glance that his critical eye picked out the New York girl in the midst of the crowd of New Englanders, and "wrote her down"—*fast*. And his cousin, Lily Parker, who had come earlier than he to the White Mountains, had told me long before he came how fastidious "Cousin Dane" was, and how he detested flirts and girls of the period, and how easily disgusted he was, even by a pretty woman, if she overstepped, just with the point of her slipper, the fine line that he chose to draw—"so far shalt thou go, and no further." And it struck me the very minute I saw him, that it would be remarkably good fun to shock Mr. Rollston.

That was just three weeks ago, and three weeks in a country house do a lifetime's work now and then; they did wonders with Dane Rollston and me. I *did* succeed in shocking him. I shouldn't have succeeded half so well if Captain Molyneux, the big, handsome Englishman, whose antecedents nobody in the house knew, and everybody was speculating upon, had not helped me to plunge into a flirtation that almost took my own breath away, it was so precipitate. All the other girls, you see, paid court to Dane—women *can* do that sort of thing—flattering him and doing deference to his whims and fancies, and modeling their conduct as well as they knew how on that of his ideal woman; only I, the girl from New York, played another *rôle*, just for my own amusement.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Clymer——"

"Mr. Rollston."

I am walking the piazza one rainy night, all alone, when a slender, tall figure appears framed in the hall door, on a bright background of lamplight, and thus addresses me. I fling back the answer without stopping in my walk or turning my head.

"Will you allow me?"

Two firm white hands lay a warm white shawl deftly over my shoulders, and draw it close under my chin; an encumbrance which I try, ineffectually, to cast off.

"Thank you; I do *not* need anything of the sort, Mr. Rollston."

"You couldn't possibly convince me of that," he says, bending his *fair* head a little—a ray of light from the parlor window shines across his face, and I see his mouth—a womanish one, it is so sweet and pure in its upward curves—smiling a little.

"I haven't the slightest interest in convincing you," I say, flinging back the wrap. "I don't wish to wear it."

"It's very damp," he says, hesitatingly.

"I prefer it so."

He walks at my side in silence for a minute or two, with his hands behind him, looking down, apparently, at the glimpses of the steel buckles on my slippers.

"Miss Clymer," he begins again, raising his head, with a little resolute ring to his voice—"Miss Clymer, I want very much to speak to you—I have something to say."

"Indeed? I shall be happy to hear it."

"You don't impress me with that conviction," he remarks, quick to take a wound. "I know perfectly well that nothing I can say to you is at all likely to meet with favor—barely tolerance. You never have given me an inch of ground—I've fought for it all; and what I've won here and there I only seem to lose again; but I *must* have your leave to speak to-night, and risk the chances of offending you more than I've done already."

"Offending me? Really," I say, with a laugh, "you are laboring under a delusion, Mr. Rollston; nothing you have ever said or done has lived long enough in my thoughts to give offense."

We pass through the bright bar of lamplight again; I can see him gazing down steadily, with a set look of pain on his proud young face.

"Perhaps I shall offend you now," he says, coloring a little. "You make me feel what an unwarrantable piece of presumption I'm guilty of—but, even so, I must take the risk. I heard this morning, from Captain Molyneux himself"—beginning to pull his brown mustache nervously as he talks—"that you had accepted an invitation to dine with him to-morrow?"

He looks down interrogatively, and I answer the look.

"I have, certainly."

"I've no right to ask you *not* to do so, Miss Clymer, but I must beg of you to reconsider your answer—and to take my word, as a gentleman's, that you *ought not* to accept such an attention from Captain Molyneux."

"Really, Mr. Rollston, your remarks are very enigmatical."

I stare up with scornful amaze at his face—it is earnest and eager, as I don't think I ever saw it before.

"I'll try to make them a little clearer," he says, quietly. "I know Captain Molyneux better than you, as a lady, can possibly know him. I'm thoroughly convinced that he's not a fit person for you to be associated with, even in other people's casual talk. I can scarcely make you understand all the disagreeable consequences that you might entail on yourself by accepting courtesies from him here which you would not wish to accept elsewhere, and which, if you knew the man's character and antecedents better, you certainly would not be willing to receive at all. I am fully justified in whatever assertions I make, Miss Clymer," he says, resolutely, in his sweet, even tones; "I wish I could convince you how imprudent it is to give a total stranger the right to connect your name with his own, in ever so trifling a way."

I look at Mr. Rollston from head to foot in one swift glance, and my cheeks burn hot with anger, while a mocking little smile comes up to meet the gaze of those imperious blue eyes of his.

"Could you expect anything but reckless imprudence from *me*, Mr. Rollston? New York girls always do shocking things, you know, and I'm entirely outside the pale of your Boston code of *convenances*. Caution is thrown away upon me, I assure you. I thank you for your exceedingly flattering solicitude, but"—I bend my head deeply in the acknowledgment—"I must ask you to spare me any further expression of it. I reserve to myself the right of selecting my acquaintances, and regulating the degrees of intimacy with each one."

We have paused just where the light shines out yellow through the open door, lies in a streak along the piazza, and crosses the raindrops on the wet grass outside. And I see his face in it. Oh, I have hurt him this time! I take one short, swift impression of it into my memory, and then turn and pass into the house, leaving him standing there, with his hands clasped behind him, all alone.

* * * * * * *

"Which road do you prefer, Miss Clymer?"

"Oh, it's no matter—yes, I think I like the left-hand road the best, if you please."

I correct myself quickly, bethinking me that the left-hand road, besides being steep and stony, and affording little time for tender converse on the part of the driver, is very short, and terminates abruptly in front of somebody's barn.

Captain Molyneux and I are *tête-à-tête* in that most delectable institution of New England, a "buckboard." We are being trotted smartly along by the fastest horse of the farmhouse stables, and I—am decidedly uncomfortable. I am too painfully conscious of the bold, satisfied admiration in the ruddy English face—of the solicitude, and our proximity, and my own folly, and, perhaps, a certain memory of last night.

I wish from the bottom of my heart that I had never come out with the handsome, disreputable Briton—who, by-the-way, is accredited by rumor with a wife and babes across the Atlantic. I wish that Dana Rollston had not spoken to me. I wish that——

"I scarcely think we had better take this road," the obnoxious captain is saying, sweetly. "It's rather rough—don't you think so? And, in fact, Miss Clymer, I had promised myself the pleasure of driving you to Franconia this afternoon, enjoying those charming views of the Notch by sunset——"

"Oh, dear, no! I couldn't think of that, Captain Molyneux," I say, quickly. "That is entirely too long a drive for an evening, and you know I stipulated for a very short one. I promised auntie most solemnly not to be out after sunset."

"Oh, I'm so sorry—upon my word I am, Miss Clymer! But you won't insist on keeping your word so strictly, I'm sure," he says, looking at me with his daring, insolent eyes—insolent, as I think, for the first time.

"I shall insist upon it, as I always do," I answer, coldly.

He touches William, the bay horse, with the whip, turning him, as I speak, into the post-road that leads to Franconia, through the granite gateways of the Notch, and past the hotel nestled down in its shadow.

"I think we had better take this road—we can turn, if you insist upon it, at any time, and it's certainly the most enjoyable one for a drive—those little back roads are beastly affairs."

I make no immediate reply, and we bowl smoothly along. It is the loveliest afternoon in August, and the loveliest hour of the Summer day—that just before sunset. There is a fair west wind, and broken, shining white clouds making islands in the intense blue heaven, and the billowy hill-ranges that sweep and undulate all around us show dark-green and golden as the cloud-shadows wander over them.

I try to enjoy it. I do my best to think of sky and mountains and "Claude Lorraine effects," and to talk and laugh naturally, and be myself—anything but this morbid consciousness of the man beside me, and of the words spoken by the other man last night—but it is a useless endeavor. Mile after mile slips by under William's fleet, resounding hoofs, and the shadows grow longer, and the captain's conversation, from soothing abstractions, shifts to tender personalities.

"I think we had better turn here," I remark, suddenly and somewhat irrelevantly, in the midst of an impassioned monologue upon wasted lives and blighted aspirations.

"Here? you'll grant me one mile more, surely," he says, reproachfully. "I assure you, Miss Clymer, we have abundance of time to get home before sunset."

He tightens the reins a little, and we speed on past the few clean white farmhouses thinly scattered on our way, past the long stretches of pine woods, and the steep hillside pastures. In a few minutes I am literally afraid to urge my request—I am afraid of Captain Molyneux.

"You forget," he says, leaning forward to look in my face, "what an exquisite pleasure this is to me, and how priceless the minutes are that you're bent on shortening.

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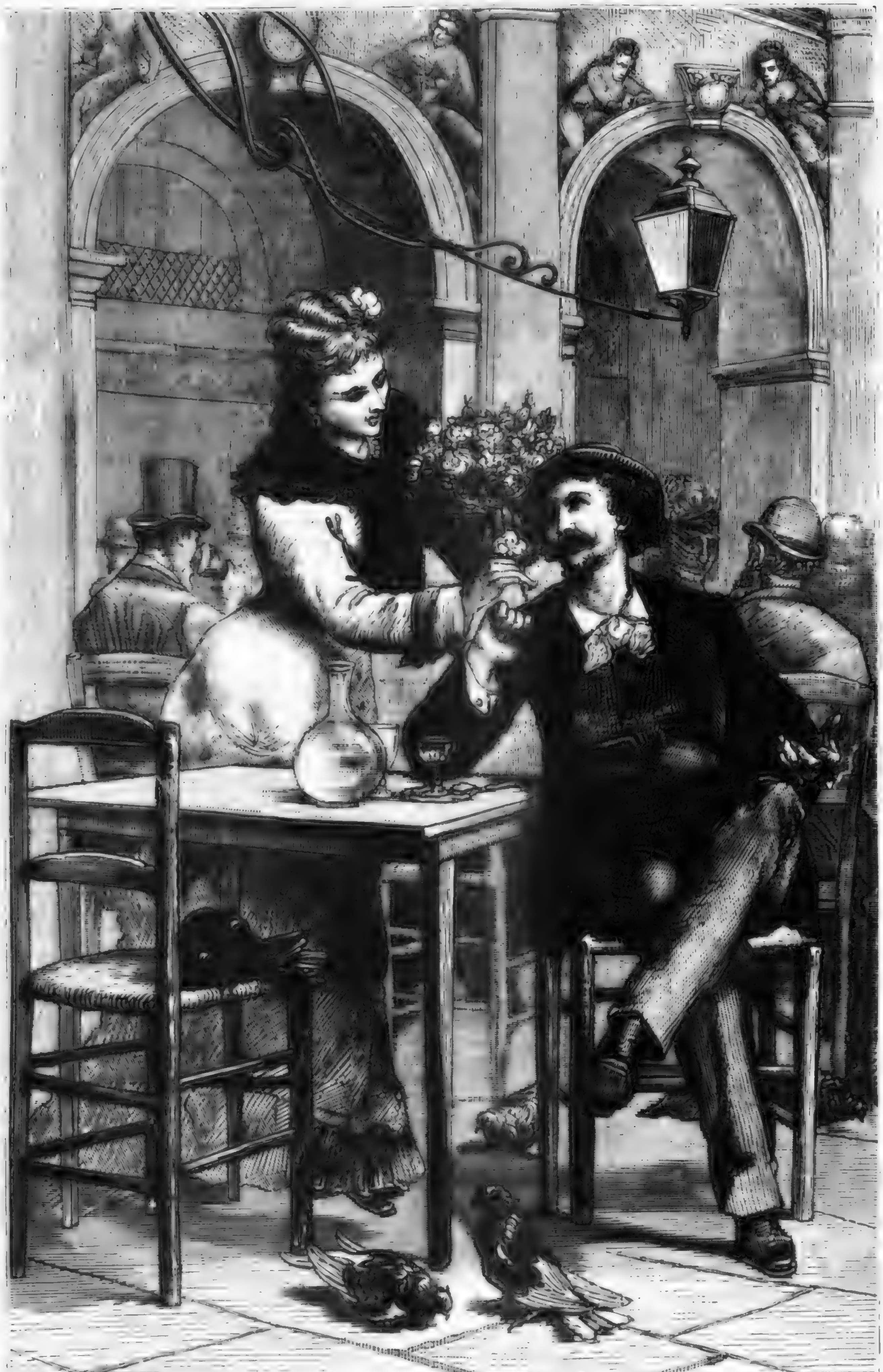


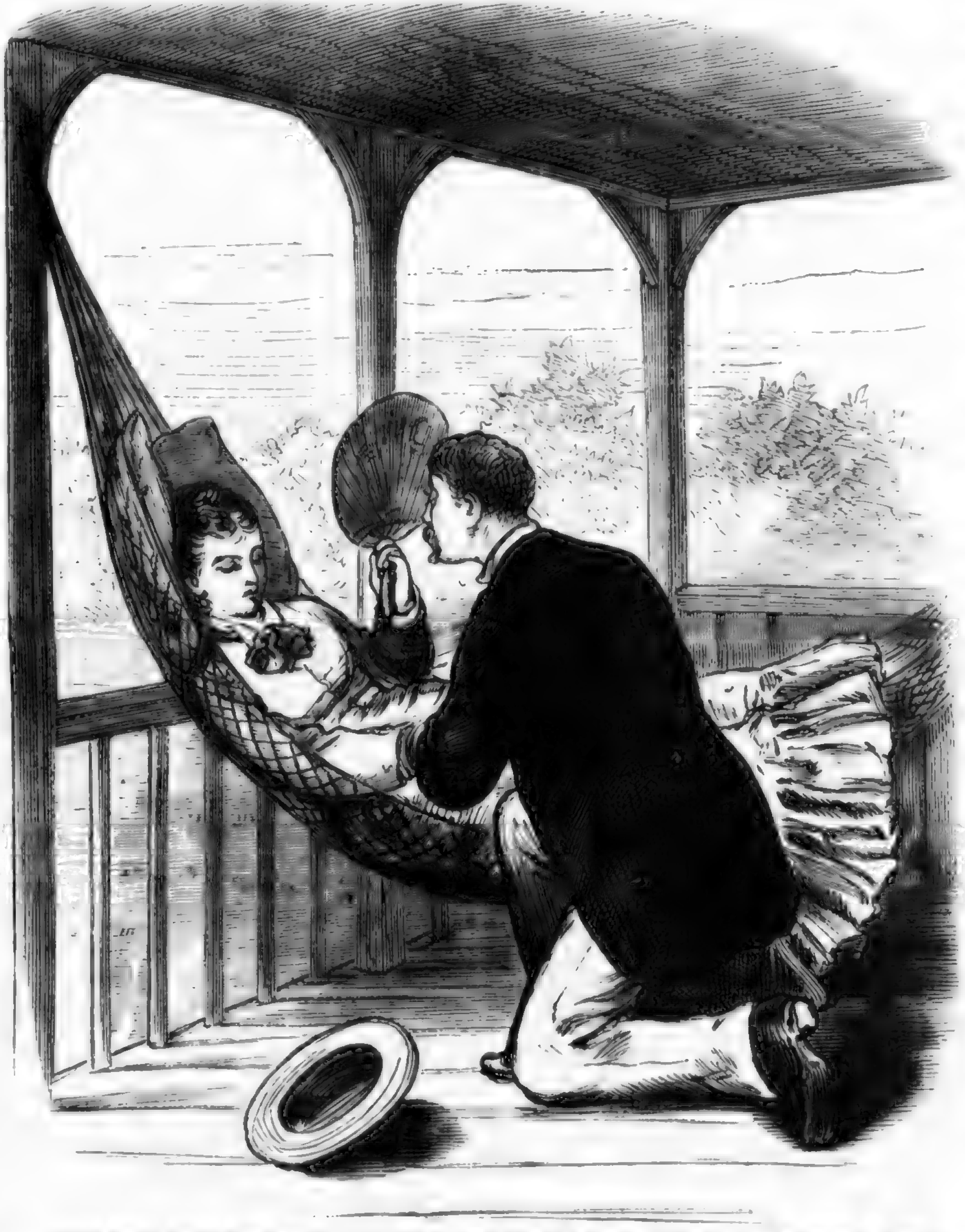
"WILL YOU BUY A BOUQUET, SIR?"

I've longed for this opportunity more than words can say, Miss Clymer, and now that it's fairly mine, I'm afraid I shall be selfish in grasping it."

"Pray don't be absurd, Captain Molyneux," I say, rather sharply. Not for worlds would I have him guess that I am afraid of him. I laugh, scornfully, but the laugh to me sounds hollow and forced.

"You always affect to misunderstand me," he says, with a sigh. "It is so hard for you to comprehend that——"

"I beg your pardon, but isn't this a good turning place?" I look around with an eye of interest, and the captain, smiling blandly, cheers William on a little.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—"'ALL THESE DAYS,' HE SAYS, 'I'VE BEEN WAITING TO SEE YOU, AND ACHING FOR A SIGHT OF YOUR FACE.'"—SEE PAGE 694.

"I think we had better not propose turning just here," he says, plainly. "The fact is, Miss Clymer, we're within half a mile of the Flume House, and my plan was to stop there for supper, as I'm really afraid we shall miss eating at home."

"I can't do anything of the sort!" I exclaim, losing command of myself for a minute, in the excessive horror induced by this proposal. "I don't wish to take supper at the Flume House! I want to go home instantly, Captain Molyneux!"

"You don't wish to stop there?" he says, mildly surprised. "If you dislike going to the public table, Miss Clymer, I dare say—in fact, I am sure—we could make arrangements for a little *al fresco* meal in the woods, or on Profile Lake. It's a charming spot for a little *tête-à-tête* supper, and I dare say we can get as far as that before twilight. We shall have a superb moon later in the evening."

The serene assurance of the man goes so far to madden me, that I forget all about disguising my emotions.

"Captain Molyneux, you understand me perfectly," I say, trying not to let my voice tremble with the wrath that is in me. "I wish to turn here, and I insist on your taking me instantly home!"

He looks at me with a face of injured astonishment.

"Miss Clymer, you surely—— I beg your pardon most humbly if I've offended you," he says, with the most utter, unconscious innocence. "I scarcely need assure you how far from my intentions—from my thoughts——"

"Then, be kind enough to turn round immediately," I say, breaking in upon the soothing apology, which he seems to have been evolving with some difficulty from his brain.

There is a gleam of white through the trees just before us; we have reached the Flume House, and whirl past the stables, past the house with the scattered groups on the piazza, past the great cone of the Flume Mountain, with the sleeping giant on its summit flushed rosy in the afterglow of the dead sunset.

"Why don't you turn here?" I say, impatiently. "Captain Molyneux!" stamping my foot on the floor of the buckboard, "I *insist!* If you are a *gentleman*, you'll turn that horse this instant!"

The road has narrowed, and the woods close in again and arch darkly overhead. With one hand the captain tightens the reins in, and the other arm is cast about my waist.

"Be quiet!" he says, sternly. "Don't you *know* what I've brought you here for? You know I love you; you've given me this chance to tell you so, and, by Jove——"

That is all. There is a clatter of wheels, a great shouting and laughing and singing, and a "team" comes bearing down upon us, heavily laden with joyous excursionists from the Notch. Quick as a flash, my salvation lies plain before me. I make no sound—I cannot, indeed, for the captain's hand is over my mouth in a second—but I fling myself swiftly and violently forward upon the reins, and just as our wheels graze those of the big mountain wagon, there is a mad bound, a great jarring crash, a shock that flings me heaven knows where. I know nothing for a second, and then I know that I am safe. I lie in the midst of the fernbrake by the roadside for a few brief moments, and hear the captain storming and swearing, and the women screaming, and the men, who have leaped down from their seats to investigate the catastrophe, exclaiming, condoling and adjuring; and then I hear:

"Is the lady hurt?"

"Lady! Is there a lady there? Why, so she be, lyin' as still as a rabbit!" says a big, rough voice, and a pair of cowhide boots stamp through the fern, close to my head.

"Oh, I'm not hurt," I say, quickly and appealingly; "only my foot a little bit—and—*please* put me in your wagon and take me home—won't you?"

"Clare!"—Captain Molyneux comes up very quickly, and bends down—"Clare, are you hurt? Can you walk? We're just a step from the hotel, and I must take you back there, for this confounded wagon is smashed to bits, and——"

"I want to go home!" I cry, sitting up straight. "I *can't* walk. I'm not going to the hotel. I *must* go home!" and I almost begin to cry in the excitement and terror of thinking that, after all my chance of safety is slipping away from me.

"Where be you from?" asks the driver.

I break in, before the captain can possibly have a chance:

"From Mr. Parkman's, ten miles from here—don't you know? If you're going that way, can't I go with you? I *must* get home to-night," I plead, half sobbing.

"Parkman's? Why, we pass jest by Pelti's place," says the driver; and a female voice from the wagon calls out that "There's plenty of room for the lady, if she's anxious to get on."

"Sorry we can't accommodate you, too, sir," remarks my friend, the Jehu; "but *your* best plan's to lead your critter right to the Flume House, and see if he's hurt. It's my opinion that 'ere shaft of yourn's struck his shoulder."

"You can't insist on going on with these people, Clare?" the captain says, very fast and low, his voice shaking with ill-controlled wrath. "You had far better come back to the hotel; I'll engage a carriage of some sort."

"I am going straight home!" I reply, clearly and sharply.

I cannot see the comely English face in the dark, but I can guess at what it is saying, dumbly, as Captain Molyneux stands by, and sees me helped to my feet by the driver—blessings on those big, brawny arms of his!—and lifted, with a little, half-suppressed cry of pain, into the wagon, where a place is made for me between two motherly old ladies, "native and to the manner born."

And there lies the wreck of the buckboard in the road, and there stands the captain gloomily above it, staring, like another Caius Marius, at the ruins; while William, with the broken harness trailing about him, crops the sweet fern along the roadside.

* * * * *

A sprained ankle is nothing very serious, but it suffices to keep me to my room for three or four days—days wherein I see nothing, and hear a great deal, of Dana Rollston. I hear everything from Lily, who keeps me informed of his daily inquiries and his anxiety; hear, also, how William and the broken buckboard came home, and how the captain left the very same day. Heaven be praised! I am clothed in burning shame when I think of it. I would die, I think, sooner than face Dana's dreamy, supercilious eyes, with the memory of that disgraceful evening branded into my mind!

I am carried out to the hammock one quiet morning, when every one in the house—every one young, that is to say—has departed on an excursion of some sort. I am all alone, swinging there among soft pillows, with the sunshine through the pine-trees flickering on my closed eyelids, when somebody comes out to find me—somebody who stands still, looking down at me, till I open my eyes wide with a start.

"Did I disturb you?" says Dana Rollston, softly.

"Yes," I answer; but it is in a whisper—I cannot speak to him in just the old scornful tones, and this tone is a very small, shy one.

"Did I? I'm sorry. I'll go away again if you say so—only please don't say it," and he stoops down on one knee by the hammock. I am quite helpless there; I cannot rise, though I try. I can only turn my face away from seeing those beautiful, cold, dreamy eyes.

"All these days," he says, "I've been waiting to see you, and aching for a sight of your face; let me look, at least—my eyes can't hurt you, though I wish to God they could scan the soul out of you into myself, I'm starving so for you, Clare!"

Just a whisper—no more; so quiet, so deep, so hushed in its infinite pain. Am I dreaming these words that fall from Dana Rollston's soft, shapely mouth—dreaming that his warm breath is in my folded hands, and his fair head, golden in the sunlight, leaning so close above me? I dare not turn my face to see him, but I can move my hand to touch him—it goes out a little way, just a very little, and meets another hand that closes hot and swift over the shy little intruder.

"Why do you wish you could kill me?" I whisper, under my breath. "I—I—would rather—I should think you'd rather—have me alive——"

For I loved him, after all, you see; I suppose I must have loved him all the time.

UNCOMMON DINNERS.

Those who have been much in the habit of dining out, have doubtless often sighed at the great want of originality in connection with the viands supplied to them by their hosts. Beef or mutton, with fowls or ducks, form almost always the backbone of the feast, whilst the variations occur only in the side-dishes and dessert. To have dined on various substances of an entirely different character, is at least novel, if not interesting; and we therefore purpose relating our own experience in connection with various dinners of a class anything but conventional.

It was with no little pride, we well remember, that we succeeded in catching and hauling on board ship our first young shark, which was not larger than an average-sized salmon. We had been becalmed during some days, about two degrees south of the line, and were vastly in want of excitement, so that to hook a shark was a stirring event. The little creature leaped about on the deck in a most frantic manner, and exhibited an immensity of muscular power perfectly astounding in a fish. On account of its juvenile age, it was generally admitted that the shark had not as yet feasted on human kind, and therefore we might venture to try how it would taste. A portion having been cut off the creature, it was boiled, and served up like codfish. Certainly, we cannot recommend plain-boiled shark to any epicure; it tasted rather fishy, but, otherwise, just as boiled string might taste; and shark would henceforth have been discarded, had not a black man on board cooked a portion after his own peculiar receipt, which was as follows: A portion of the shark was parboiled; it was then

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worked in the hands, or stirred in a pan, with bread-crumbs; about a pound of the shark's liver was then taken and boiled with the previous composition, and the shark was then really palatable, and not very unlike what English own cooks call "twice laid."

During upward of eight hours we had ridden over an undulating plain, beneath the burning rays of an African sun, when we at length discovered the rough-and-ready house of a Dutch boer. Formerly, in South Africa, it was the custom to ride up to a house that thus stood alone, and to be immediately welcomed by the owner, whom we had never seen before, and probably would never see again. Such was the case in the present instance, and we were immediately requested to dismount, off saddle, and come in to eat. "Dar is nix," said our host, "but eland beef and zee cow pork; but the eland is young, and the zee cow fat." To dine on a hippopotamus's ribs and an eland steak was certainly novel, and we were in such a state of hunger that we were not disposed to be critical. The very good and savory odor that arose as we entered the Dutchman's house, induced us to believe that both the articles mentioned were not to be despised.

We selected, as a commencement, a portion of the eland steak, and this, without doubt, was excellent; it was tender, juicy, and with a sort of venison-flavor; and we at once decided that it would be a most popular dish at home were the eland introduced, as it might be, in sufficient numbers to be killed and sold as food. It having been our fate at a future period to live entirely on eland's flesh during a fortnight, we can affirm that, even with the rough cooking of the bivouac, and the absence of flavor-giving condiments, still eland beef or venison is admirable eating. And now for a slice of hippopotamus. Hippo is usually boiled, and then tastes like a mean proportion between boiled beef and boiled pork. It would be very probable that a person might eat a piece of hippopotamus and fail to discover that it was not a slice from a prize ox. The hippopotamus seems to possess a contented mind, and accumulates fat rapidly, it being a very unusual thing to find one of these creatures thin, or even deficient in plumpness.

"The *Bas* has sent you some *kameel's* flesh," said a wizened Hottentot, as he presented himself at our door, with a basket on his arm. Some kameel's flesh was certainly a novelty; and one or two friends were immediately invited to dinner, "cameleopard" being in the bill of fare. Unfortunately, this cameleopard's flesh had been salted, and partially dried in the sun, so that its full rich flavor was in a great measure lost; but yet we tasted enough to discover that camel venison is very good, and our future experience fully proved this conclusion to be correct—the cameleopard being, especially when young, the best eating of all the wild animals of South Africa. To those who delight in marrow-bones, the camel affords an ample feast, and the supply is more plentiful than it is from the bones of an ox. The cameleopard is a very shy animal, and is not found in abundance in any part of Africa, so that we fear that those who taste the flesh will ever remain in the minority, for the climate of this country is not suited to the habits of the animal, and therefore it is not likely to be found here, except in our menageries.

It was whilst rambling up the coast between Natal and the Tugela that we first tried to eat another description of food, not usually found upon civilized dinner-tables. We had been hospitably received at the house of an English settler, near which was a Kaffir kraal, where his servants resided, these servants being runaway Zulus. A great noise was going on in the huts of this kraal, singing and shouting in abundance, whilst the smoke that forced its way through the thatched roof indicated that cooking was going on inside.

We at once decided upon paying a visit to this kraal, especially when our host informed us that the gay and festive scene was caused in consequence of a young elephant being killed by him on the previous day, which was now being rapidly disposed of by the Kaffirs. There was certainly great novelty in dining in a Kaffir hut upon elephant, so we decided upon inviting ourselves to dinner with the boisterous black gentlemen whose gayety had first attracted our attention.

It was a wild and savage-looking scene. Inside a circular, beehive-shaped hut, about fifteen feet in diameter, were assembled some five-and-twenty Kaffirs, men, women and children. They were seated in a circle, watching intently two huge earthen vessels, in which were masses of meat—elephant's meat—boiling and stewing. A wood fire glowed on the floor of the hut, and kept the pots boiling. This, I was informed, was the third lot of meat that had been eaten that day by the party. It certainly was too close and uninviting to enter the hut, but we determined to taste elephant; so we sent for a plate and knife and fork, and waited outside whilst the cooking proceeded—a little salt and some bread being provided by our worthy host; the Kaffirs utterly scorn these additions, preferring the flesh *au naturel.*

At length the meat was pronounced "done" by an old Kaffir man, who superintended the cooking, and we were offered a piece of meat of about two pounds' weight. Declining the whole of this, we selected a slice of about one-fourth the size, which we believed would be sufficient for a trial. We could not fail to perceive that our knife was marvelously blunt, as we endeavored to cut the steak; the prongs of the fork seemed round instead of pointed. Our teeth, alas! had lost their edge; and after diligently endeavoring to bite the piece of meat that was in our mouth, we were compelled to give it up as a bad job; we could make no impression on it, even after some minutes' munching. Future trials of the same kind of animal induce us to assert that four-hundred-years'-old elephant is not so good as four-years'-old mutton, and we doubt whether elephant is ever likely to become a popular dish.

It seems strange that two animals whose food is so similar as that of the elephant and hippopotamus, and whose size is equally unwieldy, should yet be so dissimilar in regard to toughness—the former being nearly uneatable, the latter very presentable food.

Whilst referring to tough and unpalatable food, we must not forget the zebra, and wilde beest, or gnu, as it is also called; both these animals are eaten, but they are tough and coarse. A young zebra, however, about half grown, is not to be despised, and tastes like veal, but with less juiciness. We have seen Hottentots who preferred zebra to beef, when they had a choice of either. Wilde beest, however, has a rank flavor about it that prevents any person eating it from choice; but in the desert, it sometimes happens that it is wilde beest or nothing.

The toughest of all tough things that we ever ventured to insert our teeth into, and which, by comparison, would induce us to believe that elephant itself was tender, was a portion of a cock-ostrich. Leather itself, or wire, might possibly be masticated by a Kaffir; but this strong-toothed child of the wilderness laughed and shook his head when a portion of ostrich was offered him for a meal. Sometimes the most curious-looking creatures, and those which we should scarcely imagine were eatable, turn out to be very delicate and palatable. Such is the case with the porcupine. Divest him of his quills, and he is not a very large animal; but may be roasted whole, or cut up and

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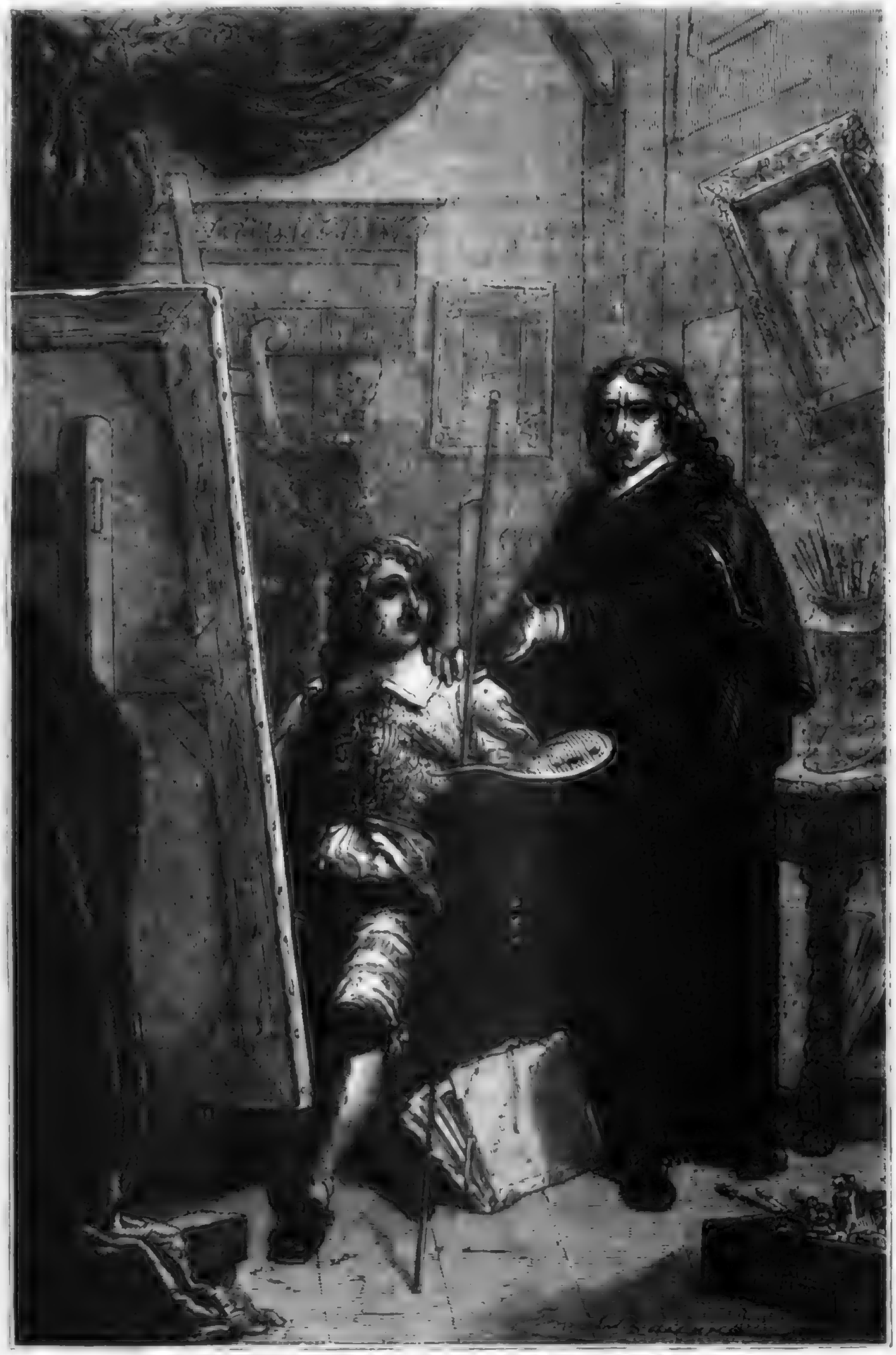
put into a pie. In either case, the flavor is not unlike that of a hare. Its half-brother, the hedgehog, is said to be very delicate; but of this we have had no proof, never having as yet tasted the English version of the porcupine. We can easily imagine, however, that it would be very well worth eating, especially if we possessed such appetites as gypsies, who, it is said, feast joyfully upon it. We have been fortunate enough to taste the canvas-back duck, with its rich flavor of wild celery. The wild guinea-fowl and pouw of Africa have also frequently been upon our dinner-table; but, for delicacy and sweetness, we must pronounce the coran, or smaller bustard of Africa, the best of feathered game. The large bustard is also excellent eating—it is not dissimilar to a turkey.

A very curious dish, of which we once partook, is locusts. These, it is said, were favorite food with the ancients, but we certainly do not consider them very excellent. For us, they were fried with a little butter, and were not unlike whitebait. The guana, or large lizard, is another creature admirably suitable for food, and in some parts of South America is much and deservedly prized. We have, however, seen Kaffirs almost dying from starvation, because they could not procure beef or corn, and who would refuse to eat lizards' flesh.

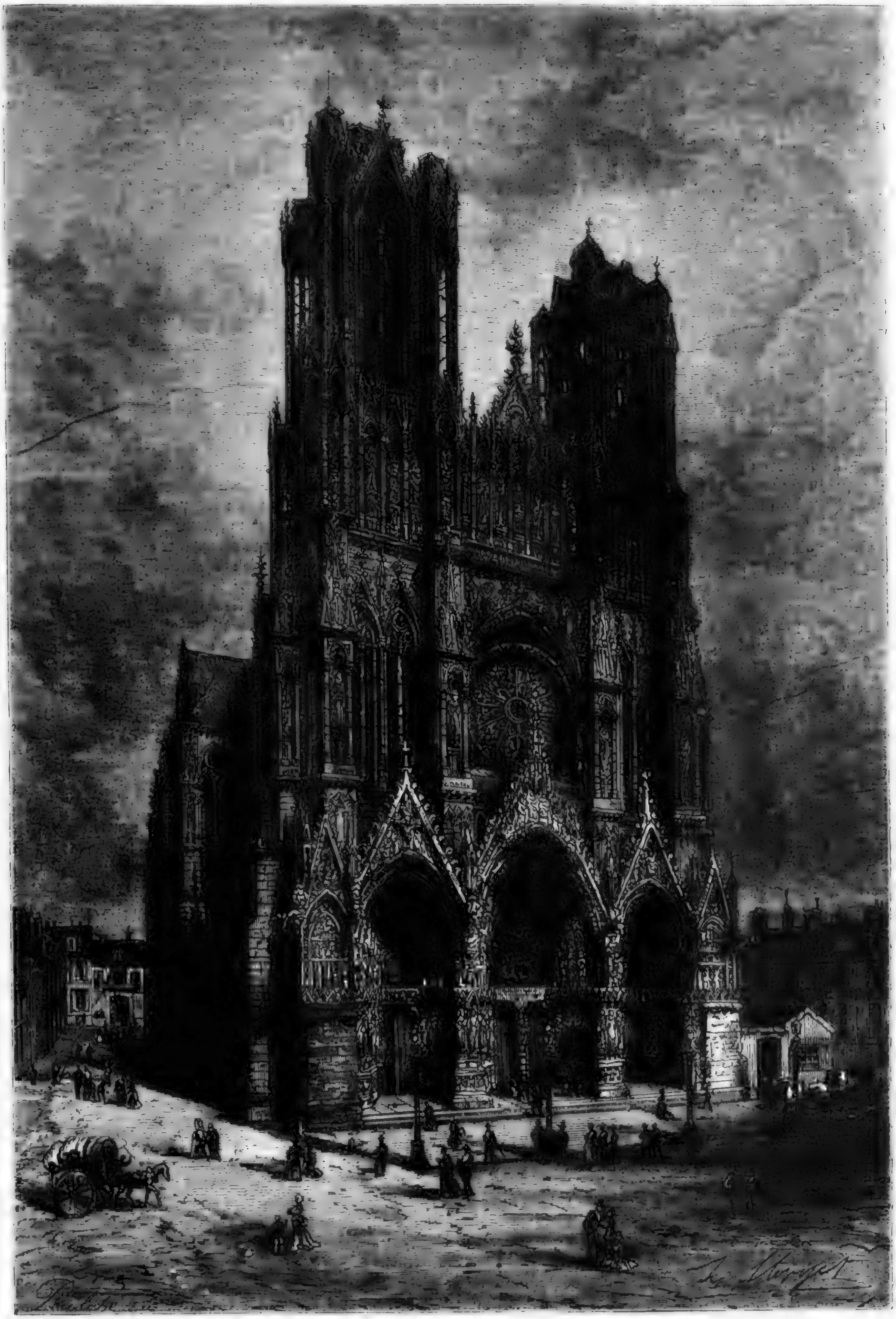


THE FRIENDSHIP OF POUSSIN AND LE SUEUR, THE FRENCH PAINTERS.

There are few things about which people are more unreasonably fanciful than about eating. Children and grown-up people, savages and civilized people, have alike their strong prejudices. We have often seen savages feeding on flesh which we would scarcely have offered to a dog, and have been laughed at by them when they observed our disgust; whilst we have seen these same men look upon us with almost a feeling of horror while we made our lunch off oysters—a description of food which they could not be persuaded to taste. There are some people who cannot endure to see crabs, lobsters or shell-fish of any kind eaten. Others, again, may look upon us as little better than cannibals, to have eaten many of those things about which we have here written. But much of this is, as we before remarked, mere fancy, and unreasonable, too. Perhaps there are few creatures more dirty in their habits and food than pigs, and yet most men and women are lovers of ham and bacon. The horse, again, is one of the cleanest of feeders, and yet we would venture to state that were a ham-eater to be asked to take a slice of roast horse, he would, in most instances, reject it with disgust. The person, however, who, either from curiosity or necessity, is compelled to feed on other than beef and mutton, will find that outside of these two conventional items there are many delicate and delicious dishes to be procured; and that with moderate care, starvation, even in the desert, is a very unlikely contingency to one who knows how much that is usually despised is really very good eating.

EUSTACHE LE SUEUR.

Le Sueur was perhaps the only one of Vouet's pupils who refused to fire up for his master, and to take part in the system of disparagement and sarcasm that was formed



THE PORTAL OF THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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against Poussin, from the day of his arrival in Paris. What he respected in the great artist was not the royal favor, it was the earnest character of his works, the nobility of his ideas, the boldness and novelty of his style.

Poussin learned by chance that this young man was breaking lances on his behalf; he wished to know him, and was so charmed with his candor, with the elevation of his sentiments, with the distinguished character of his mind, that he received him with affectionate kindness, and promised him his advice and friendship.

From that day, Le Sueur never quitted the steps of his new master; he fed on his fruitful and powerful words; as he listened to him, he felt his doubts vanish, his presentiments and his dreams realized and made clear. Poussin's freedom of mind, his downright and sturdy attacks on the quackery of the trade, his firm opinions about everything, developed in his young friend a native independence and pride that strong restraint had only repressed. Le Sueur felt himself living again; he took possession of himself; his nature burst the bonds of his education.

It was almost always on the ancient art that they were accustomed to talk. Le Sueur penetrated with delight into this world, so perfectly new to him. Without ceasing, he turned over, he devoured, the books of sketches after the antique that Poussin had brought back, and his memory was filled with notions and remembrances, that even in the midst of the ruins of Rome nobody then had any idea of obtaining.

For more than a year he was thus able to become impregnated by the lessons of Poussin, and, better still, by his works. He helped him in his labors; he saw him paint, first a great picture of the "Last Supper" for the high altar of the Church of St. Germain en Laye; then, for the house of the Jesuit novices at Paris, that admirable picture of the young girl recalled to life by the miracle of St. François Xavier.

His practical teaching set him free from many hackneyed ways, and revealed many secrets to him.

He not only saw Poussin paint, but he painted before him; it was under his inspiration, and almost in his presence, that he executed his diploma picture for the ancient Academy of St. Luke. This picture, of a grave and noble character, represented St. Paul laying his hands on the sick people. The composition of it has been preserved to us by the engraving. It seems written under the dictation of Poussin.

THE PORTAL OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

Rheims is one of the oldest Christian seats in France. Its Latin name has for centuries given place to that of its famous old bishop, St. Remigius, or Remi. From Clovis to Charles X., the French Kings were crowned in this city and in its cathedral, anointed with the mystic oil preserved in the ampulla. And with the last thus anointed, the title of King of France ceased, perhaps, for ever.

The cathedral—begun in the thirteenth century, and completed after two centuries of labor—is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is exceedingly grand and imposing. In length, it stretches away to 469 feet; and with a width of 97 feet and height of 114 feet, it gives a vast and impressive nave. The west front is a magnificent work. It has three noble entrances, which, according to the Gothic style of that period, are ornamented with an immense number of statues, inclined according to the curvature of the pointed arches which compose each entrance. The front is likewise decorated with a mass of bas-reliefs, sculptures and other ornaments of the most delicate workmanship. Many of these represent chimerical animals and foliage, and in their lavish prodigality they sometimes mar the symmetry of the outlines. Altogether, there are between four and five thousand figures sculptured on the exterior of this edifice, of which four or five hundred decorate the principal portal. Above the middle door there is a large circular window, with another of the same form above it. Each end of the principal front is surmounted by a tower, which rises to a height of 260 feet from the ground. There are seven flying buttresses between the transept and the end of the nave, and in each buttress there is a niche, or, rather, a recess with columns, containing a full-length statue. Above the buttresses, upon the top of the principal wall, there is a singularly light balustrade of pointed arches, which appear projected against the roof. At the east end of the cathedral, which is circular, there are quadruple flying buttresses, surmounted by pinnacles. The two gates on the north side of the transept have their fine sculptures in excellent preservation; a third gate appears to have been built up.

The interior of this magnificent structure does not disappoint the expectation which the exterior is calculated to excite. There are ten noble Gothic columns in the nave on each side, with two windows between each column. The places in the roof where the groins meet are all gilt, the upper windows in the nave are most beautifully colored, and the lower part is adorned with twelve pieces of tapestry. In the choir there are ten columns, six of which are circular, and all with beautifully wrought capitals. The pavement of the choir is much admired, being composed of lozenges of different kinds of marble; it was transferred from the ancient Church of St. Nicaise, which no longer exists. From the same church was also transferred the curious tomb of F. V. Jovinus, who was a citizen of Rheims, and became Roman consul in the year 366. This monument, which is of white marble, presents upon one of its faces an exceedingly well-preserved sculptured representation of a hunting scene. In the north end of the transept there is one of the finest organs in France, over which there is a grand circular window of painted glass, and on the opposite side there is another.

Among the other remarkable objects in the cathedral, we may mention that the Chapel of the Virgin contains a bas-relief by Nicolas Jacques, and Poussin's fine picture of "The Washing of the Feet." There is also a marble font, in which it is believed that Clovis, the first Christian King of France, was baptized.

This building was commenced in the year 1211, to replace one that had been burnt down the preceding year; but it was not completed until toward the end of the fifteenth century.

SUN-WORSHIPING INDIANS NEAR EL DORADO.

Some recent explorers, seeking Raleigh's El Dorado in Guiana, obtained guides at a Zummate village, who were to conduct them in sight of their enemies, the Woy-o-ways, who held the mountains rich in gold.

The explorers toiled on till they lost all heart, and finally abandoned the task. It took them a weary week to reach the Zummate village again.

"Here," says one of the party, "a surprise awaited us but little calculated to allay the ghostly feeling that possessed us. The *toldos* of the Indians were all deserted—not a soul to be seen about the place!

"What could it mean? Had an enemy—the Woy-o-ways—been there, captured their hereditary foes, and carried them all off to the mountains?

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"No. It could not be this. There were no traces of havoc or devastation. The toldos were all standing, their fires were smoldering, their furniture untouched. It would not have been thus after a *razzia* of Red Indians. Where were the denizens of the deserted village? This we asked while visiting wigwam after wigwam, and finding them all empty. For answer, we now hurried to the *malocca*, or council-house, that stood some distance apart. Entering, we found it also empty, even more so than the private dwellings. For it was stripped of its trophies, the flags and feather dresses that we had seen there before, and knew to be its usual adornings—the property of the commonwealth. The absence of these looked more like pillage. Still we could not think it was this. There would have been dead bodies and blood, and neither were seen—nor any signs of struggle and conflict.

"While we stood speculating on what had become of our friends, in fear also about their fate, a sound fell upon our ears that seemed to issue from the depths of a distant cavern. We could tell it to be a chorus of voices chanting some sad or solemn refrain. As we listened it grew louder, as if the chanters were drawing nearer; and in the same degree it was becoming more joyful. All at once a procession appeared approaching the spot, men marching two and two, with files of women intermingled.

"As its head emerged from among the thick-standing tree-trunks, we recognized our old Zummato friends, dressed in all the gala of a grand holiday—with plumed circlets upon their heads, feather armlets, and garters of the same, girt just below the knee.

"On reaching the *malocca* they broke ranks, at the same time bursting into peals of joyous laughter. Then surrounding, they embraced us; the chief in a speech again making us welcome to their village.

"We soon discovered the cause of their absence from home with all these mysterious proceedings. The day was a grand festival—a religious ceremony annually observed by the tribe, when every man, woman and child go forth into the woods, to *worship the sun.*

"There, near the mouth of the Amazon, and amid the mountains of Guiana, is found the same *culte* observed by the ancient Peruvians in the days of Pizarro, and the Mexicans before Cortez Christianized them.

"Is it a mere contingency—the sun, symbol of life and strength, calling forth an instinctive adoration? Or, are the Indians of South America and Mexico but the scattered fragments of the same stock, that were once a grand united people—one in worship as in nationality? Who can tell?

"When the Zummato chief spoke words of welcome, he meant them; since he proved as good as his promise. For several days we were the recipients of his hospitality, until sufficiently rested to proceed on our homeward journey. This we did, once more embarking in our *cuberta*, and descending the Trombetas branch, and then the river itself.

"Without any further incident worth recording, we at length reached Obydos, and thence made our way to Pará by a returning steamer."

Myth of the Dipper.—One of the popular names of the constellation of the Great Bear is the Dipper. The people of the Vivarais, in France, have the same appellation for this group of stars. They say, however, that the little star seen over the handle of the Dipper is a little man, who is watching the moment when the contents of the Dipper begin to boil, so as to take it off the fire. When that comes to pass, the end of the world will have arrived.

VICISSITUDES OF ART TREASURES.

It is not many years since a Spanish mulĕteer was traversing, one night, with his string of mules a rather wild track in the neighborhood of Guarrazar, not far from Toledo. The moon was bright, and the torrents of La Fuente de Guarrazar had recently been swollen, but had now shrunk low in their beds. Something glistening in the path of the moonbeam caught his eye, or that of a woman who rode one of his mules. They stopped; it was something of bright metal. They scraped the loose, washed-up soil away, and disinterred a golden jeweled crown. This is no fairy legend, but a fact of our own day. They found a royal crown of gold and precious stones. The effect on these rude peasants' minds of such a sight, at such a moment, must be left to the reader's imagination to realize.

Their disinterred treasure, moreover, was not alone; a buried hoard of untold value, hastily hidden away in some moment of peril and never recovered, had come to light after more than a thousand years of oblivion. Ten crowns, circlets of gold with pendants of precious stones, were ultimately exhumed, together with other objects. Another and most important one afterward rewarded the sagacity of some patient searcher, who suspected that the torrent might have swept part of the golden spoil further down its bed. At first these precious relics were shared among the peasants of the district; a few objects were sold and melted at Toledo; but, happily, there was near the spot some one keen enough to suspect their importance.

A Frenchman in the neighborhood heard of the "find" and saw some of its produce; this, as may be supposed, whetted his curiosity; by degrees he obtained nearly all that had come to light—eight votive crowns—and these he carried to Paris, and offered them for sale at the Museum of Antiquities, in the Hôtel Cluny, Paris. The director purchased them at once, and there they are now exhibited, chief among the treasures of that rich collection. They are rightly called "votive" crowns, that is, objects not for personal wear, but intended to be offered at a shrine, and to be suspended near the altar. Their peculiar form would prove this, the circlets being of dimensions unsuited for wear—some too large, others too small in diameter, and having long pendants descending from them; some enriched with perforated precious stones, sapphires, amethysts, etc. In all probability they had been so suspended as an offering at some shrine—a Christian sanctuary existed in the Visigothic period near the spot—and at some dangerous crisis had been carried away, either by a spoiler, or, more likely, from their perfect state of preservation, by one seeking to save them. Thus they may have been hidden rudely in haste and fear in the first remote spot that offered a chance of secure concealment, for in their placement there was no sign of the deliberate care and precaution against injury occasionally evinced in the discovery of treasure-trove, as, for example, in the wonderful find of antique Roman silver vessels exhumed a few years ago at Hildesheim, in Hanover.

Those who, in the wild and rugged district of Guarrazar, buried this treasure, no doubt themselves perished, and their secret died with them. Thus the silent and forgotten grave of these kingly offerings seemed to have closed over them for ever, till some such cause as probably aided their entombment, the action of a mountain torrent, at length sufficed to disclose them, and they have come forth from their hiding-place, to be set up for the gaze, more curious than reverend, of tens of thousands.

The thought of eternity consoles for the shortness of life.

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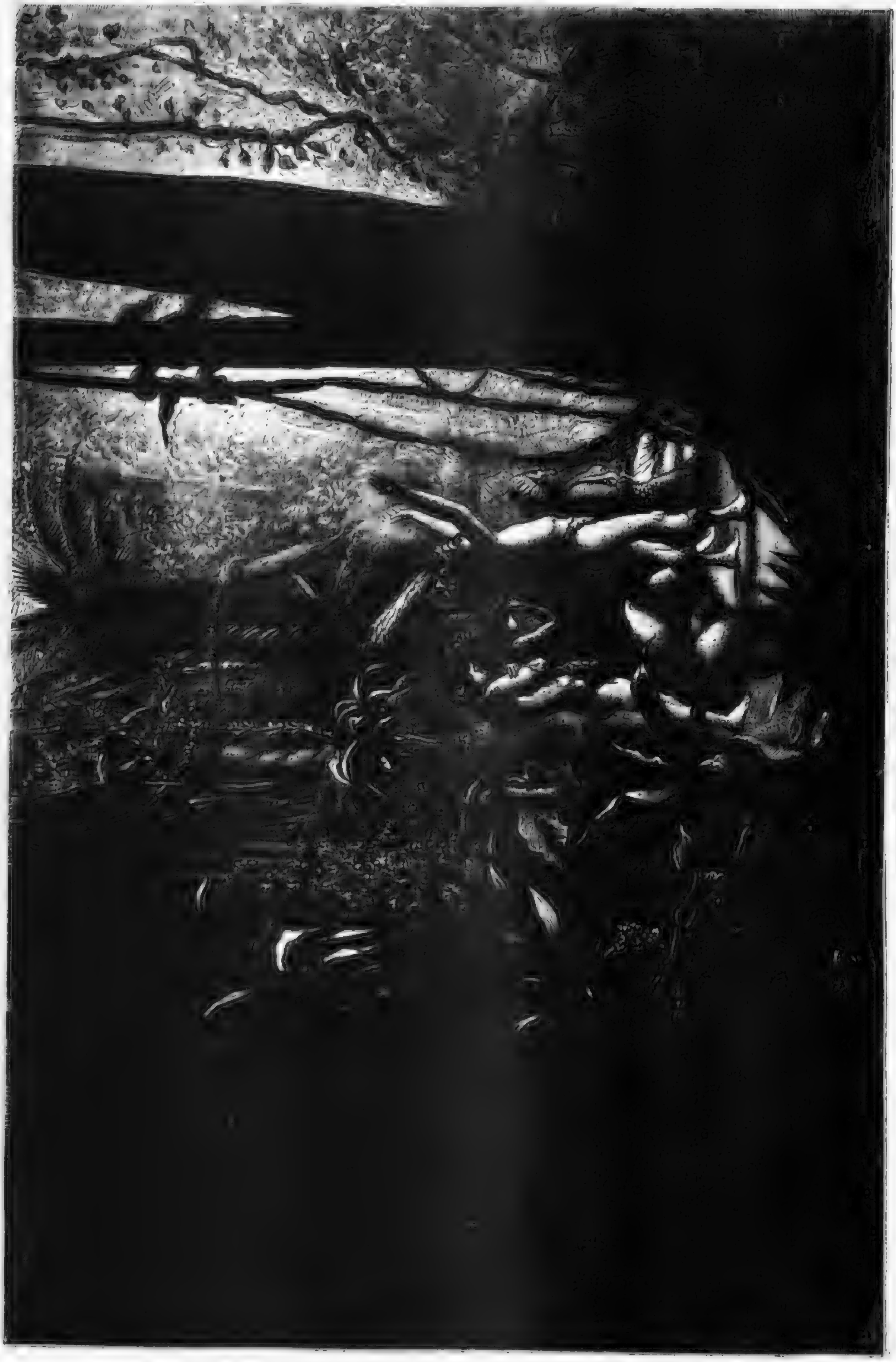
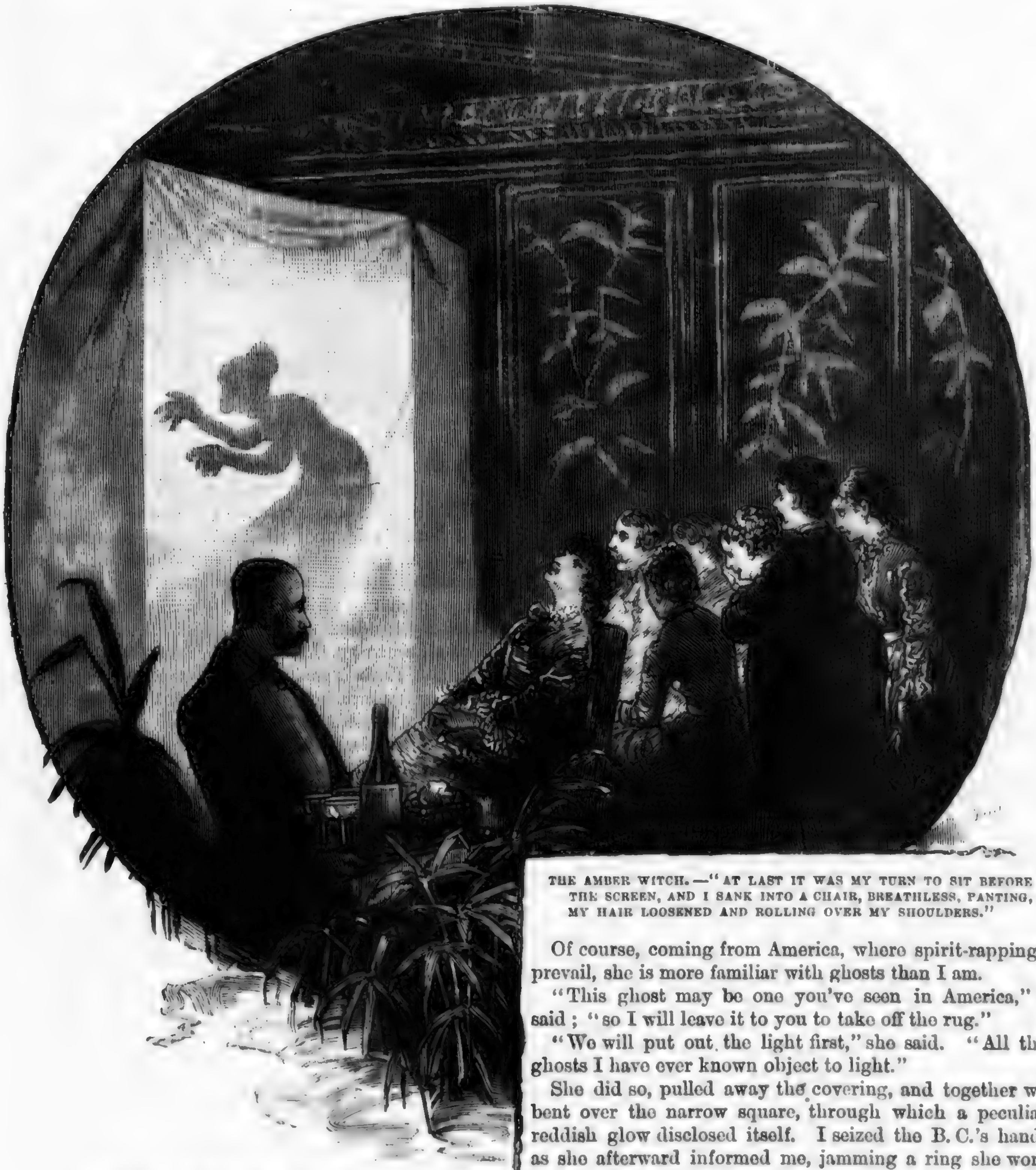


SUN-WORSHIPING INDIANS NEAR EL DORADO.—SEE PAGE 702.



THE AMBER WITCH.—"AT LAST IT WAS MY TURN TO SIT BEFORE THE SCREEN, AND I SANK INTO A CHAIR, BREATHLESS, PANTING, MY HAIR LOOSENED AND ROLLING OVER MY SHOULDERS."

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

The B. C. is so nice! for she is always as much interested in everything as if she were as young as I am. Having told her what had happened, I was about to remove the rug from the opening, when I heard a movement in the room below—the sound of footsteps! These footsteps, that did not echo, as footsteps only can on the marble floors of these great, *echo-full* apartments, but had a dull, muffled sound, impressed me peculiarly. I was sure, from the inch-thick dust on that toilet-table, that the room in which it was had been long closed. I whispered my supposition to the B. C.

"If it is a ghost, so much the better," said she. Of course, coming from America, where spirit-rappings prevail, she is more familiar with ghosts than I am.

"This ghost may be one you've seen in America," I said; "so I will leave it to you to take off the rug."

"We will put out the light first," she said. "All the ghosts I have ever known object to light."

She did so, pulled away the covering, and together we bent over the narrow square, through which a peculiar reddish glow disclosed itself. I seized the B. C.'s hand, as she afterward informed me, jamming a ring she wore into the flesh—for we saw through the aperture a man in the robe of a priest, carrying one of those huge waxen tapers one sees in churches; and its light showed us a high-bred face of an almost unnatural pallor, with large dark eyes sunk in deep hollows, and a mouth of rare beauty, set with the fixity of marble. The powerful light of the great taper showed us, also, why his footsteps had that strange, muffled sound, for the dust lay thick on the floor like a carpet, and spread like a gray vail over the awnings of a bed, whose hangings of silk and lace were pushed aside, as if some one had just risen from it. There was a child's cradle near the bed, and some shapeless, discolored robes lying across a chair.

The smoke ascending through the aperture made the B. C. cough, just as the priest had stooped, as if to raise some object from the floor. He raised his eyes, until they met mine, and the next instant was gone, without even the sound of a footstep or the closing of a door. We listened

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in silence for a few minutes, and then the B. C. relighted the lamp.

I was the first to speak.

"Wasn't it strange? You don't suppose it could have been a—an apparition?"

"Not with all that smoke in my nostrils," said the B. C., laughing. I wondered how she could laugh, the reverberations were so hollow, and seemed to come whispering back to us from all those dim, far-off corners, where the shadows actually seemed to huddle together. "Neither was he a thief, for he had on the purple stockings of a bishop."

"How did he get in, do you suppose?"

"These old palaces are full of secret doors and hidden staircases. There are all sorts of unknown exits and entrances all over it, I haven't a doubt. He may be one of the owners, come to see if the foreign tenants injure the furniture."

"B. C., you are disgustingly matter-of-fact."

"I am an American, you must remember. We are so familiar with spirits over there, that we no longer stand in any awe of them."

"Will you be so kind as to close that trap-door, then? I don't want any of your ghostly acquaintances hovering around *my* bed."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

How BRIGHT and full of color all my life has been since I have known this charming Rafe—what a pretty, odd little name! and the dear B. C.—which, I suppose, stands for Bonne Chrétienne—for a good Christian she is, since, having seen me stand, shivering, at the icy poles of filial affection, she has taken me—Frenchwoman and Papist as I am—into her warm, Puritan heart, which is as large as she is *petite.* In the sunshine of this quiet studio, I have expanded my chilled petals, and begin to feel myself again—not Madame d'Arbrai, nor, still further back—oh, most precious but most sad remembrance!—the Princess di Rospigliosi, but only little Rose-Marie Germont, who ran about in her linen robe and broad hat, as absolutely living for the day only as the butterflies she chased.

The atmosphere about these two women is good. As for Miss St. John, she is indeed a saint; and I call her—it is so much softer and sweeter—Santa Giovanna, for I do not think of the blessed saints as medieval-looking persons, standing with clasped hands and upturned eyes, against a blue or gilded background, but with faces expressing the purity and transparency of thought of a little child. *My* little child! Ave Maria! whose mother-heart was torn and bleeding, even as mine, and many a mother's since, has bled—*ora pro me!*

What a strange, fascinating creature this Rafe is! A human chameleon! She seems to reflect the moods of all around her, and is never twice the same—but always most delightful. And the changes of her personality are as Protean as her moods. Is she dark, or fair?—I cannot tell. The first time I saw her, she was a swarthy Cleopatra; the second time, she was Rafael himself; again, she was as pale and fair as moonlight, with bleached tresses flowing from under a blue ribbon, her lips faintly purplish, her very eyes looking as if tears had washed all the light and color from them. I thought for an instant it was her ghost; but no—she was about to sit to La Santa as Lucia di Lammermoor.

"And so, to do justice to the B. C.'s powers as an artist, I put myself *en rapport* with that wretched girl—so strong in her very weakness, who could be bent but not broken; and the result was that I cried as heartily over an imaginary Edgar of Ravenswood as ever she did over the real one. And I am now in the right mood to be sketched. Don't say anything to make me smile, until the B. C. has me down in colored chalks—for I may not feel like crying every time enough to wash my tints out."

The evening of that same day, I was in the studio, and she came in, with long, light auburn braids wound around her head in the severest Greek style; her beautiful arms bare under an embroidered peplum, except for two bracelets of antique cameos. I told her she looked like the famous Rachel.

"I am Helen of Troy to-night," she said, "and I want my Paris. O Alma Venus, give him to me!"

As if in response to her invocation, there came a knock at the door, which I opened, and admitted Monsieur le Comte d'Estaing and Mr. O'Neil, a young Irishman, who also has rooms in the palazzo.

"Madame Helen was just wishing for Paris," I said.

"And you will personate Venus—an old *rôle* of yours, madame—and introduce me, will you not?" cried D'Estaing, eagerly, his eyes fixed on the pure Greek profile.

The Greek profile became a charming full face, and Helen smiled dangerously on the two young men.

D'Estaing had come, ostensibly, to have a miniature of one of his ancestors copied. I know all about his ancestors, and, as this one was a *vaurien,* who gambled away a large part of the estates, I fancy that it was no particular desire to perpetuate his progenitor's insignificant features that led my handsome young friend to the Santa's studio.

While he was speaking *to* the Santa, but *for* the fair Helen, and, flushed and animated, was looking his very best, enter my brother! His eyes went like lightning to Helen, calmly sustaining O'Neil's adoring gaze, and then he looked as Menelaus might have done when he first caught his Helen's eyes lingering on those of his Grecian guest. Can it be possible that his icy heart is really touched at last? I have heard that the famous Amber Witch—I wish I could have once seen that piece of perfection—made it beat fast at one time; but, since her disappearance in the shades, he has stiffened into his old rigidity.

Another knock at the door, and our party is increased by the addition of miladi and Miss Amberside. Miladi announces, in her loud, hard way, that her presence in the studio is to be accounted for by her intense ennui.

"This gloomy old barracks gives me the horrors," she says. "I fancy that I must feel something as the prisoners in the Bastille used to. You have so much bright color here, that it is quite exhilarating. I have half a mind to hang up some of my old petticoats around my walls, to give them a cheerful look."

All the time she is speaking, her eyes are on our Helen, who is sitting, with Greek serenity, between two burning, devouring flames—namely, the ardent glances of D'Estaing and O'Neil.

What an actress this Rafe would make! Ordinarily, she is all vivacity and gesture; but she perceives that this would be inconsistent with her present costume—and so, she is stilly beautiful, like a statue.

Miss Amberside looks like a little schoolgirl beside her; but there is a strange fire in her eyes, and a strange flush on her cheeks, that belies her years. I can see miladi comparing the two. Her brows, which were knitted, now unbend. She looks as if she had arrived at some satisfactory conclusion.

Philippe also compares the two faces. It seems to me that the blonde English girl desires to avoid his eye. She is so *very* gauche and unformed to-night that I marvel that such exquisite proportions should express so little grace, and I do not understand how she makes those beautiful arms of hers seem so all-elbows. Miladi impresses me as intensely *middle class.* The very kind of Frenchwoman who would delude an honest but not clear-sighted Englishman into marrying her.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GAME OF BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

WE meet in the Santa's studio now almost every evening. When I say *we,* I mean miladi, Miss Amberside, D'Estaing, O'Neil, the American lady, Mrs. Van Zandt, who has become "deeply attached" to her compatriot, La Santa, and her two daughters, one of whom has a skin like yellow wax, and the other looks like bad tallow.

When I am there I forget everything, and am again sixteen. *Sixteen,* did I say? I had forgotten what I was then! No, I am a *child* again, a gay, innocent child; and I spring across the floor, I laugh, I speak the thought of the moment with the carelessness of a child. I am ashamed when I think of all the foolish things I say and do in the gay society of these young people; but it is so pleasant to forget!

Last evening Monsieur Shirley joined us for the first time. We were playing a game in which a sheet is pinned over a screen, and one sits facing it, with a lamp so placed that the shadows of those walking behind the person thus sitting are thrown upon the screen. It is a species of Colin Maillard, and it is the business of the players so to distort and change their shadows, that the blindman shall find it difficult to make out the identity of any one of them. When I saw Monsieur Shirley come in I thought, There is an end of our frolic; for he always seems so reserved, and almost severe. Then I remembered that I had been ordered to make myself agreeable to him, and here was a chance to be disagreeable without Philippe knowing! I determined to romp, to laugh loudly, to disgust him with my want of dignity and reserve, and, as if the occasion inspired me with the maddest spirit of mirth; I made the most grotesque and absurd shadows imaginable; I danced fantastically between the light and the screen; I assumed the likeness of every one in the room by turns; I enacted little bits of pantomime that threw the blindman into convulsions of laughter; I parodied the gestures of some of the popular actors; I said utterly ridiculous things in two or three different voices. I think I must have rendered myself an object of horror to Monsieur Shirley! I even made every one else as crazy as myself, and I am sure we should have been objects of envy to the actors of the Theatre Comique, could they have looked in upon us.

At last it was my turn to sit before the screen, and I sank into a chair, breathless, panting, my hair loosened and rolling over my shoulders. How shocked Monsieur Shirley must be! I was thinking.

I found it very difficult to recognize any of the bizarre shapes which crossed the white surface before me, when, suddenly, I felt a chill come over me, as the figure of Philippe stalked across the scene.

"Who did that?" I exclaimed. "It was to the life."

"You are right," said my brother's voice.

I turned, and he stood beside me, his eyes direct on me, with a dreadful kind of irony.

"You are not only the *shadow,* but the *substance* of a Bacchante," he said, scanning my flushed face and fallen hair. "I hope Monsieur Shirley will pardon this lapse into your early years, evidently the result of strong excitement."

"We have been children for the time," said Monsieur Shirley; "but madame has been the most charming child of all."

Philippe's face relaxed upon hearing this, and I mentally thanked the American for his forbearance. He must have remarked my frightened look when I saw Philippe. I thank him for his pity. I am not too proud now to accept even that.

Rafe now came forward with that inimitable air of hers, the perfection of mockery, and yet without even a shade of impertinence.

"I am happy to see you, Monsieur le Chevalier; as you will not come to sit, I hope you are come to play?"

"I am come to do neither, mademoiselle."

"To do neither? Oh, chevalier, 'you have displaced the mirth and broke the good meeting with most admired disorder.' You are familiar with Shakespeare, I suppose? Macbeth was a most disagreeable fellow, was he not? A regular marplot! Now, chevalier, if you would but sit for Macbeth!"

"With pleasure, mademoiselle, if you will sit for Lady Macbeth. Rose-Marie"—to me—"I have a favor to ask of you; will you come with me?"

I know my dread showed itself in my blanching face, but I rose to obey.

"You will return, madame?" said Rafe; then she added, emphatically: "We will wait for you."

When we reached our own rooms, Philippe, having seated me, with elaborate courtesy, stood before me, one hand in his breast, the other hanging clinched by his side. I felt myself sinking under his gaze, and rallying, said, with an effort at carelessness of tone:

"Now for the favor you wished, Philippe?"

"Never to let me know of your being in that place again. Monsieur Shirley was there, to be sure, but he cannot rule his cousin"—here Philippe's lip writhed into a half sneer—"as I can you; although I know he does not approve of the intimacy. The little artist is too fast"—the sneer again—"for that English lily. And you! you thought you were from under my eye, and sought to disgust the American! I know you, madame, and let me tell you, that upon your success with Monsieur Shirley depends my permission that your daughter shall bear her father's name."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

HA, ha, ha! I have made a discovery, and I came straight to you, my little scarlet demon, to whisper it in your ear, and ask for counsel. Germont means that his sister shall marry Monsieur Shirley!

I was in Rafe's studio the other evening, and I was not surprised when, in a short time, Laurence made his appearance; for I know that he thinks Rafe belongs decidedly to the Bohemian class, and fears her influence over my youthful mind. She is certainly one of the strangest creatures I have ever seen. Foi de Florestine d'Estampes!—don't laugh, my demon, for I have one kind of faith—I devoutly believe in a devil! I have no idea at this present time what is the true color of her hair or complexion. At one time she is the darkest of brunettes, at another the whitest of blondes; and, of course, the character of her face changes with all these variations, for she is never guilty of the solecism of fair brows and lashes with dark hair, and black brows make another face always.

Laurence is more than doubtful of her. He thinks she must have been an actress at one time. It is as much as I can do sometimes to keep my countenance when he expresses his disapproval of my frequent visits to her studio. I don't believe *she* ever went in male costume to the Jardin Mabille—do you, my little familiar? Oh, if my immaculate cousin only knew!

As for me, I am getting so nauseated with this *rôle* of *ingénue*, that I sometimes feel as if I must throw up the game, and take the consequences. Bah! how I hate this bread-and-butter innocence! and how I absolutely long for just one taste more of the spice and high flavoring of my old Parisian life! When I am once Madame Shirley, I shall doff my white robe and whiter wings, and show my horns and hoofs without unnecessary delay.

But to return to my theme—the choice bit of news for your private ear, my darling demon! Ah! if you were only in the flesh, how I would nip your little, whisking tail!—I know it is whisking now with impatience—and tenderly pull your budding horns, while you frolicked around me! Oh, for any good old recipe, not for "raising the devil"—we can all do that—but for bringing into visibility a young imp whose horns are "still in the velvet," as they say of deer—and so warranted not to be dangerous.

The other evening, madame—who is old enough to know better—behaved so absurdly in Rafe's studio, and Germont so openly showed his apprehension lest she had, by chance, disgusted Monsieur Shirley, that my eyes were opened at once to his schemes. As Rafe expresses it—she uses such odd, racy Americanisms sometimes—he absolutely "yanked" madame out of the room! I hope he beat her when he got her alone—he certainly looked capable of doing so!

Germont and Rafe have had a little bit of a disagreement. I did a little bit of evil-spiriting here myself, my pet; for I thought it was as well to set Germont against Rafe, if he should still chance to cherish any fancy that I am not the real Beatrix Amberside—and she is; which is, of course, absurd, as no mortal woman would see another assume her personality, with such chances as go with it in this case, and preserve her equanimity as Rafe does. It seems that Rafe had sketched Germont as Mephistopheles—the likeness really admirable—and I contrived, in one of our meetings in the studio, to put this sketch in his way. That made him shake his horns a little, but I think he thought it half a joke, until she asked him one day to sit to her as Cæsar Borgia.

I never knew him so moved by so small a thing. I am sure that Cæsar Borgia was considered a very handsome and elegant man, and his inclination to poison everybody was thought of, in those days, as nothing more than an "amiable weakness." He—that is to say, Germont—grew so much whiter than even his natural tint, that I thought he was going to faint.

"Do you fancy that I resemble that Borgia, mademoiselle?" he asked, in so freezing a tone that it seemed as if the atmosphere of the room grew perceptibly colder.

"Yes, I do," said Rafe, with her head on one side, and such a look of daring on her face—"though I do not mean to say that I think you would poison any one *outright*, Monsieur le Chevalier!"

Of course he knew what she meant, for every one can see that he almost maddens his sister at times, with the venom of his looks and words. I have seen her look as if he had thrust a knife into her heart, when he has made a remark in his soft voice, with a smile playing around his handsome mouth, while she was quivering under the lash.

I think when Rafe said that, he knew how his sister feels sometimes. But, if he is not fond of this strangely attractive girl, why should he care what she says? It is evident that she is not fond of him. I saw a little exulting smile curl the corners of her mouth when she saw how she had stung him, for she adores madame, and I think I know the reason why. Madame looks like a certain picture; and I am sure that, at some time, there was more between our Bohemienne and the original of that picture than she is willing that the world should be cognizant of. I wish I knew the facts; they might be of use to me in some way, although at present that male Sphinx seems to be lost in the shades. . . . An unpleasant suspicion has forced itself upon me lately. It is that madame is playing into her brother's hands. Monsieur Shirley is the kind of man that would please most women. There is a wonderful mingling of keenness and softness in the glance of his beautiful blue eyes, that seems to say, "I could command, but I choose to sue"—that appeals to our sex's liking for that strength that becomes weakness for their sakes. Then, I suppose he is rich, very rich—all Americans seem to be; and madame, although evidently coerced at first by her brother, may eventually find that she has been forced to do what is most agreeable to herself. I have remarked sometimes that her eyes follow Laurence, and he seems much less reluctant to enjoy her society than he did at first. I know he pities her—and we all know what pity is "akin to." . . . I have resolved on a grand *coup d'état.* Laurence has been strangely unlike himself for a day or two. He has gone around like a man in a dream; he has seemed to me like a man who has snatched a rose growing on a precipice. He has the "fearful joy" of possessing the flower, but sees also the danger he risked for it. I mentioned the change in his manner to Clemence, who is in the agony of "composing" a new combination of colors and materials for one of her never-ending costumes. She looked up from her folds of silk and satin, to say, in a careless tone:

"He and madame were out together—all one afternoon."

"Indeed! Do you know where?"

"There! isn't that combination simply ravishing! I don't know where. It was some of Fiamina's gossip."

I stamped my foot.

"And you did not tell me?"

"I didn't know that you would care. You seem to have done very well for yourself lately."

"But this woman! don't you see she is dangerous? It will not do to give her the slightest advantage."

"I don't rave over red hair, myself. Thank heaven! I have it not, or I could never wear these tea-rose or cardinal tints. But, as for you, if you think her dangerous, Napoleonize yourself—try a *coup d'état.*"

"I am glad to see, Clemence, that your brain isn't entirely knotted up in a skein of silk. I will strike while the iron is hot."

"*Bien!*" murmured Clemence, again absorbed in her contrasted silks to the exclusion of all outside interests.

CHAPTER XIV.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I HAD resolved upon my *coup d'état*, but what should my plan of action be? I had retired to one of the windows of our corridor, that opened upon the courtyard, to think—for this was a matter not lightly to be considered. In attempting it, I risked everything. The result would affect my whole future. Should I fail, that very failure might lead to the formation of suspicions in Laurence's mind, and those suspicions would be a good foundation for Germont to work upon in his sister's cause.

I was sitting in the deep embrasure of the window, lost in thought, when I heard a voice in my ear—"Florestine!" Will people feel thus at the Day of Judgment? I imagine that my sensations then were like those of one in the midst of some convulsion of nature—an earthquake, or the fall of an avalanche. For a moment I was deaf, dumb and blind. Then sensation slowly drifted back to me. I looked up. Germont stood before me! "Eh, bien!" I said, my lips framing the French words instinctively, and, although I felt sure that my lips and cheeks were as white as those of one who is newly dead, my voice and manner were calm and collected.

He looked at me admiringly, but I saw his resolve show darkly through that momentary illumination of his face.

"So you don't mean to deny your identity?" he said.

"No," I replied, and even as I spoke, a plan unfolded itself in my mind, slowly and grandly as a great flag opens to the wind.

"What a woman you are!" he said, still looking at me admiringly. "I wish I could afford to marry you."

"As you cannot afford to make me yours, I suppose you have no objection to some one else doing it?"

"What a game you have played, Florestine! And it would have been all in your own hands, had I not chanced to come to Italy."

"*Chanced!* You know you came to hunt the American with your fine hound, madame!"

Germont could not have shrunk more visibly had I struck him. The bare fact, put into words, was coarse and bold, utterly un-mephistophelian; and to be told this by the woman whom he was similarly accusing! When that curious red flush had passed away from his forehead, he looked at my hands, which were lying in my lap.

"You do not wear his ring yet," he said, almost as if speaking to himself.

THE AILING CHILD.

"It still lies between us to play the trump card," I replied. He seized one of my hands.

"You charming demon! I wish I could afford to give you the game, but I cannot."

"I do not ask it of you."

"I must win! My affairs are desperate."

"So are mine."

"And you must remember that I shall be obliged to use every means in my power——"

"That is to say, that you will inform Monsieur Shirley that I——"

Germont bowed his head.

"Very well," I said, quietly.

"Florestine, you look so lovely—so innocent! I could swear you were no more than sixteen, and had been brought up in a convent. How do you contrive it?"

"I do not know," I replied.

"I am very sorry to be obliged to oppose myself to you."

"I believe it."

He kissed my hand.

"If I could only wish you success," he said.

He shook his head, sighed, and left me.

I was very glad, for, without appearing to look, I had seen Monsieur Shirley, who was crossing the courtyard as Germont kissed my hand, start, and stop short, as if petrified by amazement. My resolution was made, and I calmly awaited his approach. In a few moments I heard quick, angry-sounding footsteps coming down the corridor. I looked up, and then turned my head away.

"Beatrix, how strange you look! What has happened?"

I bent my head. Crying easily has always been one of my accomplishments, and the nervousness of the present moment, joined with the shock Germont had given me, brought the tears now without much effort. In a moment Monsieur Shirley was beside me, one arm thrown protectingly around me. I shrank from him.

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"No, no; you must not!" I said.

"Mustn't I?—your own cousin! Now, *what is it*, Beatrix? and why was that man kissing your hand?"

"Because I—I had made him a promise."

"A *promise*, Beatrix! What kind of a promise?"

"Don't ask me; I can't tell you."

My face was in my hands now, and I was blushing all over my neck. I can do that very easily.

"But, Beatrix, this will never do! You are too young to make promises to a stranger in this way."

"A *stranger!* Do you call him a stranger, when you——"

"When I——"

Laurence paused. I could see, through two of my fingers, that it was now his turn to grow red.

"When you are to marry his sister!"

"I?"

"Yes; he said so, if *I* didn't interfere. And how *can* I interfere?—a poor little thing like me! And they are so poor! and you—couldn't you give them some money, and not have to marry madame?"

"Good heavens!"

"He said that if I didn't promise, I should be sorry for it; for people were often killed, in Italy, and no one ever found out how it happened."

"Why, this is infamous!"

"But, I don't care. If you are going to marry madame, I had just as soon be killed as not!" and I flung both arms despairingly along the broad stone window-sill, and laid my head upon them.

"Marry madame!—the sister of a villain who could so tamper with the fears of a helpless girl? Never!"

"You will not?" I cried, as if in an ecstasy; and, raising myself, flung both arms around his neck. Remember, my demon, I was but an impulsive child!

"Beatrix, if I should ask *you* to marry me?"

I raised my face to his. He bent his head, and kissed me on the mouth. It was for the first time, and now I was sure of him. Then I wondered if there were any witnesses of the tableau we were making, and I withdrew myself from his arms, as I saw, at an open window on the opposite side of the courtyard, *madame*, who was leaning on the sill, one hand grasping the iron frame of the window, as if for support, her face pale, and her eyes staring wildly at us.

I said, almost involuntarily, "There's madame!" and then, like a scene in a dissolving view, there was madame, flushed and smiling, the great, red-gold curls of her hair rolling across one shoulder, shaken from the other by the upraising of the rounded arm and slender hand with which she was making us a merry signal.

Laurence flushed, and then grew pale, as he looked at her. And then madame did a strange thing. She had a bunch of purple flowers in the bosom of her dress, and she took them out, crushed them in one hand, and let them fall into the court. Laurence stood staring after her retreating figure, until I had to recall him to a knowledge of my existence.

"You are going to tell mamma, are you not?" I asked.

"Yes—shall you come with me?"

My triumph is secure, although my lover is by no means a rapturous one. But, then, raptures fatigue me; I have endured too many.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I AM succeeding admirably with the American. Philippe is more than satisfied, and praises my management, and the versatility of my character, and says he is more than ever convinced that I can do whatever I choose. But it is very easy for me to make myself agreeable to my American, since he is no longer distasteful to me. Since we parted in the Santa's studio, his manner has been very gentle to me, as if he knew me to have been bereaved, and to be a pensioner on the kind thoughts and words of others. He is like a rock, firm and unyielding, when he believes himself to be right, and, like a rock, would be a most faithful support to any poor little feminine vine whose light tendrils he might allow to cling to his strong breast. Then I must confess to admiration of his graceful figure, his sparkling blue eyes and rich brown curls.

I do not think that his beautiful cousin loves him; but, if she does, let her take him quickly, for, although I do not love him, yet I could learn to do so very soon, he is so good and kind. . . . Belonging to the palace there is an old garden, with which were once linked some of the most tender and delightful recollections of my life, now become, through the force of circumstances, a horror and a dread. Into this garden no persuasion could induce me to enter, and the very sighing of the breeze through its trees, and the murmur and plash of its fountain through the still night, has brought to me the anguish of death.

This morning I met my American and the yellow-waxen Miss Van Zandt in the corridor. They were laughing and talking, and I gathered from their conversation that he had never been in the garden, and that she was promising to show it to him. As they approached me, the tallow-skinned young lady came running after her yellow sister, calling to her to come back. She seemed very much vexed, hesitated, looked at Monsieur Shirley, looked at me, and then, asking monsieur to wait for her, reluctantly followed her sister.

"Madame," said he, as I reached him, "*you* can show me the way to this garden, can you not? You are looking pale, and the air will do you good."

"I, monsieur?"

"Why should you not?"

"I never go into that garden," said I, drawing back, as he offered me his arm.

"Are you afraid of the damp?"

"No, monsieur."

"Of snakes, then, toads or lizards?" he continued, smiling.

"Of none of these."

"Perhaps you always wear thin shoes?"

I put out my foot, guarded by a strong boot with double soles.

"Then I must conclude, madame, that you do not wish to go out with me?"

I thought that he looked grave as he said this. I dismissed the phantoms that had crowded around me when he first spoke, and said:

"To disprove that, I will go with you."

"Not unwillingly, I hope?" he said, looking earnestly into my eyes.

"With pleasure," I returned, smiling in his face, although between it and me there had risen a phantom head, freezing my heart with the dark glance of its eyes.

As we reached the door, which was in the wall of the court, my phantoms stood before it, waiting, with eager expectancy to enter with me, and seeming to say: "If *she* has dared it, so will we!" As I went in, there were three went in with me—one going first, with a free and careless step; the second following, with a child in her arms. The child looked back, and stretched out its arms to me. I sprang forward, to feel their clasp about my neck, to kiss that warm, moist mouth, and all was dark before me, until I heard the distant convent chimes, and felt the cool drip of water on my face.

"Guido!" said I, opening my eyes. I met the compassionate glance of the American, and, in an instant, all was real again; and I was lying on the edge of the fountain, with the spray wetting my forehead, and my head on the American's arms.

"You fainted, madame."

"How foolish!" I exclaimed, sitting up.

"I should not like to see you do it again, madame; you looked as if you were dead."

"I wish I had been! Oh, I wish I were!" said I, being all unnerved, with the terrible past overhanging me like a cloud, with the air full of undefined but well-remembered shapes, and the fountain babbling the sweet laughter of a child, and uttering low, tender murmurs, the echoes of the soft tones and loving words to which its waters had borne accompaniment long, long ago. And I, sinking down on its brink, all cast into a miserable heap, and hiding my face in my hair, all regardless of the American's presence, of Philippe's anger, of everything but my own intolerable misery, wept in an abandonment of grief, feeling as if each moment my heart would break.

I had forgotten the American, I had forgotten everything but my woe, when I felt a hand touch my head, and started to my feet.

"Pardon me, madame; but I could not leave you alone here, and I am afraid you will make yourself ill."

"Monsieur, I have been making a spectacle of myself! But, believe me, that I had forgotten I was not alone."

"Perhaps I should have left you?"

"No, monsieur; you are a friend. Do not leave me alone with my sorrow."

He sat down, and looked at me compassionately. He seemed touched, and at the same time uncomfortable, as one is apt to be who witnesses grief of which he cannot understand the cause. I hastened to dispel this constraint on his part. I bathed my face in the fountain; I smoothed my disheveled hair; I laughed and talked while doing it, and filled my hands with the purple flowers that grew thick and large by the margin of the fountain, where their roots were wet by its over-falling spray. I wove of them a half-wreath for my hair, and saw, while adjusting it by the mirror of the fountain, that my cheeks were red with fever, my eyes shining, my lips no longer tremulous, but a full crimson, and dimpling at the corners into their customary smiles. I bent my head, that the spray might shower my wreath, and called the American's attention to my "diamonds."

As I bowed my head toward him, he stretched out his hand, took out one of the flowers, brushed it across my lips, and then put it to his own. Then I forgot the phantoms of the past; forgot the grief that had shaken me almost to dissolution; forgot the tears just dried from my eyes, and threw into them all the witchery of my nature. I magnetized him; I drew him toward me with all the strength of that love for him that I felt welling up in my heart; and he fell at my feet. He kissed my hands and my dress. I lifted his face between my two palms, and our lips met; but he said nothing.

The next time I saw him, he kissed his cousin on the mouth, as he had kissed me. To be sure, to me he had *said nothing*—therefore, had not committed himself.

CHAPTER XV.

CLEOPATRA SUBDUES ANTONY, AND IS HERSELF SUBDUED.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

The chevalier has certainly forbidden madame to visit my studio! I am sure of it, for I have seen nothing of her for several days, and I find, upon inquiry, that she is perfectly well. So it is not illness, and I am sure that it cannot be her own wish that has kept her away.

I wish I could think of something bad enough to call Mephistopheles. "Let him be Anathema Maranatha," whatever that may mean; and he shall also go down to posterity in his real character. I have made such a nice little sketch of him as Satan, groveling and writhing, half revealed, under the keen spear of Ithuriel, and I mean to get somebody to *buy* it, too. Yes; he shall be sold like a slave in the Roman market. He has some design in his wicked old head, and under that smooth, fair mask of his, and I will not be beaten in this way. I'll make him show both his hoofs and his horns, and stand before the world in all his moral ugliness.

"But how are you going to get at him?" asked the B. C., who always grows wonderfully quiet as soon as I begin to rave.

"That's a poser."

"Of course, you cannot go to see madame, if he will not let her come to see you."

"No, but I can meet her somewhere else," I responded, flourishing my mahl-stick triumphantly.

"You can meet her in Mrs. Van Zandt's rooms, if she goes there."

"She does—she does! but, then, the girls——"

"Hem!" from the B. C.

"Maud doesn't like me."

"Haven't you rather monopolized the men lately?"

"Is that my fault? I am sure it is much more of a bother than a pleasure."

"You may be sure that Miss Maud blames you. Her complexion is of the true jealous tinge. If you could only gain her over, now!"

"I can—I will!" I replied, a bright idea suddenly illuminating the darkness of my mind.

The B. C. gave a little contented sigh.

"I must say that I miss madame myself. Don't you think that she has changed very much lately?"

"She grows more beautiful every day."

"I mean in her manner. She used to strike me as being abrupt, careless of pleasing, with a certain air of wildness and defiance of the world's opinion; but now she is gracious, winning and 'proper' as an Englishwoman—and yet this propriety is without stiffness, and has a certain wild-wood atmosphere about it, like that of some graceful wild animal tamed to the hand, but with a reminder of its once free life in every motion."

"B. C., you are poetical."

"I didn't mean to be!" cried the B. C., with an air of alarm.

"You have been it, nevertheless, but you may manage to outlive the disgrace; and madame would make even a log of wood poetical."

"Thanks for the comparison," said the B. C., meekly.

* * * * * * *

I astonished the B. C. this morning by executing a *pas de triomphe* before her.

"Wish me joy," I said—"Miss Maud is my friend from this hour!"

The B. C. looked up from her canvas with a dazed expression.

"She hasn't been here for a week," she said, "and you have been just glued to your easel all that time; so, how you can have made any progress in winning her friendship is more than I——"

"But it won't be, when you have seen my work."

And I led her up to my easel, where a swarthy, large-eyed face looked out from the canvas, the peculiar Egyptian headdress binding the dark brows, and heavy tresses

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of a purple blackness, braided with gems, dropping over the carelessly vailed shoulders.

"Oh! Cleopatra! I wish, my dear, you had chosen a less conventional subject; but you have really done it very well, and it quite resembles some one I know."

"I have intended to represent Cleopatra's first interview with Marc Antony. Please give me your opinion of Antony, whose head alone, as you perceive, has emerged from the obscurity of the background."

She looked at the pictured Roman, whose eyes were beginning to kindle in the blaze of Cleopatra's beauty, and who was standing on a very sketchy pair of legs, holding the outlines of a helmet in his ghostly hand—and, after a few moments' silent observation, exclaimed:

"Why, it's Mr. Shirley, as he will look twenty years from now, if he should, in the meantime, lead a reckless, dissolute life."

Yes, it was my cousin Laurence, even through the disguise of the grizzled hair, worn away by the pressure of the helmet, the war-worn and passion-seamed face, the bronzed forehead and fiery eyes, with a sudden softness subduing their warlike fire.

"That head is fine," said the B. C., adding, with a gleam of humor in those large, soft eyes of hers: "but, aren't you afraid that you have taken a liberty? Mr. Shirley doesn't seem to like us."

"Neither, I fancy, does he especially care for Miss Maud Van Zandt; but she likes him, and I think that this picture—to use one of your Americanisms—will do her business."

"Then she is the Cleopatra? But, my dear, how you have flattered her!"

"She will be still more flattered when she sees it. I shall let her see it as soon as I can, without waiting to put in any of the fine touches, for I am just dying to see madame, if Phisty has left anything of her by this time."

* * * * * * *

I went to Mrs. Van Zandt's apartments, to call on Miss Maud, to ask her to come and see her "counterfeit presentment," and while there I encountered a newly-arrived countryman of theirs, a General somebody or other, I did not catch the name; but I believe all Americans but my Cousin Laurence are colonels or generals. He is a man about six feet high, broad in proportion, with a jolly red face, large gray eyes, and a voice of thunder. He has a funny way of beginning to swear, and then breaking off at the by——, and looking horribly ashamed of himself.

"Another daughter of yours, Mrs. Van Zandt?" said he, when I was introduced. "Upon my soul, I congratulate you. She's a beauty."

Maud looked spiteful, and Blanche giggled; Mrs. Van Zandt showed her teeth uneasily.

"I said Miss St. John, general."

"Miss St. John!" The general looked at me thoughtfully for a moment. "I knew a Miss St. John once," he said. "Let me see—why, it must have been twenty years ago, by—— by a moderate computation."

"It couldn't have been *this* Miss St. John, then," said Mrs. Van Zandt, showing her teeth again.

"No, she was a much smaller woman than this young lady. I was narrower in the belt myself, then; and so were you, Anne, by——" a pause—"by several inches."

Mrs. Van Zandt did not seem to relish this allusion to her increased size, but she showed her teeth to the general in an alarming smile, and, while adjusting her costly bracelets, said:

"I think Maud's figure is like what mine used to be."

"Not such fine curves, I think; more of the pine-tree pattern. But where is Larry, Anne? Where does the boy keep himself? I heard that he had stowed himself away in some corner of these con——hem!—complicated old barracks."

"You'd better ask Maud," said Blanche.

Maud hung her head and looked conscious.

The general eyed her sharply as he said:

"Miss Maud, where is Master Laurence?"

"I don't know," said Maud, growing more bashful.

"So you're caught, eh?" said the general. "And is Laurence caught, too?"

Maud gasped, and stared at the general, whose eyes twinkled, but whose face was otherwise unmoved.

"Rather a home question, isn't it?" continued the veteran. "Well, I won't ask you to answer it, but will wait and see for myself. Tell Laurence to call around and see me, Anne. I always did like the boy." And so the blundering old warrior took his departure, and Maud, falling upon his manners and appearance, tore them into tatters.

"He is half blind, too," she concluded, with a side-glance at me. "Do you remember, mamma, how he came to see us once, to tell us of the splendid beauty he had met on Broadway, and she turned out to be one-eyed, painted up to that one eye, and fifty years old, besides?"

I took this blow meekly. At all events, I am not yet fifty years old.

I now ventured to tell Miss Maud that I had called to ask her if she would favor me with a few sittings. I wish the B. C. could have seen the air with which she turned around on me, evidently scenting a hungry artist *begging* a commission.

"When I have my portrait painted, I think I shall employ a *known* artist."

I swallowed this for madame's sake.

"But this is a *fancy* picture," I said. "You suggested the subject to me; I have sketched it out roughly, but I fear that I cannot go on without painting from yourself."

Miss Maud evidently felt slightly flattered. She assumed a more gracious expression.

"Oh, if that is it—" she began.

"You will come?"

"Yes. How soon do you want me?"

"As soon as you may find it convenient."

"Then I will come in about half an hour."

When I went back to the studio, I found both the count and Mr. O'Neil there. They *have* been there a great deal, lately, as the B. C. says. I did not object to this, until I found that they were inclined to say pretty things to me; and oh, what nuisances *other* men are, when you care for but *one* man in God's whole creation!—when his presence can "make sunshine in a shady place," or, on the contrary, his absence blot out the sunlight from the fairest landscape. However, I feel safe when the two are together; they neutralize each other; and they have also begun to look askant at each other, lately, which amuses the B. C.

"They won't be friends again until you have refused both of them," she said to me. To which I replied:

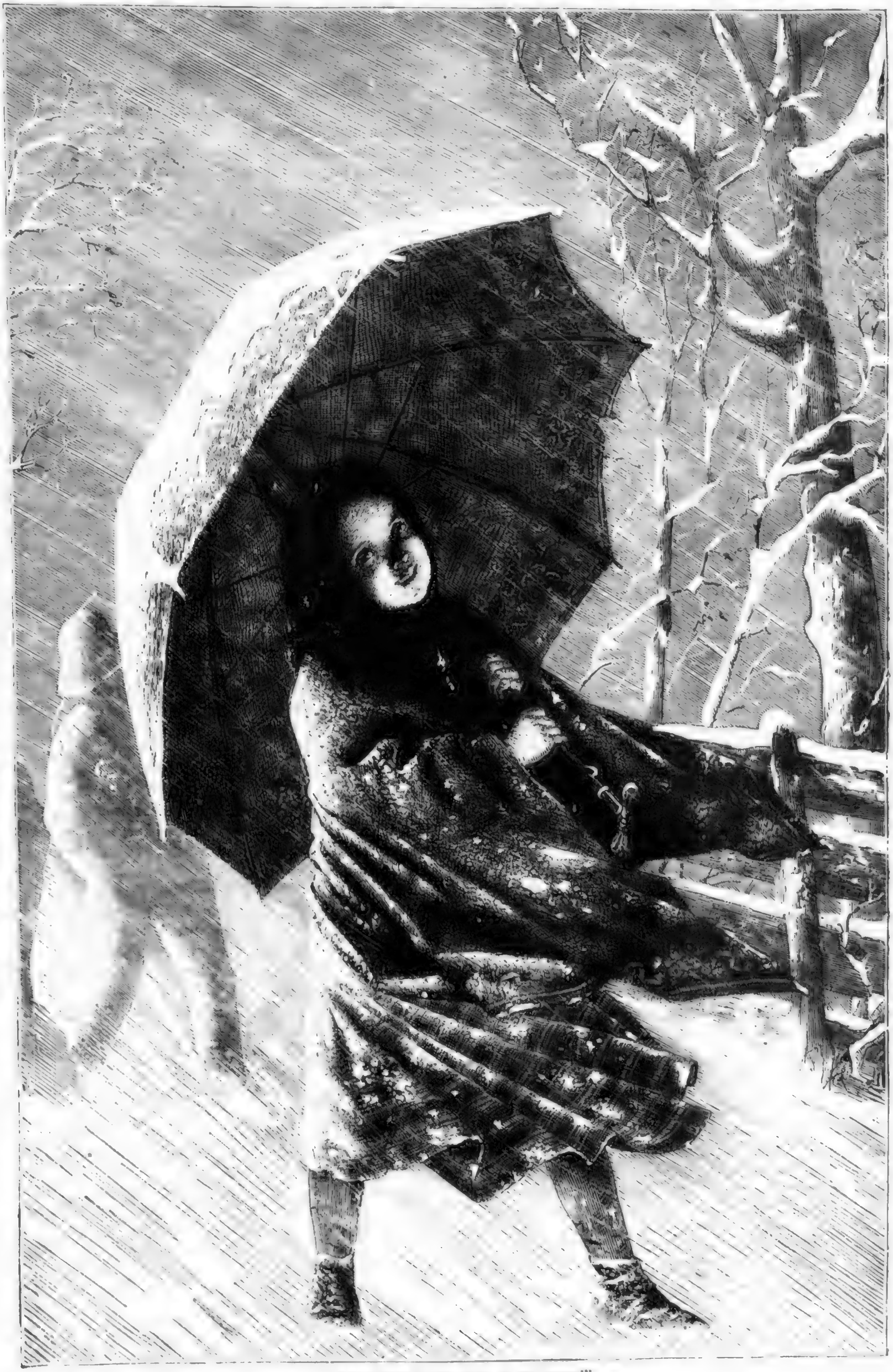
"Now, B. C., *could* I hope to go any higher than a *count?*"

"You will never marry for a *title*, I am sure."

"Just wait till a prince asks me!"

They stationed themselves on either side of my easel, like the two supporters of a shield, and glared at each other across me, until I began to feel like Mr. Pickwick between the rival editors. The count thought I had caught the likeness admirably; O'Neil said it was a thousand times handsomer than Miss Maud Van Zandt.

"You are both right, I think," said the B. C., coming down like oil upon the waters. But the waters refused to be calmed.



"WHAT CARE I FOR WIND OR WEATHER!"

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"I think I have seen some one who looks like your Antony," said the count, thoughtfully.

"That Antony is evidently an original head," said O'Neil. "I hate to see painters reproduce each other's designs."

The count colored a little.

"I should never dream of accusing mademoiselle of adaptation. Mademoiselle has studied a model, and a living one. Is not that head painted from Monsieur Shirley's father?"

"It is painted from Monsieur Shirley himself. I have only anticipated the ravages of time."

"Mademoiselle, you have done admirably," said the count, bowing. A Frenchman always bows when he compliments you.

"Are you art critic for any paper, D'Estaing?" asked O'Neil, impertinently.

Fortunately, at this juncture Miss Maud entered, evidently gotten up in an Oriental style, and to look as much like a modernized Cleopatra as possible, for she wore a profusion of heavy gold ornaments, a dull gold-colored silk, trimmed with ruby velvet, and had an ermine cloak over her arm. She swept into the room with considerable majesty, giving me all her "points" at once, in a focus.

"I thought I would imitate you," she said, "and dress to suit my accessories. As Cleopatra was a queen, and as queens always wear ermine in pictures, I've brought along my cloak."

The B. C. and I exchanged glances. Fancy Cleopatra in ermine!

"Don't you think that will be rather warm for Egypt?" asked O'Neil; while the count rubbed his upper lip to conceal a spasmodic motion of his mustache.

But Maud did not hear. Her eyes were on the dusky queen.

"I had no idea—oh!" she said.

"Mademoiselle was too modest," said the count, translating her thought, like the Frenchman that he is.

"But don't you think that she has flattered me?" asks Maud, bewitchingly, rolling her great eyes around to the count's face.

"I may have slightly idealized you," I said, hastening to the rescue of that rare goddess, Truth.

"Oh, Miss St. John," said Maud, playfully, "if you were a gentleman artist, I would not allow you to say that you have *idolized* me!"

I dropped my mahl-stick, and stooped to pick it up. O'Neil rushed to one of the paintings on the wall, and began to examine it attentively; while the count stood quietly, with the preternaturally composed face that is only possible to a Frenchman on such an occasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO STRINGS TO RAFE'S BOW.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

PHILIPPE said to me, yesterday:

"Has the American asked you to marry him yet, Rose-Marie?"

I have been anxiously awaiting this question, for I knew that Philippe had remarked that Monsieur Shirley has absented himself from our society lately, though I have carefully concealed from him how much I feel this change.

"No Philippe."

"He will soon, I hope," he continued, turning to me with that glitter in his eyes which is always, with him, a sign of anger.

I shook my head. Philippe made a step toward me.

"You have not dared——"

"I have done nothing. He has betrothed himself to his cousin."

It is no exaggeration when I say that, for a moment, Philippe was black in the face. The change was so instantaneous, so frightful, that I was paralyzed with fear. I expected to see him fall to the floor in an apoplectic fit. When he began to recover his natural complexion, I trembled still for the results that such excessive agitation might bring to me. He will kill me, I thought—and I hastened to say:

"Oh, Philippe! it was no fault of mine, for—I—love—him!"

And I wept, with the shame of my forced confession—with grief for my loss.

"I believe you, because you weep—you never give tears to a trifle. But how do you know that he has betrothed himself to—his cousin?"

I related what I had seen. Philippe listened intently.

"They are not married yet," he said, when I had finished. "Not if you will it otherwise—and you love him."

"Philippe, I think this man will hold his word sacred. Words, you know, my brother, hold good in law."

Philippe began to walk up and down the room, evidently deep in thought; and, at last, pausing beside me, he said:

"I believe that you have done all in your power to forward my wishes. You are growing thin and pale, my sister," he added, seating himself beside me; and, drawing me to him, he kissed my cheek.

So inexpressibly grateful to me was this expression of sympathy from one so habitually cold, that I responded to it immediately by throwing my arms around his neck, and crying as heartily on his shoulder as I had ever done on the bosom of my mother. This kindness, and the hope of our future friendship, was so soothing, that I at last raised my head, with a heart lightened of half its load of wounded and mortified affection.

"Rose-Marie," said he, with his arm still around my waist, and his other hand caressing my head, "you are undeniably the most beautiful and fascinating woman of my acquaintance. If I, your brother, look upon you with such eyes, the rest of the world—of Florence, I mean—must view you likewise; therefore, it lies in your power, you who know all your sex's deviltries—pardon the word, my sister, but 'tis very expressive—it lies in your power to win this Englishman to yourself, notwithstanding his promise to his cousin."

My heart went down like lead. This was the secret of Philippe's kindness! This was the fruition of my hopes! I drew myself from his arms, but he held one of my hands in his iron-velvet clasp, and said:

"If nothing else will do, let him see that you love him."

"I have done so, Philippe."

"Good heaven! you did not tell him——"

"No, Philippe—I—I—only let him—see it—as you have just suggested."

"Then nothing is lost. He must prefer you to an unformed schoolgirl, so prove yourself a good mother, and exert yourself for your daughter's sake."

With these significant words he left me.

So I am again in the toils. I called him a rock, but it is a rock that is not to shelter, but to crush me. My task is harder than Hannibal's, for I must cut my way without vinegar, with the honey of sweet words and sweeter smiles; and I shall be no hypocrite, for I love him! But what will become of my self-respect?

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

Clemence did not appear to be as much pleased with my success as I had expected her to be. I remarked upon this coolness, and she replied that she did not suppose she was more selfish than other mortals, but she should like to know what was to become of her when I was Madame Shirley? for it was evident that monsieur had no particular liking for herself. I felt inclined to reply that she could resume her former occupation of "living on her wits," but I restrained myself, as I cannot afford to offend her yet.

I should have supposed that madame would have told her brother what she saw from the window of the court, but there has been no threatening cloud in that quarter as yet. I have not seen Germont since. Madame is as calm and smiling as if I had not snatched her prey from her very teeth, and everything is as peaceful and as dull as possible. I am beginning to long for a little danger.

I wonder if anything could make monsieur's blood run warm in his veins? I never saw so passionless a person. I begin to believe that his dastardly attempt to destroy my beauty was done in cold blood, instead of being the act of a man half crazed by grief.

He has given me a magnificent betrothal-ring, he kisses me when he bids me good-night and good-morning, he is always bringing me bon-bons and dainties, as if I were a little girl, and he also sees that I have everything I can possibly wish for; but that is all. Ah! if I only dared to be myself again—the Amber Witch—wouldn't I bring milord to his knees, make his eyes follow my every motion, his cheek flush and pale at my glance! But I do not dare to try it, for I might fail. I sometimes think that he had but one strong feeling—love for his brother—and that when he lost him the thermometer of his blood fell to zero, and has staid there ever since. He has given me one satisfaction, however. He has told me that, being still more particular about his wife than his cousin, he would rather I should not visit Rafe's studio. This prohibition will bring me the pleasure of disobeying him, and, perhaps, put him into a passion when my disobedience is found out. I should like to see him in a rage. If I could only once break the barriers of his coldness in any way, he might find it difficult to freeze over again. If he thinks that he can make my pulses beat to his even measure, he will find himself mistaken, when I am once Madame Shirley; until then, I hope I may keep within bounds. But give up Rafe I will not. Is is only in her studio that I breathe air that does not choke me. It is strange how she fascinates me! and she is as much of an icicle in her way as Monsieur Shirley is in his, and she is not only indifferent to me, but to the men as well. But her very carelessness seems to attract them the more, and I am sure that D'Estaing and O'Neil are both *épris* with her; although Maud Van Zandt really fancies them her especial victims. She is painting Maud as Cleopatra. Why? I wonder!

When I was going up to the studio to-day—I have been *twice* since Monsieur Shirley forbade it—I felt sure he was following me, and evaded him by making quite a detour; and, finding the door of the studio open, slipped in and hid behind some of the hangings, expecting him to follow me every instant. In a few moments I heard a man come in. That is he, I thought; but, peering between a division in the folds, I saw D'Estaing, looking so flushed and agitated that I divined his errand at once, and concluded that I had better not make it of no effect by presenting myself.

Rafe appeared, greeted him composedly, and begged him to excuse her, if she continued her work, as she was somewhat hurried; and then she moved her easel into a better light, and, with her palette on her thumb, began to make an infinite variety of quick, light strokes, while the count stood by her side, alternately pulling the ends of his mustache and nervously turning his hat between his two thumbs.

Rafe, with her gray blouse belted around her slight waist, her short blue skirt, which gave to view two of the prettiest little feet imaginable, and a scarlet cap on her brown, curling hair, looked very picturesque; and so the count seemed to think, for his black eyes sparkled as he looked at her, and he said something to her in a very low tone. Rafe laughed—she had a merry, ringing laugh—and shook her head, the scarlet tassel of her cap dancing on her brown curls. The count spoke again, and she turned her head and looked at him, as if surprised. As I could hear nothing that was said, for he spoke in a very low tone—probably fearing the B. C.'s presence in some remote corner—and used a great deal of gesture, it was as good as a pantomime to me.

The count continued to speak, and I saw Rafe begin to retreat from him, almost imperceptibly, until she found herself impeded by a great carved chair. She then said a few words, in a tone inaudible to me, and returning to her easel, began to paint industriously.

The count moved toward her again, and spoke, evidently in great agitation. She inclined her head, but did not look at him, and, taking his hat, he went hastily toward the door, turned, bowed deeply to her—she never took her eyes from her work—and went out.

As the door closed, she shrugged her shoulders and stepped back from her easel, to study the effect of the last few touches on Antony's armor. As she did so, the door opened, and O'Neil came in. Rafe looked around, and, nodding pleasantly, returned to the task of brightening up Antony's armor.

She had some old Roman armor from which to copy, and this was raised on a wooden frame. Behind it O'Neil stationed himself, looking over it at her, and remarking that he thought it would just fit him.

"Why didn't you paint *me* as Antony? Miss Maud says he is Monsieur Shirley to the life, and you can't think how pleased she is."

"Would you like to play Antony to Miss Maud's Cleopatra?" asked Rafe, making the armor so brilliant, just over the region of Antony's heart, that it seemed as if it were to be typical of the flames the Egyptian was to kindle in that organ.

"I would play Antony to *your* Cleopatra."

Rafe shook her head.

"I am not in the least like Cleopatra."

"My idea of Cleopatra is, that she was a lively little thing, who used to tease Antony, and then run away from him."

"A mere romp? No, indeed! She was no Zenobia, but she was lithe and slender as the serpents of her own Nile, with her moods as many-hued as their glittering mail, her anger as quick to strike, her words as venomous, her winding arms as fatal as their graceful coils."

"But that isn't Miss Maud!"

"Not at all. My Cleopatra is Miss Maud Van Zandt, not Shakespeare's Cleopatra. It is an idea, not an inspiration."

"What have you been doing to D'Estaing, Miss Rafe? I met him coming from here just now, and he looked as if he had seen a ghost."

"I have never seen a ghost," said Rafe, bending over her palette.

"I suppose it would be impertinent for me to guess the

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cause of his looking so ill; but that very fact has encouraged me to——"

"B. C.!" said Rafe, "please come here. I want your opinion of Cleopatra's arms."

The B. C. presented herself with her usual neat, unobtrusive manner of "coming upon the scene"—for all this seemed to me like a comedy that was being enacted for my especial benefit. Her presence seemed not in the slightest degree to disconcert O'Neil, who joined in the discussion of the merits and demerits of foreshortening in general, and in particular of this slender and exquisitely shaped member—not in the least like Maud Van Zandt's angular arms—that rested, a blaze of jewels, on Charmian's shoulder.

"Now, Miss B. C., give *me* your advice, please, like the dear, good soul you look to be," began O'Neil.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Rafe, "but I want to ask both of you what color you would advise for Charmian's drapery? It ought to be a contrast, and yet to blend advantageously."

"Miss Rafe, your Cleopatra is very much like Miss Maud Van Zandt. She is continually interposing herself between us."

"I am much inclined to white myself," continued Rafe, without appearing to have heard O'Neil's remark—"white, with an Egyptian border of gold and dead-silver. It will tone down Cleopatra's many-colored splendor."

"Yes; that will do, I think," said the B. C.

"Now *that* is disposed of," said O'Neil, "let us return, not to our muttons, but to our dear little lamb."

"But I am not decided about the white," said Rafe. "Perhaps a neutral tint—what do you think, Mr. O'Neil?"

"Don't talk of neutral tints! My thoughts are all rose-colored this morning. I am in love, and I hope that my love——"

"And I am only thinking of work," said Rafe. "If the B. C. has time to receive your confidences, you might retire with her to another part of the room."

"I am answered," said O'Neil, his face grown ludicrously long. "I had fancied—I had hoped——"

"B. C., *do* give me a suggestion about Charmian's drapery," said Rafe, impatiently.

"Make it green," said O'Neil. "That is the color of disappointment, I believe. Good-morning, ladies."

As the door closed behind him, the B. C. looked at Rafe quizzically.

"Two in one morning!"

"It is very disagreeable, is it not? Of course, now, I've lost their friendship. What bores lovers are!"

"When they're not the right one," said the B. C., sententiously.

A knock on the door followed her words.

"Perhaps this is the right one," laughed Rafe, as she opened the door. But it was Laurence, who stepped in across the threshold and stood there, looking very tall and very unpleasant.

"Miss Amberside is not here?" he asked.

His tone was by no means conciliating, scarcely polite. I did not wonder that Rafe's head took a saucy, sideward poise, and her face a certain devil-may-care expression, as she answered, curtly:

"She is not."

Laurence looked around him, suspiciously. Rafe colored slightly.

"Perhaps you would like to see for yourself, Mr. Shirley? My paint-pots are all open to your inspection. Here is a jar, where we keep our odds and ends; she is certainly not in that!"

"My dear!" said the B. C.

"May I ask *you*"—turning markedly to the B. C.—"has Miss Amberside been here lately?"

"*Beatrix*"—emphatically—"was here yesterday morning," said Rafe.

How black Laurence looked!

"Indeed!—and I had *forbidden* her to come!"

"Oh," said Rafe, "you needn't; she doesn't annoy us in the least!"

I almost laughed aloud. Monsieur Shirley's face was a study.

"But she annoys *me*," he said. "Will you tell her so, if she comes again?"

"I do not fancy she will come again," said Rafe, her elegant little head held very erect. "You may tell her, from me, that we do not wish to see her again. We are quite particular as to the visitors to our studio."

"I will give your message; I hope it will have the desired effect," said Monsieur Shirley, looking with something like admiration at the pale face and blazing eyes that confronted him. "Perhaps you will forgive me my desire that my cousin should keep more within her own sphere, when I tell you that she is to be my wife."

Rafe burst out laughing.

"In that case, you will *need* my forgiveness," she said. "Mr. Shirley, I wish you a very good-morning."

While she was bowing Laurence out of the room, I slipped along behind the hangings to another door in the rear of the room, and was down-stairs, ready to meet my accuser when he should present himself. And all the time these strange and incomprehensible words were ringing in my ears, "In that case, you will *need* my forgiveness." Had they any other than a simply sarcastic meaning? Impossible! If they had had the meaning my fears would give them, the girl would have spoken out then, when his insulting prohibition was first made known to her.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA.

MONSIEUR SHIRLEY has not even spoken Rafe's name since that memorable morning when she laughed in his face. I am sure that he was satisfied that she would keep her word with regard to me, but I have not seen her since, until this morning, when I met her under rather peculiar circumstances.

One peculiarity of Florence is, that no lady, be she a native or a foreigner, pretty or plain, can *walk* in the streets without being exposed to a comical kind of insult, that her appearance on *foot* is supposed to warrant. She finds herself closely followed, deliberately stared at, and her personal appearance freely commented upon, and always aloud, by the gentlemen whom she may meet; while the peasantry put their faces into hers, make a mock kiss, call her "Cara! cara!" or cry something that is equivalent to "boo!" in her ear. The streets are so abominable, that they seem only intended for carriages or beggars, and it is very seldom that a lady, unless a foreigner, and inexperienced, ventures to attempt a promenade.

Rafe came home from her first walk, altogether furious. She had walked from one of the galleries, in which she was studying a painting, and had been followed by a young Florentine, who, being possessed of a few words of English, danced around her, first on one side and then on the

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other, saying "Very good," "Very much pretty," "I like," "You handsome," etc. He continued this persecution until she reached her own door, when, as she was about to enter, he, being in front of her, and dancing backward as she approached, fell over a donkey, and sprawled ignominiously in the mud, while she fled up the staircase.

"It is necessary, in the pursuit of my profession, that I should walk sometimes," said Rafe, after relating this incident to the B. C. and myself, "and walk I will."

"But you will always be exposed to something of this kind," urged the B. C.

"But I will not endure it."

"You will have to, or ride."

"You will see."

And now, to-day, I did see! for, driving out with Monsieur Shirley, who dutifully gives me a daily airing, as we turned the corner of the street we saw Rafe walking down it, not by any means hurrying herself, but proceeding very deliberately, with her hat cocked rather pertly over her straight little nose, and her arms folded in a waterproof-cloak, in a very cavalier manner. If she saw us, I do not know, for there sprang from an angle of a neighboring palace the very Florentine of whose impertinence she had complained, for I recognized her description of his unusually long hair and scarlet necktie.

"Laurence," I said, "do you see?"

At this instant she flung off her waterproof cloak, and showed herself completely dressed in man's apparel, and, whirling a light cane around her head, switched her tormentor across the face. He threw up his arm with a species of howl, cowered, and upon seeing her again raise her cane, took to his heels.

Rafe was looking after him, and laughing, when I heard a hearty man's voice cry, "Bravo!" in unmistakably foreign accents, and a carriage passed ours, having in it Mrs. Van Zandt, her two daughters, and a gray-haired, military-looking personage. The flush of victory on Rafe's face changed to a blush of confusion, and picking up her cloak, she huddled it around her as quickly as she could.

"Why, goodness gracious! it's Miss St. John!" said Mrs. Van Zandt.

"Is it a woman? Miss St. John?" said the military gentleman, and he ordered the carriage to stop. "My dear young lady, what could have induced you to take such a step?" he asked.

"To free myself from insult," said Rafe, and raising her head at the close of her sentence, she showed that her beautiful eyes were full of tears.

"I should think 'twould *attract* insult," said Maud, tossing her head, and viewing the offender from the corners of her virtuously averted eyes.

"Oh, no!" said Rafe. "He—ha, ha, ha!—he thought I was a *man!*"

"Ho, ho, ho!" chorused the military personage. "Well, you certainly are about his size. But you must not walk through the streets as you are, any more. If you will tell me where you live, I will carry you home."

"Really, general——" began Mrs. Van Zandt, but the general would not hear.

"You are Miss St. John?" he said. "I was once to be married to a lady of your name."

Rafe gave a glad little cry.

"You are General Lyon?" she said.

Then Laurence and I drove by them.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

So far I have had no opportunity to test the strength of the chain that binds my American to his cousin and betrothed, for she now wears his ring. He takes every occasion to pass me by with unseeing eyes. What he has said or done to Philippe, I know not, but his eyes look like blue steel when Monsieur Shirley's name is mentioned.

Madame Van Zandt and her daughters have courted my society much, lately. I respond, because by doing so I gain the chance to see that dear and charming Rafe, and also La Santa Giovanna, who has, to my eyes, grown to look quite lovely of late. There is also a General Lyon there, who is not unlike the royal beast in his own person, having a most manful roar, and a pair of great brown eyes, full of bonhomie; and yet with the power of looking savage at will.

Miss Beatrix is but little seen since her engagement, but miladi I have frequently met in the Van Zandt salon. Her toilettes are wonderful, and I fancy that she makes great eyes at Monsieur le General, who has pronounced her "stunning."

Monsieur Shirley, miladi and Miss Beatrix are all going to leave Florence for Venice for a season. Rafe tells me that the B. C. and she are going there also. She asks me if I shall not be one of the pilgrims, and I blush, for I know that where the American goes Philippe will be sure to oblige me to follow. Rafe has told me a little secret. She says that the general is an old lover of the Santa, and they are now betrothed, but do not wish it to be made common talk of.

* * * * * *

Christmas Eve. I have been to the midnight Mass at the Church of the Annunciation. I did not wish to go to-night, for I shrank from the crowd, the heat, the intolerable odors; but Philippe insisted, he who is usually far from being devout. The smoke of the incense rolled around and above us in such clouds that I could catch only an occasional glimpse of the scarlet and gold of the priests' garments, showing like lightning through a thunder-cloud. I kneeled, and listened to the solemn and beautiful music that promised peace on earth, good-will to men. The music was familiar to me, only too familiar; so was the church, and it seemed as if this were the very spot upon which I had kneeled years before. A voice, unheard for years, seemed to join in the solemn chant, and its silvery tenor rose above the pulsing waves of sound; the "Maria! Maria!" appeared to be less addressed to the Virgin than an imploring call upon my name.

Under the force of these recollections my forehead sank on the stone pavement, which was wet with my tears—my unavailing tears! and then I felt a hand laid over and clasped upon the two cold hands which were clinched above my head, as, like the Psalmist, I bowed myself down in the bitterness of my soul. I thought, and I must have been mad to think so, that it was a hand I shall never touch on earth again; and, shuddering at its contact, I felt a folded paper slide from its fingers into my palm. I raised myself instantly, and saw on one side of me the American, standing apparently absorbed in the sight of the high altar, and on the other a fat devotee, who was telling her beads in evident abstraction from all worldly thoughts. Behind me was a pretty, demure young girl, and in front of me an old man under the care of his daughter, a severe-looking woman.

While I was still looking around me, Madame Van Zandt said:

"We are going home, now."

Monsieur Shirley offered me his arm, as if under a protest, and we pushed and jostled through the pushing, jostling crowd, until we found our way to the fresh air and our carriage.

When we reached the palazzo, Philippe was waiting to

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hand me from the carriage and to lend me the aid of his arm in the ascent of the long staircase. I am sure that every one thinks him a very attentive brother; and he is as attentive as the executioner who assists to disrobe his victim, that there may be no impediment to the blow.

We had reached our sitting-room, and before I had time to sit down, Philippe said:

"Come, let us read the little note you received to-night, my sister!"

Is the man a demon?

I turned up the flame of the lamp, and read the superscription.

"This note is addressed to *me*, Philippe."

"It is all one. We have no secrets from each other, as you very well know."

I do indeed know it—and I opened the note and read it aloud, Philippe standing behind me and looking over my shoulder, that I might omit nothing.

"I trust that madame has not forgotten to keep a place in her memory for the stranger who was introduced to her by the Baron Thibault-Delassy. If madame has done him the honor to remember him, will she also be pleased to permit him to visit her as a friend? he having it in his power to produce credentials that will satisfy her of his qualifications for such an enviable position.

"A note placed on the altar of the first chapel to the right, as you enter from the vestibule of the Annunziata, will reach

"GUIDO."

"It is the stranger with whom you danced at the French Ambassador's ball, and the same who enacted the guide up Vesuvius, and the winner at the Neapolitan races," said Philippe. "You may receive him, my sister."

I understood Philippe's thought.

"Do we stay here?" I asked, and I felt myself blush as I asked it.

"Tell him we are going to Venice. Write the note, and I will see that it reaches its destination. He is in pursuit of the English lily, and wishes to pluck it by your hand. You, who love, should be willing to aid all lovers."

"Philippe!"

"You would ask for pen and paper, Rose-Marie? Here they are. Now write."

(To be continued.)

A LOVE-CURL.

WHAT was I worth? I cannot say; I never valued myself. Some one else did, though, for I used to dance with every toss of the coquettish little head, and knew I was the brightest, sunniest of all the sunny curls clustering round the well-shaped brow.

"Really," she used to say to me, as she looked with roguish eyes into the mirror, "you are the most obstinate twist of a curl that ever I knew."

And so I was. Why should not I peep into the laughing eyes? Why should I be hidden? I knew that I had a golden brightness which none of the others possessed. Why not show it? Besides, "some one" used to say that I gave all the character there was in the appearance of the wicked little head. That was saying a great deal for me, because every one knew—at least, all my curl-mates did—that Cousin Reggy had loved our "Birdie" since she was as high as the table. He had no curls—not he: but straight, limp hair, ever falling over the large, earnest eyes.

"Don't look so earnest," Birdie once said; "I hate you when you look so."

"Who can help looking 'so' at an erratic little creature like you?" he answered, calmly, while the earnest look deepened.

"Anything but that," she returned, petulantly, and he turned away with a sigh.

"Only a light-hearted child," I heard him murmur one day; "she will be a noble, earnest woman one day."

But do you think earnestness ever troubled her butterfly brain? Certainly not. She should say and do exactly what she pleased, in spite of Reg and his earnest looks. Besides, Reg was rather jealous. She could not help others loving her; she must be kind to them. Many an honest heart told itself "She *does* love me," while the piquant head would nod to me in the little mirror, "He thinks I care for him. Poor fool!" And five minutes afterward I would kiss the brow of a tranquil sleeper.

The little mite would not willingly have hurt a mouse. A woman's cruelty! The wound is bound so lovingly and tenderly that it is forgotten, lost in admiration of the art that hurts and heals with the same breath.

"Reggy, I am going to try my new habit to-day. Young Percival asked me to ride with him."

"Is Maud going with you?" he asked, looking up quickly from his writing.

"No, I am going alone. I shall gallop away until he is quite out of patience, then draw rein, and dilate upon the scenery in quiet, drawing-room tones."

"Do not ride alone with that fellow, dear."

He rose and came to her side.

"What does it matter, old Grundy? Let me have my fun while I am young."

"Not at the expense of seeming what you are not. Do not get your name coupled with Percival's. Ask Maud to go with you."

Maud was mother as well as sister to him.

"*You* can come, if you like."

She shook me wickedly off her brow.

"I cannot spare the time," he said, quietly, as he sat down to his writing again.

He sighed. He knew as well as I did that she would ride alone with Percival, enjoy it thoroughly, come back to himself and spend the evening in fascinating him with her talk and laughing eyes.

Birdie enjoyed her ride. So did young Percival his. She went to the piano after dinner and sang to Reginald all the songs that he loved best, did not mention Percival's name, then went to bed and dreamt that she was engaged to him, and that Reg would not help her to break it off.

That Reginald had a tired, weary look that Summer. He had been working hard, and was making rapid strides in his profession.

"You look quite old," Maud said to him one morning at breakfast; "you want rest."

"Right, *ma sœur*, I do want rest."

He looked at the restless head I caressed opposite, and the face which did *not* look old.

That afternoon we were in the summer-house. I played with the tiny breeze that danced through the honeysuckle over the glossy head, while the large straw hat flapped lazily, and the leaves of Tennyson rustled at "Maud" through the sunshine. Two large tears fell slowly, and before they reached the page a hand was gently placed over the soft eyes.

"Keep your tears for some one else," said Reginald.

"It seems so real. Poor Maud!"

"That name reminds me. Our Maud has had visitors. Some one wished to congratulate you. Birdie," he spoke earnestly, "why get your name handed about so?"

"Oh, do not scold. People will talk."

"Why give them cause to?"

"Why cannot I flirt as I like? No one imagines I mean anything by it."

The old earnestness that worried her. But how handsome he looked!

The breeze danced on joyously, and the hat rose and fell beneath its touch, while Reginald told an old, old story, which it would not interest anyone to hear. He told it well, and if I had been allowed a voice in the matter—well, I should not be lying in the old pocketbook; and Birdie——But we were powerless, and could only look on silently and grieve.

That evening Reginald had an engagement, and Birdie a headache. I tossed with the restless head all that night, and lay quietly upon the quiet one nearly all the morning. Maud told us that Reg had been obliged to return to London suddenly, and Birdie made no comment. Only the face I saw in the mirror was very pale, and the eyes full of pain.

"What nonsense!" she said; "I never cared for him. Poor fellow!"

Time passed away. Birdie grew quiet and pale. France was going to war with Germany. The papers were full of it.

"Birdie," said Maud, looking up from the letter which I knew was from him, "Reg is going to use his healing powers among the wounded. What do you think of it?"

But she never heard, for Tennyson had never caused a shower like that.

And we were out in the old summer-house while Maud pondered, and the tea and toast grew cold. Birdie buried me in the honeysuckle while she wept for Reg and herself—where she had wept for "Maud," and he had told her of the love which had grown with his growth.

He came down for one day to say "Good-by." She looked pale, but how could he doubt the truth of her impetuous words, or guess that she grieved to lose him?

"Just for old friendship's sake," he pleaded, raising me gently in one hand, while the other held the bright scissors. It was cruel to take me from her, but love is always cruel to some one; it cannot help itself.

When he was really gone, Birdie often read "Maud" again in the old summer-house; and would dream among the leaves and flowers that she heard the rattle of the musketry and the clashing of the swords; that she was a soldier's bride, whose love was the strength of the hero she followed to his final fight upon a foreign field; or, that she was with Reg among the wounded.

Among the wounded there toil the brave, patient men who give their lives—for what? To satisfy, sometimes caprice, sometimes ambition, and neither ever are satisfied.

With a cheery word and pleasant smile for each, Reginald used his skill among them. Many a weeping wife would have called her bonnie, laughing children fatherless, but for the "Médicin l'Anglais" with the limp hair and earnest eyes. And I? I was with him everywhere—on the battle-field, in the tent, and beside the pale, suffering faces, the long row of which constituted a hospital. When the quiet stars peeped in upon his sleeping face, and Birdie's laughing eyes looked from dreamland into his, I heaved with the heaving of the broad, strong breast, and felt the brave, true heart beat beneath me.

One day, when the grapeshot fell thick and fast, and the heavy shells burst with death in every splint, he bent over a poor fellow whose life-blood ebbed fast and silently. In vain he stanched the wound, too deep for aught but death to heal. "Mes enfants, mes enfants!" With his last thought for his babes, he yielded his life to the Giver of it. As Reginald turned with a mist over his earnest eyes, a bullet pierced me on its way into his chest, and he staggered forward.

For twenty-four hours I rose and fell upon the breast of the dying man. Early one morning he used his feeble strength to place me from the little locket into his pocketbook, and scrawl "Reg to Birdie" on the page which held me. The pencil-marks were faint, but she would make them out "for old friendship's sake," he murmured. He wrote the address underneath, and placed me in the hands of his medical comrade.

That evening, when the little pocketbook was opened to note the address, I saw the limp hair lying off the calm, white brow, and the earnest eyes covered by their marble lids. There was no pain about the placid mouth, and he looked very handsome, although it was the still, pale beauty of death upon his face.

Many years have passed since then, and I often hear, "Why do you not marry, Birdie?" But "Birdie" only smiles—the smile of one who has learnt to suffer and be strong.

I alone know how often the soft eyes look upon those feeble, straggling letters, "Reg to Birdie," for I lie near them. If she loves me, it is not because I belonged to her, but that I was with him in battle-field and tent, beating against the strong, true heart that never knew she loved him dearer than herself.

"She will be a noble, earnest woman one day," he said. There is a school in which many seemingly selfish, frivolous creatures become so—the school of suffering. She is noble—noble in unselfishness, in love for others, in tenderness for sorrow and sympathy with suffering; noble in not permitting her life-sorrow and mistake to mar the happiness of those around her; earnest in giving the word of advice just where it is needed, and the warning truth before it is too late. And no young friend is ever vexed when Birdie scolds. She was not true to herself, but perchance the timely word of love may spare others the pain which has been hers.

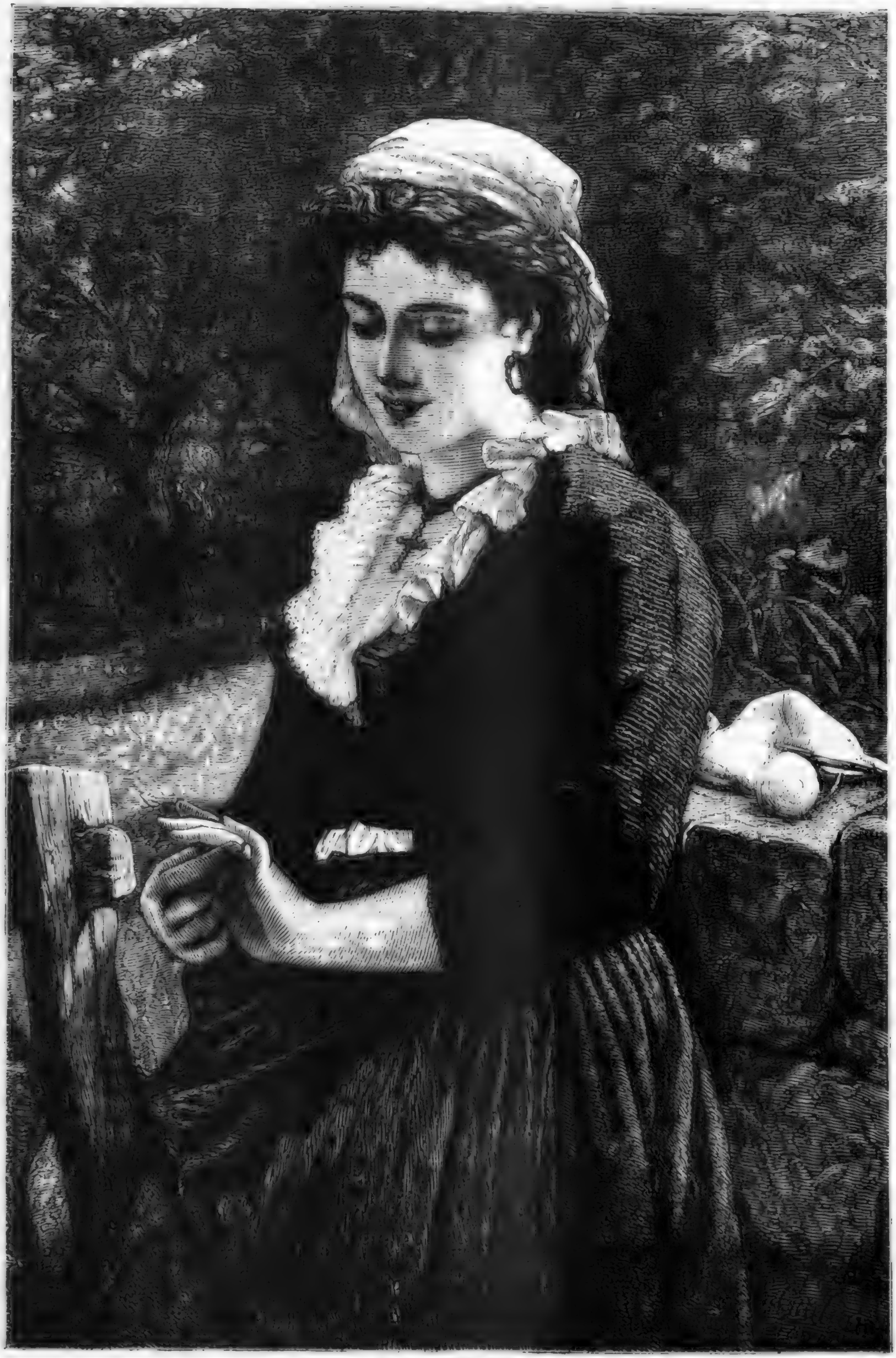
So I lie quietly in my nook, and when I hear folks talk of "selfish, narrow-minded old maids," I wish I could make them a speech upon the subject; but then, you see, I can't, for I am only an old, faded LOVE-CURL.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.

A FEW days before the French Parliamentary vacation commenced, M. Turquet, Under-Secretary for Fine Arts, presented a Bill, in the name of the Ministry of Fine Arts, providing for the partial alienation of the Crown diamonds. Nothing was done in the matter before the Chambers separated, owing to the shortness of the time at disposal, but it is stated that the proposal will be vigorously pushed forward at the opening of next session. The following details on the subject are given in the *Galignani:*

The gems may be divided into two classes, those possessing merely an intrinsic value, and those which, in addition, have an artistic value. The proposal deals with the former alone, estimated to be worth between seven and eight millions of francs, and with the proceeds of their sale it is intended to form a fund to be applied to the purchase, from time to time, of important works of art for the National Museums. At present, no such fund exists, the only approach to it being an annual grant by the Chambers of 250,000 francs, to be employed in effecting the purchases to which we have referred, and it has been found that opportunities for acquiring valuable works of art have been lost by the inadequacy of the amount allowed for the purpose. Instances in point are afforded in the cases of the Luini frescoes and the Firmin-Didot library, when no purchase of importance could be effected for the State from the insufficient means available.

XUM

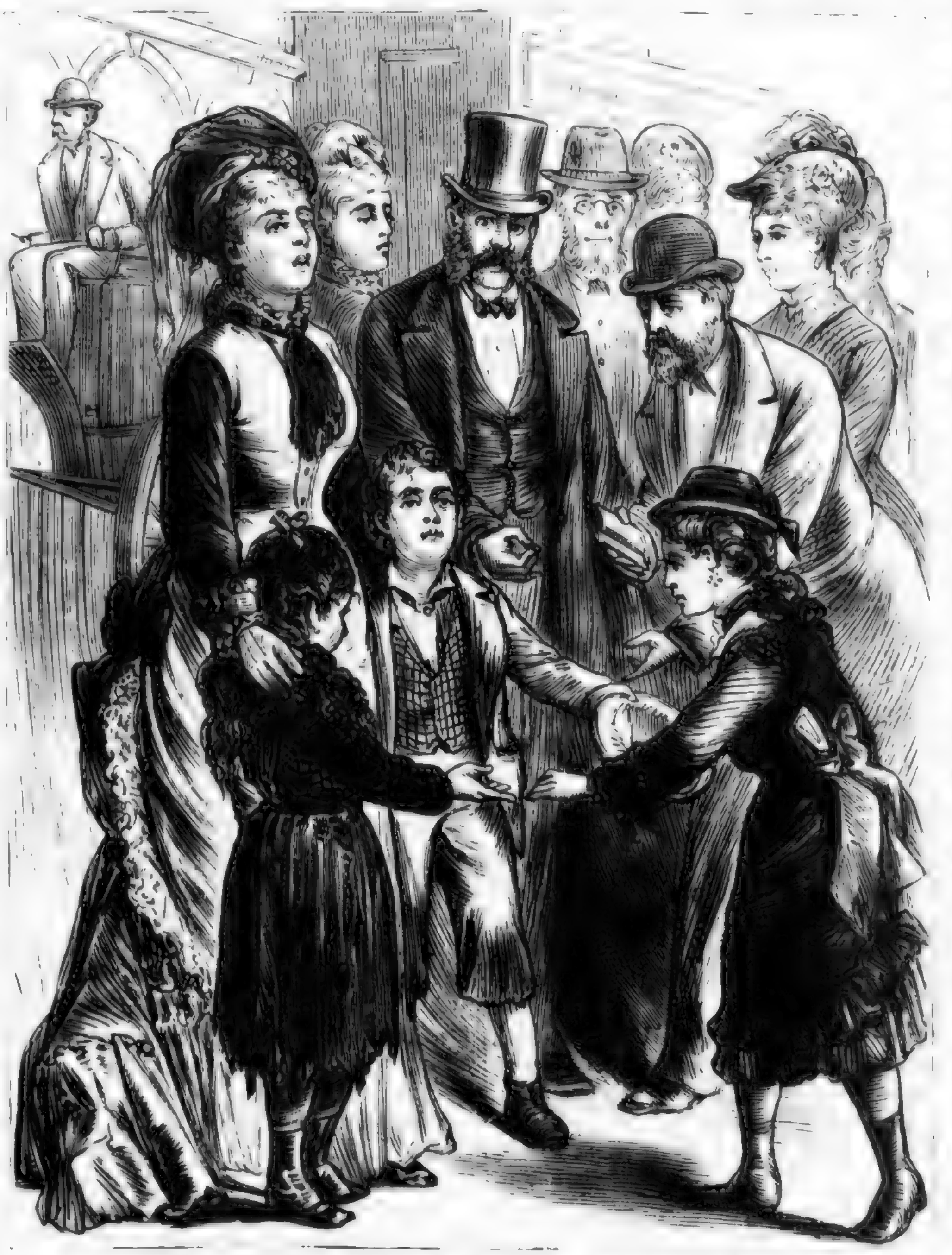


THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

THE SINGER'S STORY.

I WAS a born musician. When I was a child of two, I would spend hours softly touching the piano-keys, and listening with exquisite delight to the sounds. More, I had a beautiful voice—so beautiful, that when I sang lullabys to my dolls, strangers would stop at the door in passing.

I was a fisherman's daughter.



THE SINGER'S STORY.—"THROWING BACK MY VAIL, I PUT THE CHILDREN BEFORE ME, AND BEGAN TO SING."

I grew up healthy and free, and my voice became stronger and sweeter. When I was sixteen, my uncle took me to Philadelphia, and commenced my musical education.

I loved refinement and art; I was pretty; and soon they adopted me. All that sympathy, encouragement and education could do for me became mine. My uncle Archibald was very proud of my voice, and determined that it should reach its full compass.

"You have a bird in your throat which can win you both fame and gold, Gabrielle," he used to say.

Not that he had any definite plans for me. It was enough for him to sit and listen while I played and sang in the twilight—to have the crowded room suddenly hush when *my* voice took up the song. He took the most exquisite pleasure and pride in my successes.

When I was eighteen, he gave me a reception, at which people of high rank and talent paid me so many compliments that I could not but believe in my own powers.

I had not naturally much confidence in myself, and it always required a considerable effort to play or sing before strangers. I always made it, however, when Uncle Archibald wished. I realized that I owed it to him that I was a well-educated, accomplished young lady, instead of an ignorant girl, living obscurely and humbly. I had no taste for the sphere of life into which I was born, and gladly escaped it. After five years' residence with my uncle, I seemed always to have lived in Philadelphia.

One evening when I had been singing to him, he said:

"Gabrielle, I am going to send you abroad."

I turned, and saw that he was in earnest.

"When?"

"In a few weeks—as soon as you can be ready."

"How?"

"In care of your pastor's family, who will start this Spring. But you will not go solely for sight-seeing; you go to study. Your musical education can be finished only in Paris."

I was pleased at the thought of going abroad, although I did not much enjoy the company of my pastor, who was aged, cold and formal. His wife and daughters were also very dignified and precise. But this was the arrangement my uncle had made for me, and I found no fault with it, for I knew, if not congenial, the Sunderlands would keep me strictly to my lessons and practice.

In a month we set sail.

I spent two Winters in close study in Paris. The remainder of the two years I traveled with my friends. Of all lands, I loved Italy the most dearly. The golden-blue skies, the landscapes, the people, the songs, all gave me the most exquisite pleasure, and I vowed never to forget this land of beauty. I felt that I owed it a debt of gratitude for all I had enjoyed there.

We had returned to Paris, where I was finishing a course of lessons, when there came a startling letter from my uncle. I was recalled home. He had failed in business

I crossed on the steamer alone, and hurriedly sought my uncle's house. Closed shutters, silence, darkness.

I hurriedly questioned the servant. Her master was very ill.

Worn out with striving and disappointment, my good Uncle Archibald lay in a darkened chamber—a shadow of his former self. Though this disaster in business had been feared for a year, he had kept me at my studies and pleasures abroad, and never let me know the trouble he was in.

"And are you a poor man now, Uncle Archibald?"

"I shall be, as soon as my house is sold."

I bent and kissed the forehead of this noble and kind old man, who had been my greatest earthly benefactor, vowing that his home should *never* be sold. While he had wealth he had given it freely unto me. Now that he had it not, I would restore it to him!

Yes, I would commence public life as a singer; though, as I have said, constitutionally timid, shrinking from whatever made me conspicuous, I promptly decided upon this course of life.

For the first time delighting in my powers, I hastily sought the leader of a superior opera troupe and offered my services.

He was much pleased. He knew me well, having heard me sing several times at my uncle's house, and he had repeatedly advised me to sing in public.

"But you would need more courage, more confidence. It would greatly aid your success," he used to say.

Now, on my application, enthusiastically in earnest and quite forgetful of self, I must have appeared differently, for he said:

"So you begin to understand yourself—to appreciate our powers. That is good. I shall have great delight in ringing you out."

I had a few weeks of preparation, which were, however, sufficient.

"Don't hurt your health by too close study; that will weaken your voice and spoil everything," said my friend. "You must take a long, brisk walk daily."

In compliance with this advice, I daily threaded the public streets with a free, light step. In all my life I had never been so happy and courageous. I seemed upheld on wings. I knew I should succeed in my undertaking, of which my uncle as yet knew nothing. His sad, patient face had a fascination for me, feasting as I was on the thought of how glad and hopeful I would soon make it appear.

I was passing rapidly along a crowded square, one morning, when a hand touched my arm. It was that of one of two beggar children—Italians.

A thrill went through me as I looked into the girl's soft, dark eyes, and heard her lisp her petition in softer Tuscan. I felt quickly for my purse; but I had left it behind me.

I would have at once drawn a jewel from my finger, but I reflected that it might not be a wise gift.

What could I give this destitute child of my beloved Italy? Suddenly a thought came to me—I would give her a song.

Throwing back my vail, I put the children before me and began to sing. As if a magic spell had been dropped upon them, they all stood silent around me; only there was a little stir on the outside of the crowd which I felt pressed inward and widened—for I was intent only in giving of my sweetest and best in this happy charity. I knew no one in that crowded mart, and did not fear recognition; and in the musical Tuscan words I loved, I caroled loudly and clearly.

Then I seized the child's brown wrist and lifted her thin palm; silver and even gold dropped into it. I caught a glimpse of many wild, delighted, eager eyes; then, as they hustled around the children with a shower of precious coin, so that each joined her little hands to receive it, I slipped aside and ran home with a gay heart.

That night I was to sing. I had kept my health, and as my maid dressed me in the shimmering evening robes, she declared my beauty to be wonderful.

But, as I turned from the mirror, a sudden sickening realization of the strange concourse awaiting my coming filled my heart. The old forgotten dread returned and overwhelmed me. I began to tremble. A wild, shaking fear filled me. I felt for the first time the importance of the occasion. These five thousand people awaiting my singing were not my friends or my uncle's. They had cold, strange hearts for me. They would listen sharply, and judge me rigorously. Oh, God, how frightened I was!

The manager was at the door. He bent to button my glove.

"Good heavens, what pale cheeks!" he cried, in dismay. "Marie, rouge her."

But I motioned the girl away. I came forward, slowly. I seemed to see my old uncle's pathetic eyes, and braced myself accordingly. I moved unclassically upon the stage, feeling blindly for the first words of my song.

I had not lifted my white face, when peal after peal of welcome broke upon me. Kind? Did they mean encouragement? I raised my lashes, feeling a little color running into my pale lips, but the clapping of hands grew louder. A tumult of applause filled the building. The air rained flowers and fragrance. I heard enthusiastic words. Ladies kissed their hands to me. I felt my frozen face soften and brighten, until I met smile with smile.

Still the clapping of hands—still the rain of flowers. This was not merely kind encouragement. It was approval, enthusiasm, delight. I gazed upon the radiant faces wonderingly.

"Sing the ditty you sang this morning for the beggars!" they cried.

My heart's blood filled my cheeks. I trembled. For a moment I stood faltering like a shy child. Then, as they sympathetically hushed, awaiting the words of my song, I softly syllabled the first strain, and caroled to the end the simple Tuscan ditty.

Ah, how pleased they were! how kind! how warm my heart! I feared no longer. I could have sung for them all night. When I retired, the old manager, my friend, embraced me.

"It is all right, my child. They know you—they love you!"

Ah! I lived years in that beautiful evening. Heaven only knows how my heart trembled with gratitude that it was a success. I flew home to my uncle; I knelt down by his pillow, and kissed his cheek. He looked at my dress, my loose hair full of flowers, my burning cheeks and dancing eyes.

"Gabrielle!" he cried, "you have been in opera?"

And then I confessed, and told my glad tidings.

Ah, success is sweet! I had been favored—my feet, so timid, were set in a flowery path. The way has ever been bright and fair. I love my vocation.

But when the song is done, and the lights are quenched, I speed away as gayly to the bright home I have secured, and made it the resting-place of a fond old heart. I have filled it with all the luxuries which money will buy, and many friends throng it; but though triumphs crowd around me, none will ever, I think, be as sweet as my first success.

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BRICK TEA.

In a recent report on the trade of Kin Kiang, China, some interesting facts are given in regard to the manufacture of and traffic in a product known as "brick tea." The quantity of this kind of tea exported from Kin Kiang during one year has amounted to 681,333 pounds. There are three kinds of brick tea made. The first, or largest kind, is a cake of coarse green tea, which weighs, when thoroughly dried, about three and one-half pounds, and is about one foot long by seven inches wide. These cakes are made in a wooden mold while wet, and compressed by a lever press and afterward dried. This is all done by hand labor, and affords employment to a large number of coolies. When dried, each cake is wrapped in paper and packed in strong baskets, each containing thirty-six cakes. The cost of this tea per basket is about $6.75, and the annual exportation amounts to from 15,000 to 20,000 baskets.

The tea is sent from Kin Kiang to Tientsin, from whence it goes overland through Mongolia for consumption among the inhabitants of West and Northwest Siberia, in the province of Kazan, on the Volga, and by the Kirghis and other Seutas tribes. A cake of tea of the same form, but of a much commoner quality, costing about $5.25, made by the Chinese at Yang-loutung, in Hupeh, is largely consumed in Mongolia. There being no copper currency in that country, the Chinese bankers in Mongolia keep stores of this brick tea and issue it as a monetary medium.

The second kind of brick tea is of a finer quality, each cake weighing one and one-half pounds, and being eight and one-quarter inches long by five and one-quarter inches wide. It is packed in baskets, each containing eighty or ninety, and costs about $8.25 per basket. This kind is consumed in West and Southwest Siberia, at Kazan, and on the Amoor.

The third kind of brick tea is made of black tea dust, each cake weighing two and one-quarter pounds, and being eight and one-half inches long by six inches wide. It is packed in baskets containing sixty-four cakes each, and costs $8 per basket. It is consumed throughout Siberia and in Eastern European Russia by the peasantry. It is made into cakes at Foochow, Kin Kiang and Hangkow. The yearly exportation from the three places is about 100,000 baskets. It is stated that at Hangkow there are now four brick tea factories, two of which employ steam power. The employment of steam instead of hand presses will ultimately cheapen the cost of production, and at the same time a more satisfactory article will be placed on the market. Brick tea made in the old manner was not pressed sufficiently hard to enable it to successfully resist the rough treatment it received *en route*, and frequently reached its destination in a broken and crumbling condition, which detracted from its value, buyers laying considerable stress on its hardness and perfection.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES IN INDIA.

The life of a native lady can in no way be compared with that of an English one. In her childhood she sees her father fondling his male children, and knows them to be taken about and loved, whilst she is kept in her own apartment, shut up, almost excluded from outside society; and this state of nearly total seclusion from life and happiness continues to the end of her days. And he, the husband, to whom she is married in perfect ignorance as to what he may prove, considers her, according to a man's own statement, "a nice creature, pleasing at times, but not quite so useful as a horse." With the Hindus there is very little difference. A writer well informed on Indian subjects says: "A Hindu naturally despises women, and among them no wife ever looks for kindness, or even attention, from her husband, who disdains even to mention her name, or to permit her to eat until he has entirely finished, although her own male children sit down with him; and so what remains from the children forms the mother's share." Of course, the force of circumstances prevents this being carried out in some classes of Hindus—amongst the low castes, for instance. Yet, doubtless, the spirit is the same throughout, otherwise the treatment of women would be different.

One can easily arrive at a pretty accurate idea of the estimation in which women are invariably held by natives, by noticing how, instead of abusing a man regarding himself, directly to himself, his female relatives are spoken of. I remember, on going first to Calcutta, being engaged in business matters with a very clever native gentleman, who can speak and write English as well as I can. From his earliest days he has associated with Europeans, and belongs to the Brahms-Semaj caste. Although this religion rather nearly approaches the Protestant one in the results of its teaching, and notwithstanding that this gentleman understood English customs perfectly well, when in return for his inquiry had I left all my friends at home well, I asked, as would any Englishman, knowing him to be a married man, "Was Mrs. —— well?" (apologizing for the English prefix), he answered me very quietly, "Thank you, my family are all well; but be careful in speaking to Bengalis, for any mention of a man's wife to him is a great insult."

PEASANT LIFE IN BENGAL.

The daily life of the family is a series of pictures of Arcadian simplicity. At daybreak, when the crows begin to caw, the whole household is astir. The two elder brothers are off to the fields, while Gayaram is seeing after the cows. The women are busy in the huts and courtyard. Sometimes the men come home to their midday meal, and sometimes it is carried to them in the fields. At sunset the work of the day is brought to a close. A mat is spread in the courtyard, and the men sit down cross-legged and smoke their bubble-bubbles; at such time it is the joy of Baden's life to listen to the childish prattle of his little daughter Malati. Occasionally the mothers pay visits to their neighbors, or neighbors drop in and join in the smoking. The conversation is nearly always the same—the weather, the bullocks, the crops and the cows; the plowing, harvesting, sowing or irrigating. But money is ever the burden of the talk—rupees, annas and pice; the *zemindar's* rent; the interest paid to the money-lender; the cost, loss or profit of every transaction connected with farm or household.

The whole family is religious; indeed, all Hindoos are religious. They may be everything that is good or bad, but they are never wanting in fear of the gods. They are constantly uttering the sacred names, and they offer a portion of every meal to the gods of the earth, water and sky. They see deity in everything that exists, and omens of good or evil in everything that moves. If they meet a cow or a wedding, they rejoice over their good fortune; if they see a widow or a funeral, they are down-hearted at their ill-luck. They engage in no business, or journey or transaction of any sort or kind, without a prayer to the goddess Lakishimi or an invocation to the elephant-headed Ganesha.

XUM

ONLY A CHILD'S GRAVE.

It is only the form of a heaped-up sod,
And some words in a sculptured wreath,
That tell of a soul gone home to God,
While the rest lies underneath.
It is only the grave of a little child;
A shred on the sea of Time;
A spot over which the winds run wild,
And clothe it with frosty rime.

But I, who stood in this very place,
One sultry Summer's day,
Beheld a mother, with whitened face,
Bend over her baby's clay -
Bend down till she clasped the tiny shell,
With all its polish and sheen,
Close up to her snow-white bosom's swell,
Her marble arms between.

I know of a home not far away,
Where peace and plenty abounds,
But the light went out one Summer's day,
From the beautiful house and grounds.
There were little feet that pattered about,
Now still in the sleep of death,
And the walls that rang with a childish shout
Scarce echo a passing breath.

I know of a drawer in an ebony frame,
Wherein there is hoarded wealth;
Where every day comes a stately dame
To kneel and to weep by stealth.
Her wealth is a half-worn suit of blue,
Some books and a broken toy,
A velvet cap and a little shoe,
And the picture of her boy.

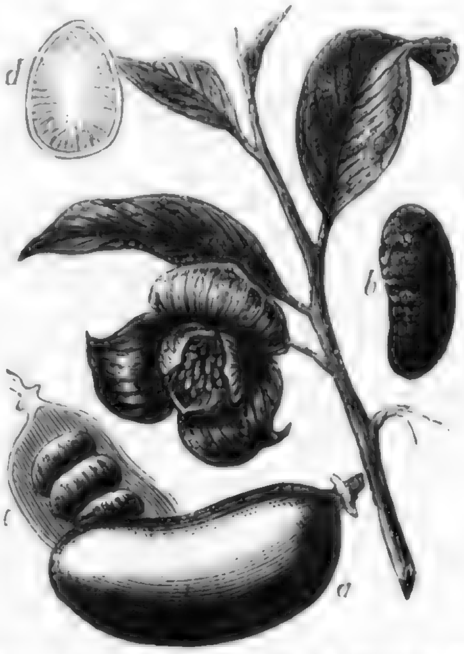
For these—she would give her gems and gold,
Would barter her house and lands;
For these—were they to be bought and sold,
She would work with her delicate hands.
One half of her heart lies here in this grave,
The other is out with the world,
Playing a part as callous as brave,
Till the scroll of her life is unfurled.

Ay! it is only the grave of a child,
Some sods o'er a sinless form.
Could it be by prayer from death beguiled,
Could it be by love made warm,
The winds would wander around this spot,
And the frost erect its whitened crest,
But the frost and winds would find it not,
For the babe would be on its mother's breast.

THE PAPAW (ASIMINA TRILOBA).

Among the native fruits of our northern latitudes in America, there is perhaps none better known to the young who have grown up in the pure air, and less known to the denizens of cities, than the papaw, or, as our Canadian neighbors call it, the asiminier.

The papaw-tree grows to the height of some fifteen or twenty feet, worthless for its wood, but dotting the landscape pleasantly with its smooth, silver-gray bark, brilliant leaves and pendent purple masses of flowers—or, later in the season, with its irregularly oval yellow fruit This is not an article of commerce anywhere, we believe; but young folks enjoy it, and our Indian predecessors made it serve its turn as food. Its soft pulp is fragrant, some say insipid, but might be improved by cultivation. On the streams in the Middle, Southern and Western States, which it loves, it sometimes forms thickets covering acres, and these are favorite grounds for frolics of the young folk gathering the fruit.



a, Fruit; *b*, Seed; *c*, Section of Fruit; *d*, Section of Seed.

THE PAPAW (ASIMINA TRILOBA).

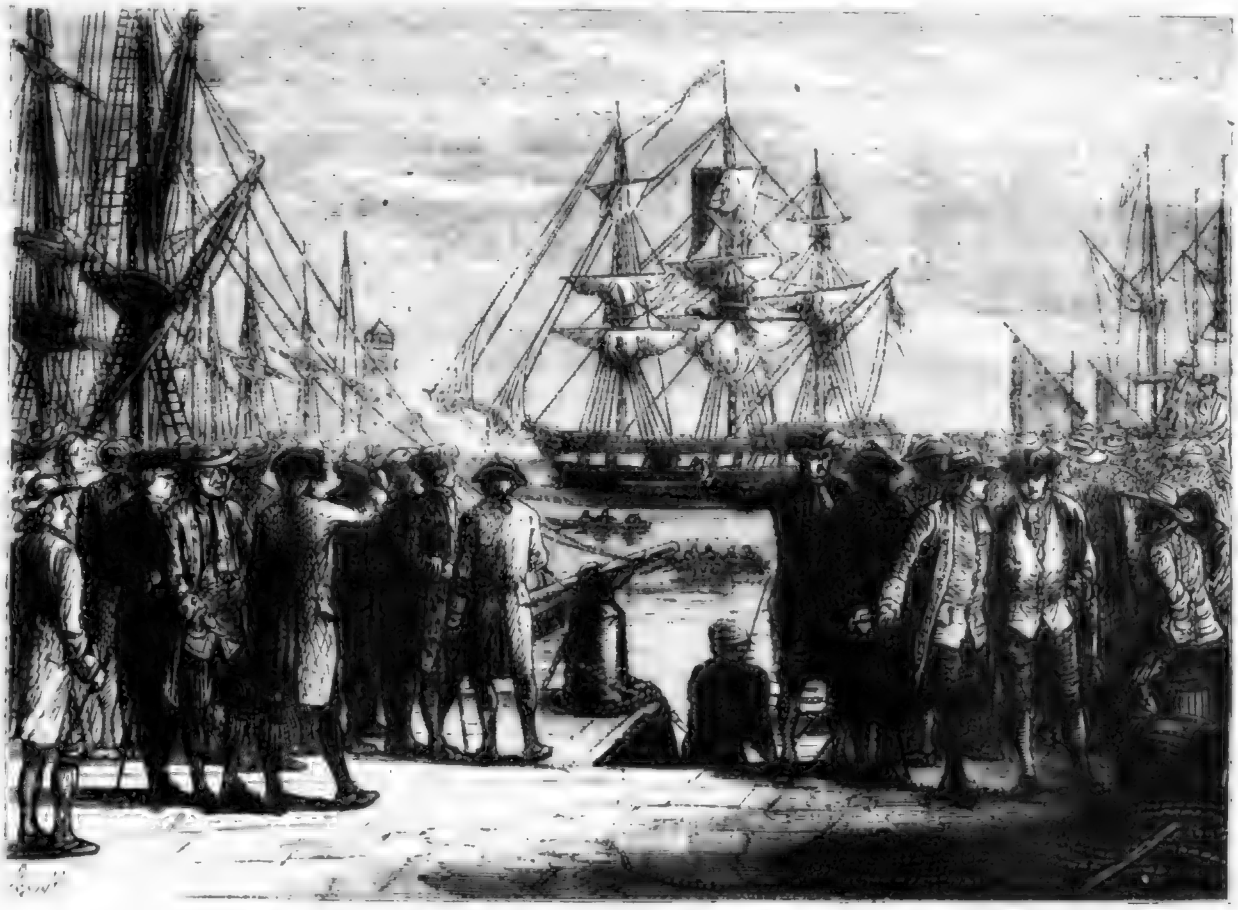
There is another small-flowered variety, that rarely exceeds two feet in height, found on the coast of Carolina and Georgia. Another variety, found in the latter State and Florida, is still smaller, and rivals the magnolia in its beautiful blossoms.

The delicious custard-apple of the West Indies belongs to the same family as this comparatively despised native fruit, which is waiting for cultivation and improvement to be admitted to good society.

A SHORT TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.

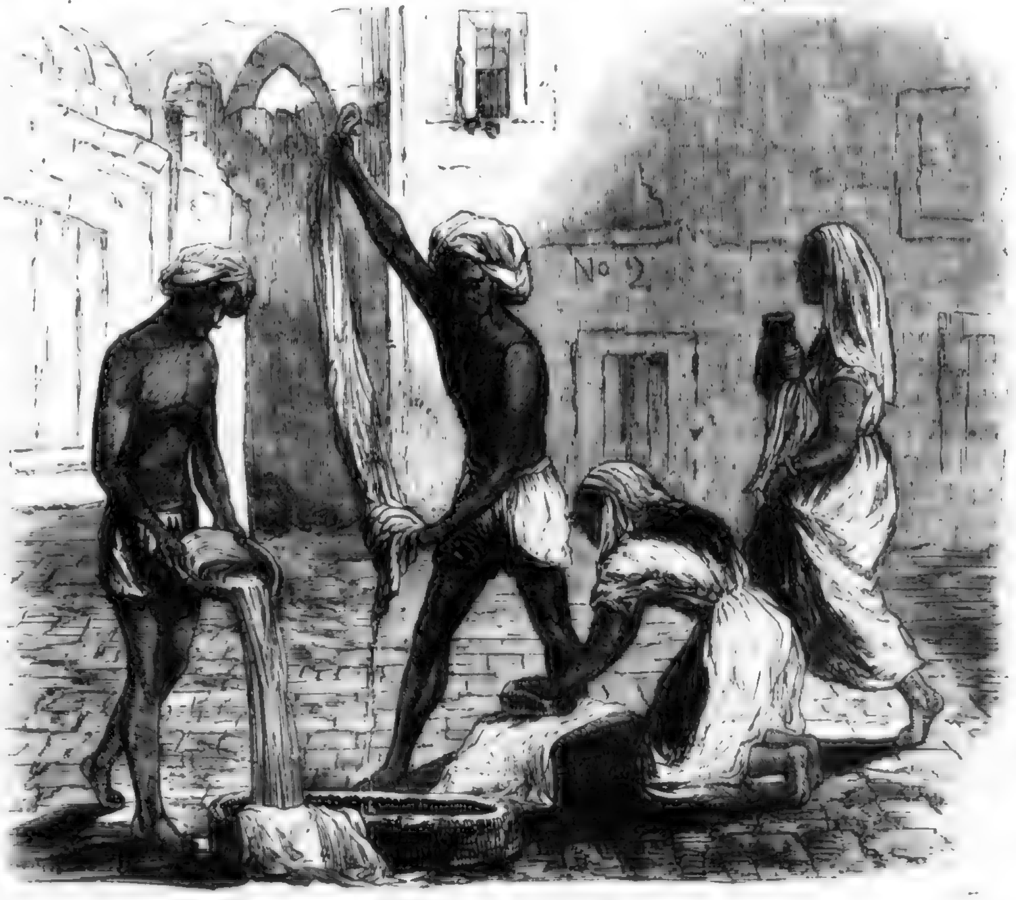
By Thomas W. Knox.

If stout old Sir Francis Drake, the first navigator to sail around the globe, could appear on earth to-day, he would be quite justifiable in standing transfixed with astonishment. The announcement that he could encircle our sphere in less than eighty days would be too much for his equanimity, when he reflected that the voyage in the *Elizabeth*, from Plymouth back to Plymouth again, consumed



EMBARKING FOR A VOYAGE AROUND THE WORLD IN THE OLDEN TIME.

nearly two years, and compelled him to cross the equator no less than four times. The performance of the modern steamship would be likely to bewilder him, and he could scarcely comprehend the transit of the American Continent in a single week. From New York to Omaha without change of cars, or clothes, would be beyond his understanding, and from Omaha to San Francisco in a Pullman car would appear to his old-fashioned mind like the work of the magician. There is good reason to believe he would not be thankful that he had been awakened from his sleep of three centuries. To the question, "What would Admiral Drake say if he were alive now?" the historic Irishman might respond, "He would say he's glad he's dead!"



CLOTHES-WASHING IN INDIA.

From the two years required for the circumnavigation of the globe in the time of Sir Francis, the progress down to our day was not very rapid. For two hundred years after that eventful voyage of the *Elizabeth*, there was little if any reduction in the time for a similar cruise, though there was a material diminution in the profits to be derived from semi-piratical adventures along the route. The brave old admiral made his enterprise remunerative in a high degree, both to his Government and himself; the courts are said to be troubled at the present day about the rightful ownership of some dozens of millions which belonged originally to the estate of Sir Francis Drake and have increased through the operations of time and the tables of

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simple and compound interest. If modern voyaging could be as profitable as was the cruise of the *Elizabeth* under the control of the pioneer of circumnavigation, the ocean would be stippled with sails, and half our citizens would go a-plundering, with the understanding that those who staid at home should have a two-fifths interest in the enterprise as compensation for their abstention. But, alas for us! not only has the age of chivalry gone, but the age of piracy; it flourishes only among the barbarians of the Malay and Chinese coasts, and sometimes among the free-handed publishers of England and America, in consequence of the absence of a law of international copyright.

Time was when the pirate was the hero of the novelist and the poet; when fair women loved him, and would rather marry him than link their fortunes with those of a clergyman or a country doctor; when to plunder a merchantman was to win admiration, and to bring home a wealth of gold was a sure way to absolution. There were squeamish persons who thought it a little "off color" for the pirate to compel his captives to "walk the plank," and who uttered expressions of horror when he burned a useless prize with all on board; but they were not a majority, and their sentiments found no place in the romance of modern times.

Where is the boy of the last generation who did not long to be a pirate, and for whom "The Pirate's Own Book" was other than the most welcome specimen of literature that could be found? But who would be a pirate now—with the chances of capture and ignominious execution so painfully against him? The romance of the sea was destroyed when the ocean steamship was invented, as it rung the knell of successful piracy. No more could the swift brigantine lie in wait among the nooks and bays of Cuba, or sweep the seas in search of her prey; sail as fast as she might, she could not outstrip the prosaic gunboat with its lungs of fire that bore it steadily onward through storm and through calm. Once the swift sailer was the sovereign of the seas, but with the coming of the steamer the domination of the white-winged craft was known no more. I repeat the question, Who would be a pirate now?

And in these modern times much of the romance, or, rather, of the poetry, of the sea has followed in the wake of the piracy whose demise we so deeply mourn. One can grow sentimental about the ship, with her clouds of canvas, her prow cleaving the waves, her keel plowing the bright waters of the dark blue sea, the spray dashing against her oaken sides, the cool breezes of the ocean fanning the brow of the gallant sailor, and the noble craft bending beneath the impulse of the steady wind that wafts the odors of the spicy isles of the land of the blest; we adore the weather-beaten captain who has sailed in all latitudes, and boxed the compass in every quarter of the globe; and we realize his pride when he orders his men into the rigging to furl the binnacle, take a reef in the keel, or hoist away the lee-scuppers. It may puzzle us when we know how frequently he was accustomed to splice the main-brace; but our astonishment ceases when we learn that this delicate accomplishment of the mariner was performed without going on deck. Where is the poetry of the sea since the steamship took the place of the skipper? where is the gallant captain, and where are his gallant men? The sailor has made way for the stoker; the sails are furled, and more frequently there are no sails to furl; from port to port the steamer proceeds with the regularity of a railway-train, and turns neither to the right nor to the left for favoring winds. The knell of true seamanship was rung when the *Savannah* and *Great Western* succeeded in crossing the Atlantic.

There was a glorious uncertainty about the voyages of Sir Francis Drake and Captain Cook that exists no longer. It was a problem if ever those navigators should return; and, in the case of Captain Cook, the solution was not to the satisfaction of that enterprising explorer and his friends. But, setting aside the ordinary uncertainty of human affairs, a voyage of circumnavigation to-day is no more problematic than a trip from New York to Chicago. A man may start for a journey around the world, and fix almost to a day the date of his return. On the third day of July, 1877, a gentleman sailed from San Francisco for Japan, China, India, and other Eastern countries, intending to return by way of Europe. A friend was at the dock to see him off, and, as they shook hands in farewell, the friend said:

"I am going to Paris next Spring; when will you meet me there?"

The outward-bound voyager thought a moment, and then said: "I'll meet you in Paris on the 15th of April."

And so they separated, one to go west, and the other, a few months later, to go east.

On the evening of the 14th of April the first-mentioned tourist landed at Marseilles, and the next day he was at Paris; his friend, who had been notified by telegraph, was at the station to meet him, and the meeting, as we see, was exactly on the day appointed. A traveler can arrange his time with absolute certainty, if he will take the trouble to study the tables of the steamship and railway lines, and determine the period of his detention in each city and country along his route. And this is precisely what was done in the instance I have mentioned.

A man in New York thinks nothing of making a business appointment for a week from to-day; he is going to Chicago in the meantime, but will be back on the date he names. It is just as feasible for him to say, "It is now the 13th of June; I must go to Hong Kong for a little business which will keep me a couple of days, and the movements of the steamers are such that I shall lose a day and a half waiting there when my business is ended. If you will call at my office at noon on the 24th of August, we will go to lunch and talk this matter over; I really haven't time to attend to it to-day. I may possibly have to go to Calcutta; if so, I'll telegraph you, and we'll make the appointment hold over till the 18th of September, as I shall arrive by the Inman steamer on the 17th. Good-day; I leave by this evening's train."

Many persons who have read the fascinating volume from the pen of Jules Verne, "Around the World in Eighty Days," or have seen the play based upon it, are skeptical as to the correctness of the story and the possibility of making the journey in the time indicated. The incidents in the narrative are well understood to be fanciful, and the majority of them are absurd; but the author has fallen short of the possibilities of the case, in the matter of time, as I shall show at the end of this article. I have heard many criticisms of this book; the most amusing of them that I now recall, was by a sea-captain whom I met in China. For a full understanding of his comments on the work, it will be necessary to explain that a powerful wind, known as the northeast monsoon, blows down the coast, from Shanghai to Hong Kong, from October to April, while an equally strong wind, the southwest monsoon, blows up the coast, from Hong Kong to Shanghai, for the other half of the year. So certain is the monsoon, and withal so powerful, that the steamship time-tables for the Eastern seas all contain monsoon allowances, and an increase or decrease of not less than twenty per cent. may be looked for, according to the period of the year and the prevailing monsoon.

I was talking with this ancient mariner about the book which has added so much to Jules Verne's reputation, when he suddenly elevated his nose in the air, and spoke very contemptuously of the story. I came to the rescue of the author by suggesting that, in spite of its fanciful character, I had found a great deal of interest in "Around the World in Eighty Days."

"Interest!" the captain exclaimed; "I thought so, too, till I came to where he took the party on a yacht from Hong Kong to Shanghai in four days. If it had been in the Summer, when the southwest monsoon is on, it would have been all right; but he had them do it in December, when the northeast monsoon is blowing a gale, and no yacht could have done it in a month. When I came to that I wouldn't read any further, but pitched the book overboard."

Moral.—When you are combining fact and fiction, you should be very particular about your facts. The fiction will take care of itself.

Year by year the travel around the world increases, and doubtless it will continue to increase as people become familiar with the requirements of time and money for the journey. Let me endeavor to answer a few of the practical questions that arise as to time, cost and other conditions of a swing around the great circle.

A ticket around the world can be bought at a price varying from one thousand to twelve hundred dollars, according to the line of steamers chosen for certain parts of the route, and whether one passes through India or adheres to the steamer from Singapore to Suez. The time required is from three months upward, according to the abilities of the traveler to spare it, and the amount of money at his disposal. The old adage, that time is money, is nowhere more applicable than on the journey around the world. You can't have a good time unless you have the money to pay for it, and you can't have a good time with your money unless you have time enough to spend it properly.

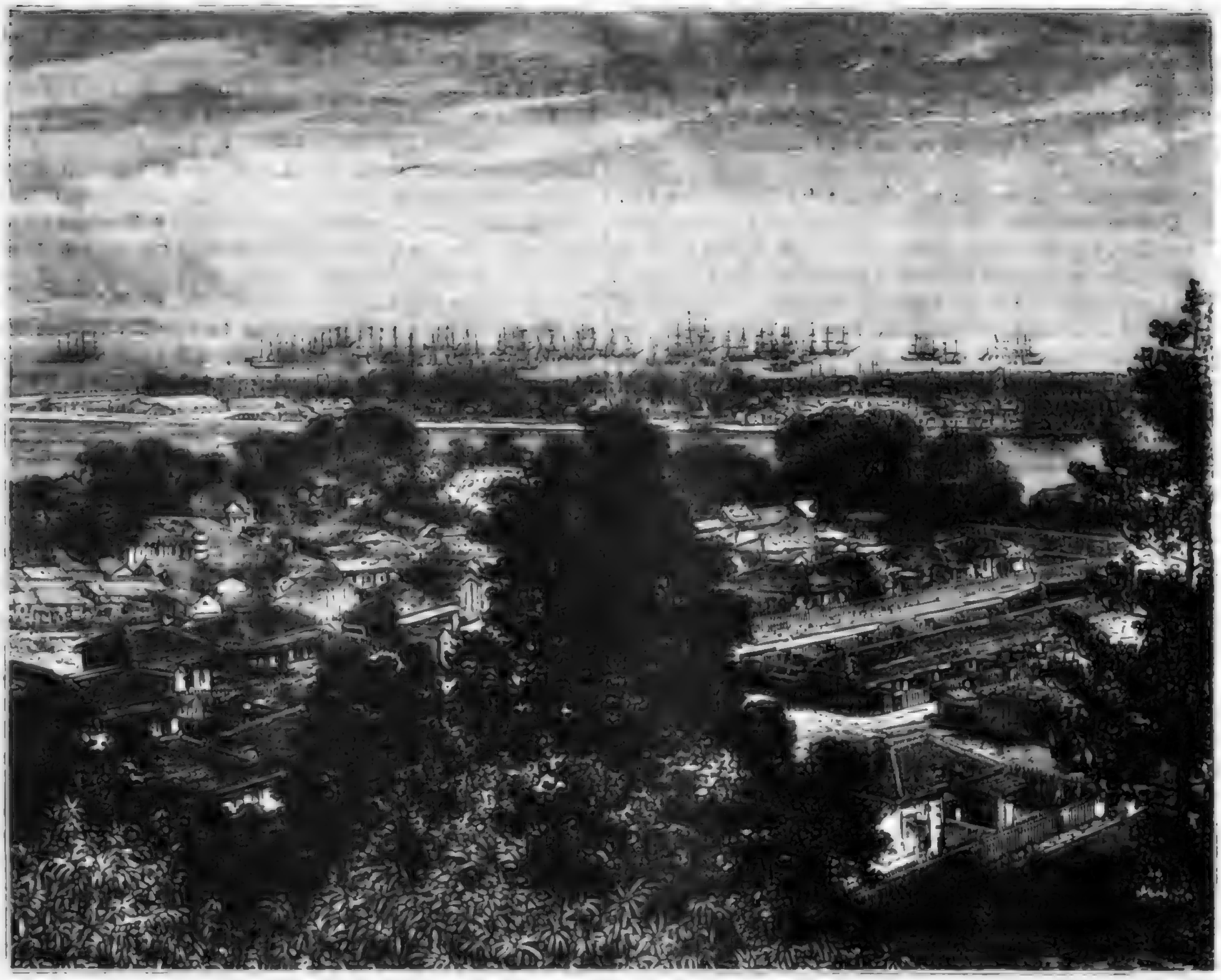
"How much does it cost to go around the world?" is as difficult to answer as "How much does a horse cost?" One man will get along with a quarter of what another will consider absolutely necessary, and can live luxuriously on what will starve another. Tastes and ways differ in travel as in anything else, and an exact rule cannot be set for everybody. A youth who has not learned by practical experience the value of a dollar, who indulges in ways of living more or less riotous, and, above all, who occasionally whiles the weary hours at the seductive game of poker with chance travelers, will require a liberal allowance to enable him to make the circuit of the world in what he would call "style." This allowance might be anywhere from five or six thousand dollars upward, and would probably leave occasional souvenirs in the shape of unpaid bills, which are altogether too numerous at present for the reputation of our countrymen. But to the man of unwasteful habits, who knows the worth of his money and quietly makes up his mind to have it, who uses his eyes and his brains, finds what is proper to pay in each instance, and then pays it, the journey can be made in ten months, at an expenditure of about three thousand dollars, or, perhaps, thirty-five hundred. Ten months will allow for sufficient stoppages along the route, and the sum I have indicated will enable him to travel first-class on all ships and stop at first-class hotels—if the majority of the caravansaries in the East can be called first-class. Generally the only features about them that warrant that name are their bills. The traveler can also purchase a fair allowance of inexpensive "curios," as souvenirs of his tour, without going beyond the last figure I have named.

When any one has fully made up his mind to purchase a ticket around the world, I would advise him not to do anything of the kind. He would do much better to buy from place to place, instead of binding himself to any particular line; it often happens that one is seriously inconvenienced by a through ticket, and the amount he has saved is no compensation for the annoyance. In many cases a through ticket is no saving whatever, and I have known instances in Europe where a through ticket from one point to another by the tourist agencies was actually dearer than the local fares added together. From New York, or any other American city, to Yokohama, is as far as I would advise any one to buy his ticket; beyond Yokohama the routes divide, and your movements depend upon circumstances which generally are not easy to foresee. Therefore, when you have determined to buy a ticket around the world, buy it as you go along, and not all in a lump.

In my opinion, the best way of going around the world from America is by going westward. The seasons can be taken more easily in their natural course in this way than by going eastward, and each country on the route can be seen in the best time for seeing it. The monsoons can be taken in a favoring direction, and the typhoons, those scourges of the Eastern waters, can be avoided. From May to July is the best time for leaving San Francisco—not earlier than the first of May, and not later than the first week of July. This will give the Summer months in Japan, the Autumn for China and Siam—if the latter country is included—and the Winter for Java, the Straits, Ceylon and India. By the end of February, one should leave India, spend a fortnight or three weeks in Egypt, and then go on to Europe. He can land at Naples late in March or early in April, and then go north with the season till he reaches that Mecca of the wanderer—Paris. Thence, if he does not possess the ingenuity to find his way home, he has traveled to very little purpose; whether he will be anxious to find his way home from Paris at an early date depends largely upon circumstances—and upon Paris.

It is advisable for the intending traveler to have his finances so arranged that he will run no risk of being stranded penniless in some Eastern port and compelled to wait till a remittance reaches him. A letter of credit for the whole amount needed on the journey is the best thing to have; but if this is not attainable, he should carry a credit for at least half the amount, and arrange for remittances in sterling drafts on London to meet him at points previously designated. These should be forwarded in duplicate in registered letters, and by different mails, so that a loss of one will not be likely to mean the loss of both. And in order to take these registered letters from the post-office, and for other purposes of identification, every traveler should carry a passport. Many people go abroad without passports, and never have occasion for them; but it is a matter of common prudence to be equipped with this document. You can never know when it will be wanted. I am reminded of the man on the Western plains who said of his revolver: "I may not want it at all, and quite probably sha'n't; but if I do want it, I shall want it awful bad, I tell you." It is about the same way with a passport.

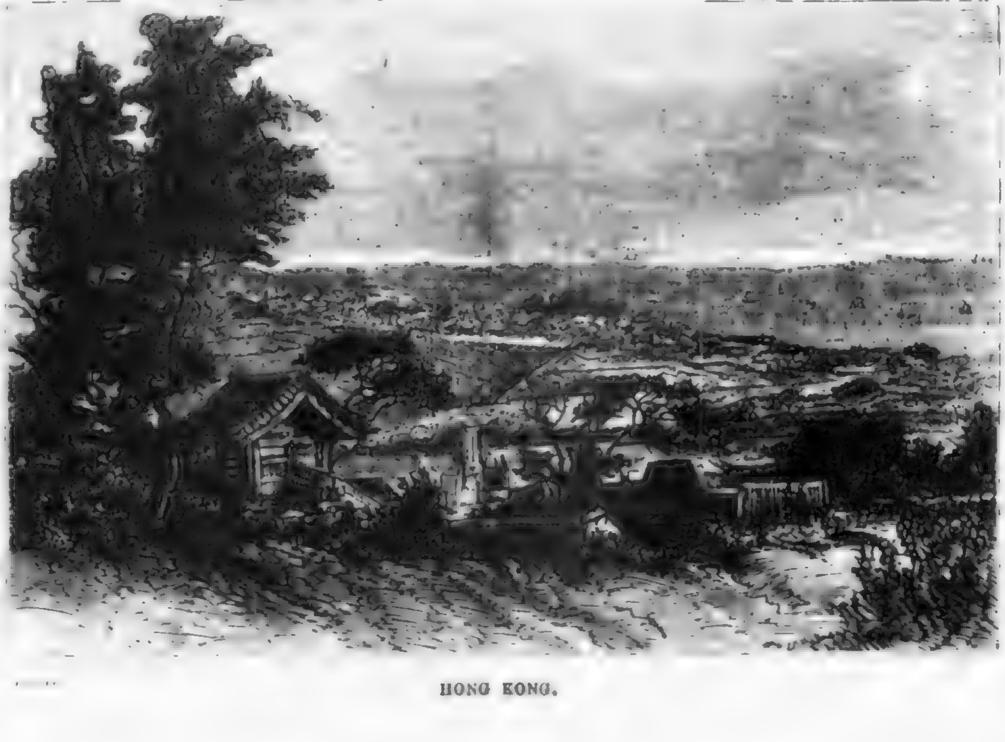
In taking out a letter of credit, be sure and have it from a house that has correspondents in the principal cities and the open ports of the East. The same precaution should be observed relative to drafts that may be forwarded to meet the traveler at any of the points he is to touch; and he should not conclude that because he is personally cognizant of the high standing of a banking house, it will be



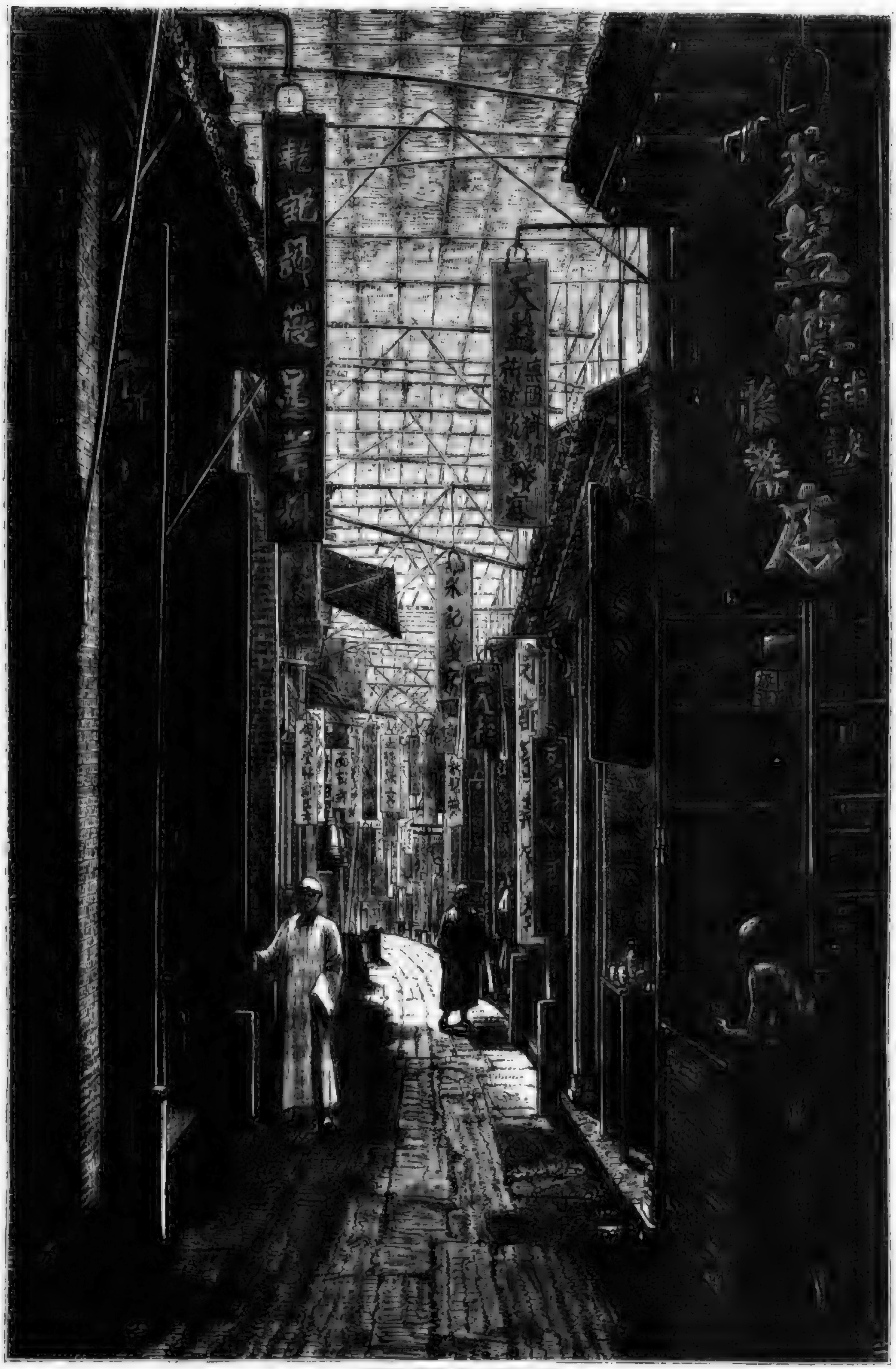
VIEW OF YOKOHAMA AND THE ROADSTEAD.

all right wherever he goes. A draft made by a well-known house in New York on the Barings, of London, reached me in Singapore; when I proceeded to turn it into cash I was surprised to find that nobody in Singapore had ever heard of the makers of the draft, and if I had been without introductions, and had had no letter of credit in reserve, I should have been in a very awkward predicament. I repeat, that too much precaution cannot be observed about one's means of obtaining money in the far East; and I furthermore repeat, that to be stranded on the other side of the world without cash is very inconvenient.

Every consul in Japan and China could relate a harrowing tale concerning the appeals that are constantly made to him to aid distressed Americans, whose impecuniosity is due, nine times in ten, to their own imprudence, or worse. There are travelers and travelers: the first pay their bills like honest men, and sponge upon nobody; while the second start upon a journey without a quarter of the necessary cash for its disbursements, or with no cash at all. They rely upon their ability to borrow enough in each place to carry them to the next, and in one way or another they manage to get around the world at more expense to others than to themselves. It is needless to add that they never repay the so-called "loans" they have negotiated, and the consul is severely out of pocket in



HONG KONG.



A STREET SCENE IN CANTON, CHINA.

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consequence of the swindling propensities of his countrymen.

We will suppose you have equipped yourself with the necessary letter of credit; the next thing is to have a suitable frame of mind for the journey, and the next is a light and properly garnished trunk. The frame of mind is an important consideration. If you are a morose, ill-tempered brute, determined to see nothing good in any country but your own, you had better stay at home; and if a friend has arranged to travel with you, it would be an act of kindness to advise him to drop you and go with some one else, or alone. If you start out with a determination to growl at everything that does not suit you, you will have an abundance of growling to do, and if you can afford the expense, you had better take a valet along to do the business for you. Things will be going wrong at every step, and the best you can do is to make the best of the situation; submit to the inevitable, and make a well-conducted but emphatic row when a row will do any good. Travel, like poverty, acquaints one with strange bedfellows; and if the bedfellows, like poverty again, cannot be shaken off or kicked out, you must sleep on as best you can. Go on your journey determined to be as happy as you can, to see the bright side of everything as much as possible, and the dark side as little; remember that there is good in nearly everything in the world if we know how to find it, and that we are not likely to find it unless we look for it. When compelled to sleep with only a cellar door for covering, do not meditate upon your wretchedness, and envy the millionaires who repose on downy beds; think rather of the thousands and millions who are cellar-doorless, and consider yourself lucky to have such a superb wrapper for your weary limbs. Remember the man who could only find a fish-net for a bedquilt on a sharp night, and consoled himself with the reflection that it would tangle the cold, anyhow; array yourself in a pleasant smile and the other garments of civilization, and you will find the journey far more useful and agreeable than if you take the other course. Blood is thicker than water.

As to baggage, you don't want a large amount to start with. A couple of ordinary suits of clothing, and a dress suit for dinners, will be the basis; remember that the dress suit is indispensable, as its absence will sometimes deprive you of the pleasure of attending an interesting ceremonial, and that a gentleman in the East, as well as in Europe, is expected to wear an evening garb when invited to dinner. A light overcoat should be taken, and a heavy one for rough work; the latter should be of coarse but strong material, and will often come handy at sea when storms are blowing, and on land when the owner is compelled to camp out or travel through severe weather. A rug or shawl may be taken, if one has a fancy for it, but it is not at all necessary, as the stout overcoat supplies its place, and serves the additional purposes of an overcoat. Take the same underclothing that you would take for a six weeks' trip anywhere in the States; when your stock is exhausted you can buy a fresh supply in any of the ports or inland cities of the East, particularly the former. Clothing of all kinds is as cheap in Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, or the other great ports, as in New York, and in some of the cities I have mentioned it is cheaper. It would be well to have your shirt-maker get you up a dozen shirts of a kind specially adapted to the journey, and if you are inclined to be a "swell," you might take two or three dozen. Have them made of the strongest muslin you can find; pay no attention to fineness, but a great deal to strength. The front, or "bosom," may be as fine as you please, but I wouldn't be too particular about it; as to the rest, the nearer you can come to sailcloth or sheet-iron the better.

The laundress in the far East is invariably a man, and, to judge by the way he knocks your clothing to pieces, he must be the strongest man in the community. He is native and to the manner born, and his manner is not at all pleasing. In Yokohama, and other Japanese cities, he is, of course, a Jap; in China, he is the "wanchee washee" man, with whom San Francisco and New York are familiar; in Java, he is a Malay, and in India he is a Bengalee. No matter which one you have first, you will think he is worse than any of the others can possibly be, and when you try the others you find that your first love was the mildest of them all. After a careful study of the various wash-fiends, I have reached the conclusion that the Bengalee is the worst of the lot for destructiveness, but he is only an infinitesimal distance ahead of the Chinese.

The Eastern way of washing is to pound the garments with a club, when clubs are handy, but as they are generally out of the way, and firewood is dear, the artist contents himself with laying your shirts and other things on a stone, and pounding them with another stone; and the rougher these two geological products are, the better for his purpose.

Another way is for the skilled operator to form the things he is cleansing into a club, and with it he pounds a stone or a log with the fury of a man killing a boa constrictor. Your garments come home to you with edges frayed and with great rents in them, where the muscular energy of the laundryman has taken the place of soap. If he is a true artist, he has filled the garments with gravel before submitting them to the pounding process; and he finds that when he adopts the club formation I have described, that a stone weighing a pound or so will add momentum to the mass if it is judiciously folded within. When a handkerchief is thus laden, and swung violently against a log, the result is a goodly sized hole in the centre in a very short time—and even the toughest shirt will suffer by this heroic treatment. Three or four washings will generally make an end of handkerchiefs; shirts and other garments may survive a sixth or eighth journey to the lavatory, but the tenth or twelfth will usually send them to the rag-bag. Therefore I advise that all underlinen should be of the strongest material, and fineness a secondary consideration.

When you reach Yokohama, you will probably want to buy some clothing suitable for the warm climate of the East. A *sola topee*, or sun-hat, is the first requisite; it is made of pith, has a white cover which can go to the wash every few days, and an internal arrangement so that the wearer's head is constantly cooled by the air which circulates around it. Then you will want some suits of white linen, about ten of them, which will cost you from five to six dollars a suit; a couple of suits of blue serge, at ten or twelve dollars each. These, with your ordinary clothing, will be sufficient for your wants if you exercise proper care in keeping close at the heels of the washman; you will generally find that your washing will be promptly done, but it is always best to have an extra provision laid up for a rainy day. In the East, everybody carries a goodly amount of baggage, and as there is always a plentiful supply of porters, and the allowance of the steamship companies is liberal, you need not mind the addition of a trunk or two.

Well, we are off from New York; we are not in a frightful hurry, and are determined to see as much as we can for our time and money. The broad gauge of the Erie Railway bears us smoothly and swiftly to Niagara, where, if we have never done the Falls, we spend a day among the

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wonders of the great cataract. Then we go on, over the Great Western of Canada and the Michigan Central, to Chicago, where we halt a while amid the marvels of the metropolis of the Western lakes. Thence the Northwestern Railway carries us to Omaha, where begins the Union Pacific, and shoots like a sunbeam away to the westward, connecting at Ogden with that other occidental sunbeam, the Central Pacific.

The lines of railway I have mentioned are the links or sections in the great belt of iron that spans the continent; they are separate organizations, and not always as harmonious as their stockholders might wish; but, for all the purposes of the traveler, they are one homogeneous whole. That triumph of modern civilization, the Pullman car, or its equivalent, abounds on the entire route, and you may go luxuriously from the Atlantic to the Pacific, sleeping at night in a comfortable bed, washing your face in the morning with real water, combing your hair—if you have any—before a real mirror, and filling your stomach, at intervals a trifle irregular, with solid food. Sometimes it is a bit too solid for fastidious tastes, but the most skeptical cannot deny that it is always "werry fillin'."

The transcontinental trains between New York and San Francisco are a daily affair each way, and the regular time of running through is seven days. The price of a ticket varies according to the harmony, or the lack of it, between the Eastern roads; $140 may be taken as a fair average for the through ticket, with an addition of $25 or $30 for sleeping-coaches and meals.

From San Francisco, the departures are semi-monthly for Japan and China; the steamers of the Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental Companies perform the service alternately, so that each line sends a ship every month. They were formerly in opposition, but are now working harmoniously; a passage certificate bought of the one is good on the ships of the other, and there is nothing to choose between them, so far as the comfort of the voyage is concerned. The running time to Yokohama is about twenty days, and no matter what the ship or which the company that the traveler patronizes, he is pretty certain to be pleased with his fare and treatment. A ticket from San Francisco to Yokohama costs $250, and if bought in New York, it entitles the passenger to an allowance of 250 pounds of baggage overland, instead of the ordinary allowance of 100 pounds.

After the "globe-trotter," as the tourist is called in the East, has done with Yokohama, Tokio, and the eastern part of the empire, he can take a steamer any Wednesday afternoon for Hiogo, which is the port of Osaka and Kioto. This is a voyage of a day and a half; and when the western part of the empire has been seen, another steamer may be taken to Shanghai, passing through the famous inland Sea of Japan, and halting at Simoneseki and Nagasaki. The line is weekly each way, and is known as the Mitsu Bishi (Three Diamonds); it is a Japanese organization, sustained by a Government subsidy in the shape of a mail contract, and its ships are mostly of American build. Old travelers on the line between New York and San Francisco by the Isthmus route will find an acquaintance in the steamer *New York*, transformed to the "*Tokio Maru*," and the *Oregonian* to the "*Nagoya Maru*"; the *Golden Age* is the "*Maru*" something or other, and so are several of the former vessels of the Pacific Mail Company. A ticket from Yokohama to Shanghai costs forty-five dollars, and it makes no difference whether you buy it through or in sections. There are chance steamers at frequent and irregular intervals, that carry passengers at a reduced rate, but they are less comfortable than the Mitsu Bishi Company's boats, and more uncertain. The crews of the Mitsu Bishi steamers are Japanese, the waiters in the cabin are Chinese, and the captains, officers, engineers and stewards are American, English, or some other Caucasian nationality. When the equipage of one of these steamers is drawn up for inspection, the affair is emphatically *une revue des deux mondes.*

From Shanghai one can ascend the Yang-Tse as far as Hankow, a distance of a trifle over six hundred miles, and there are boats of the China Merchants' Company every three or four days. The price of a ticket varies; it was once four hundred dollars each way, but at the time of my visit to Shanghai it had fallen to eighteen dollars, in consequence of an opposition by an English company. It was the intention, as soon as the opposition ended, to raise it again to fifty dollars, where it probably now is. The steamers are large and comfortable, and the table is excellent; if the traveler makes the trip on the steamer *Kiang Ching*, under Captain Paul, an old New Yorker, I can promise him a good time.

The China Merchants' Company has a weekly line to Tien-Tsin, whence one may go overland to Pekin, a distance of ninety miles. There is said to be a smooth way of the world and a rough one; where the smooth one may be I will not attempt to say, but there is little doubt that the rough one is that stretch of ninety miles between Tien-Tsin and Pekin. About two thousand years ago the road was built, and it has never been repaired since the contractors left it; it was made of large and irregular boulders, badly laid down, with no attempt at evenness, and has been a good deal damaged by old Tempus Edax Rerum in the twenty centuries that he has been gnawing at it. If that road had been sent to the Paris Exposition to compete for badness, it would have received the grand gold medal, a diploma of special distinction, and the cross of the Legion of Honor.

You can make the journey to Pekin on horseback, by cart, or by a mule-litter, or you can go on foot. For a vigorous man, the saddle is recommended; for a more luxurious one, the mule-litter; for a brave and small one, the cart; and a man who has a touch of the walking mania can try pedestrianism. The mule-litter is a box like a covered chair slung on a couple of poles; these poles are long enough, and just far enough apart, to serve as shafts for two mules—one in front and the other in the rear—and are suspended over the saddles of the beasts by stout straps. The pace is not unpleasant, and the movement would soon become monotonous were it not that the suspensory apparatus is constantly giving way, and letting the box to the ground with a general shaking up as the result. Occasionally the mules run away, indulge in kicking-matches, or otherwise disport themselves in ways more or less exciting; so that the traveler is in no danger of perishing with *ennui.*

The Chinese cart is a small box on a single pair of wheels; it is not long enough for an average man to lie down in, and too low for him to sit erect. The occupant is doubled up very much as if he were in a wine-cask; the cart has no springs, but the body rests directly on the axle, so that every jolt, however small, is felt by him. When all these facts are considered, in connection with the character of the road, it will be readily seen that a traveler who journeys from Tien-Tsin to Pekin in a Chinese cart, feels, on arrival, very much as though he had been passed through a patent clothes-wringer.

There is another route, *via* Tung-Chow. A Chinese boat is taken to the latter point, which is twelve miles from the capital; the usual way is to go to Pekin by the road, and return by Tung-Chow and the river. In this way the current favors, and the descent can be made in a couple of

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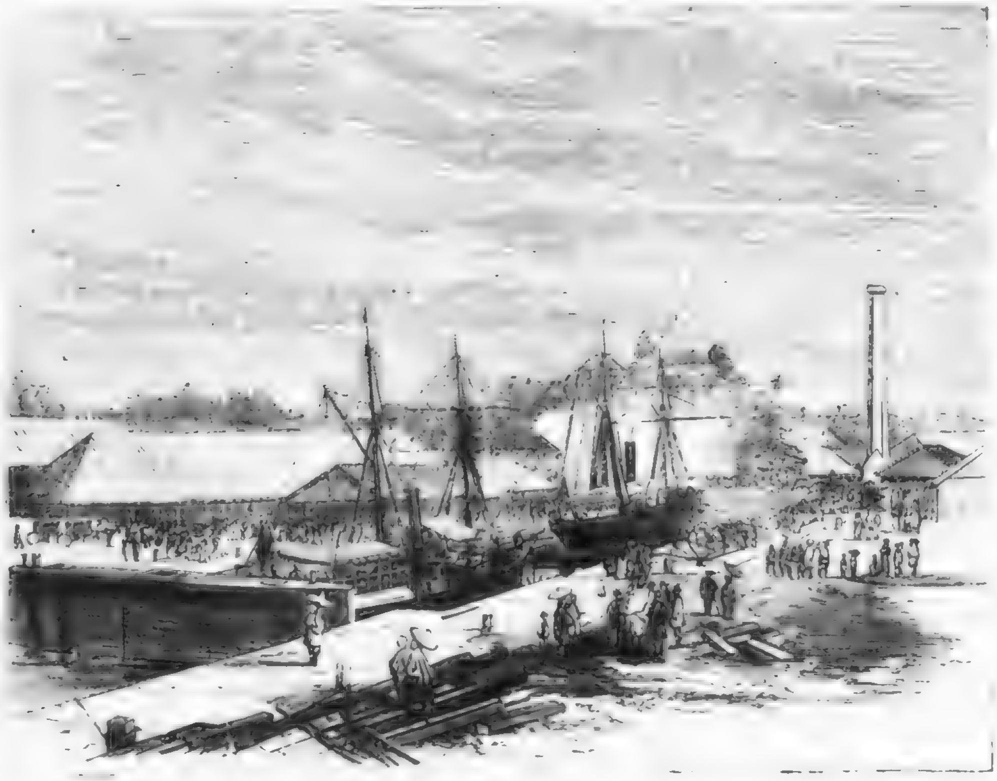
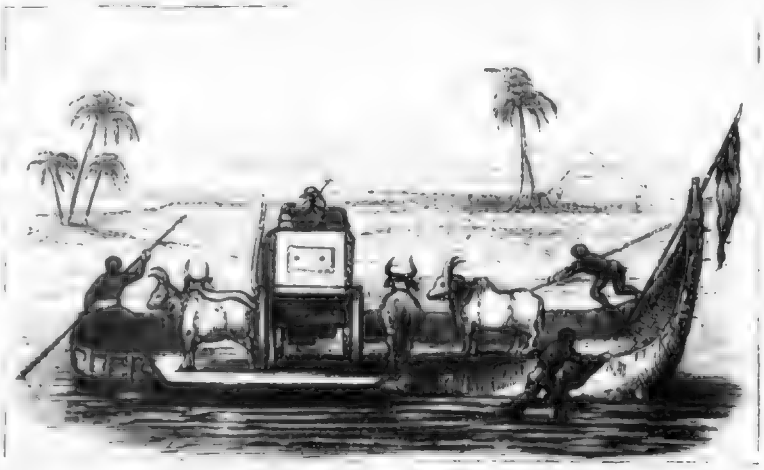


LANDING AT SINGAPORE.

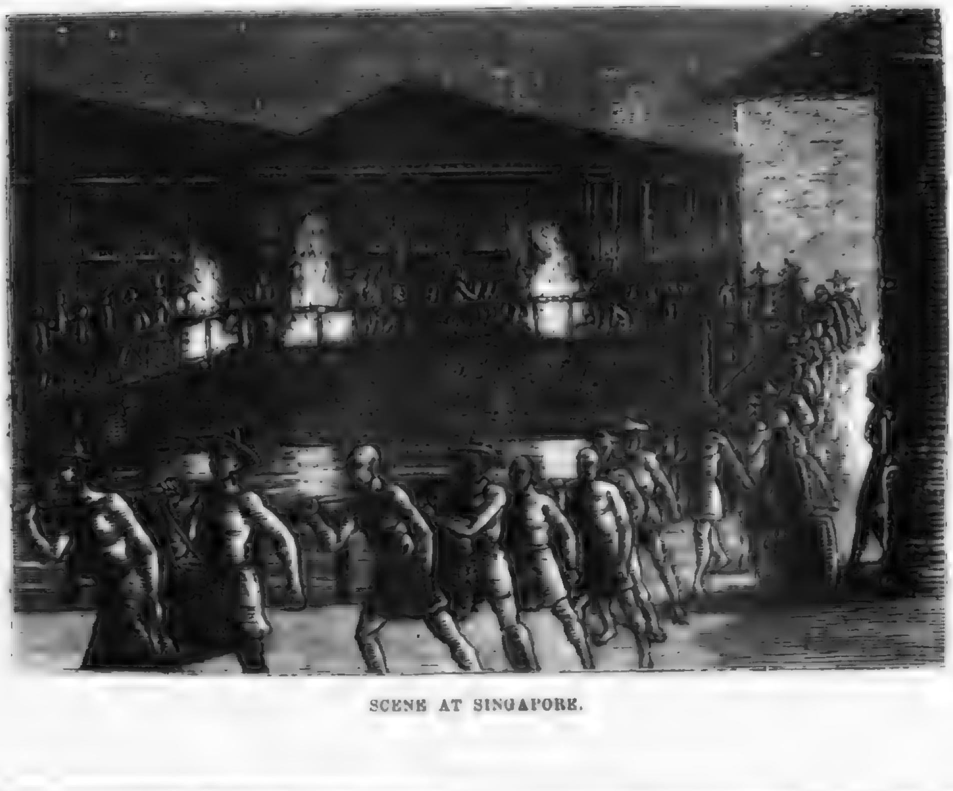


LUXURY OF TRAVEL IN INDIA.

days, while the ascent takes four or five. Few travelers to Pekin fail to visit the Great Wall, which is about a hundred miles northwest of the city. Saddle-horses and mule-litters are the modes of conveyance, and the most of the provisions which you expect to consume on the journey must be taken along. The journey from Shanghai to Pekin and back again will require about a month in time, and $400 in money, including the visit to the Great Wall.

From Shanghai to Hong Kong there is a weekly service, which is performed alternately by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company (English), and the Compagnie Messageries Maritimes (French). These lines are usually called the "P. & O." and the "French Mail," and it may be roundly stated that they run from England and France to China and Japan. One week there comes the P. & O. boat, and the next the French Mail, and so they go on alternately each way weekly, year after year. The fares are about the same, but the French line includes wine in the price of passage, which the English does not. As far as I could observe, the French steamers are the most comfortable, their table is better, and there is more civility on the part of the officers. It is noticeable that the majority of the passengers on the French steamers are English, and I have known Englishmen who were intensely patriotic in other matters to delay their departure a week to go on a French ship instead of an English one.

The itinerary of the P. & O. Line from Shanghai to Southampton touches the following ports: Hong Kong, Singapore, Penang, Pointe de Galle, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Alexandria, Malta and Gibraltar. There are branch lines between Hong Kong and Yokohama, Singapore and Batavia, Java, Pointe de Galle and Australia, Pointe de Galle and Calcutta, Aden and Bombay, and Alexandria and Brindisi. The French route is from Shanghai to Hong Kong, Saigon, Singapore, Pointe de Galle, Colombo, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Naples and Marseilles, with branches between Hong Kong and Yokohama, Singapore and Batavia, Pointe de Galle and Calcutta, Aden and the Mauritius. Both lines receive a heavy subsidy from their respective Governments in the form of mail contracts, and they do a great deal to maintain English and French prestige throughout the



SCENE AT SINGAPORE.

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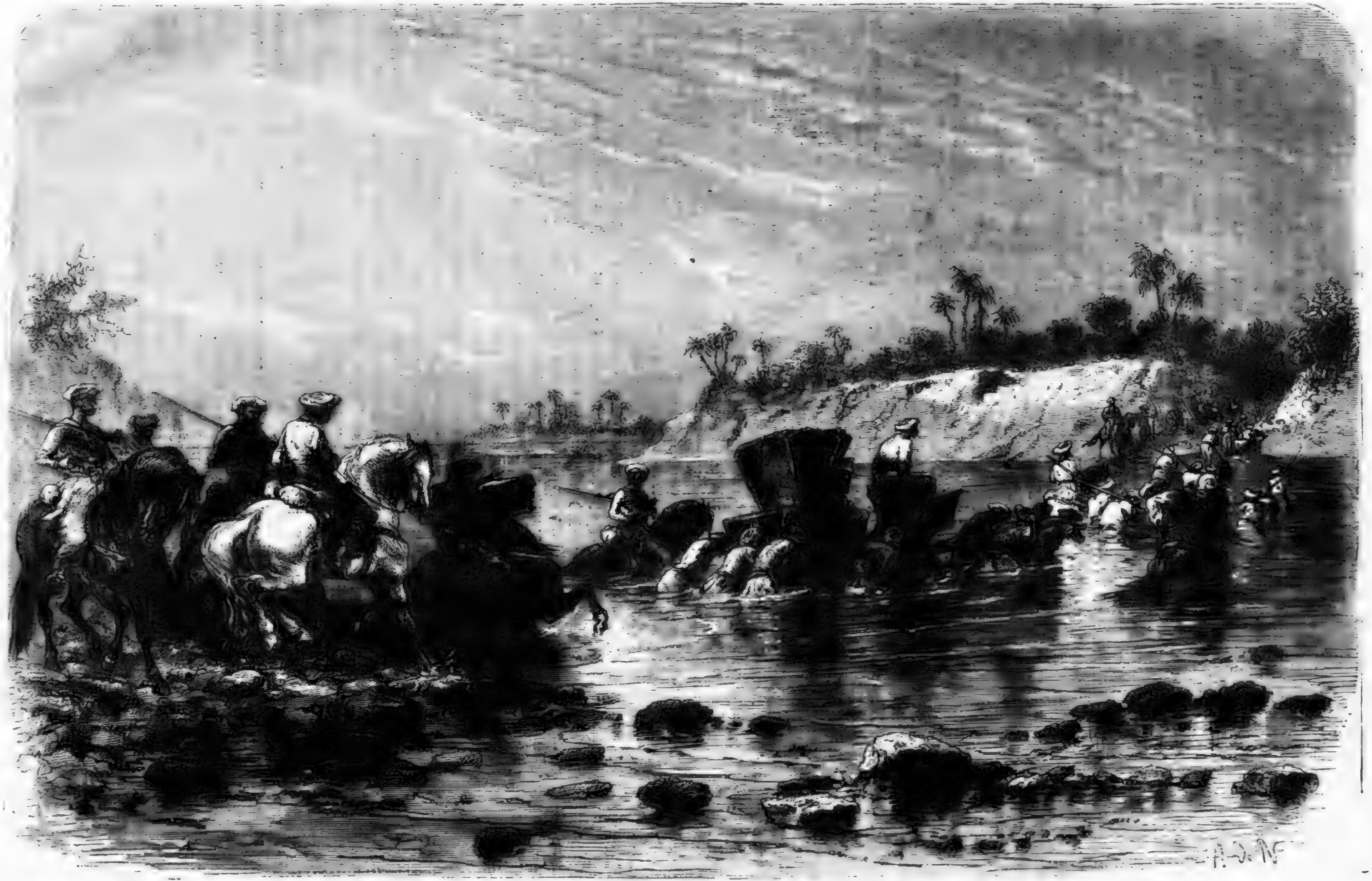

TRAVELING IN INDIA—FORDING A RIVER.

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East. For several years the P. & O. had a virtual monopoly of the business, and looked with disdain upon the efforts of the French to enter the field. But not only did the French Line establish itself, but other lines have sprung up, and have managed to flourish without the advantage to be gained from a contract for carrying the mails. There is one known as the "Holt Line," which performs a semi-monthly service each way between England and China; and there are numerous irregular steamers in addition, so that there is no lack of communication between the Occident and the Orient. There are nearly a hundred steamers passing through the Suez Canal every month—fifty each way; and it will be seen from this fact how extensive is the commerce between the East and the West.

The rates of fare in the East are decidedly high, when we compare them with the price of passage over the Atlantic and on the seaboard lines of the United States. From Yokohama or Shanghai, by the English line, to Southampton, or to Marseilles by the French one, the fare is £105, or $525 in round figures. The local fares are higher than this in proportion. I paid $63 from Shanghai to Hong Kong—a run of three days; and I subsequently paid $108 from Singapore to Pointe de Galle—a voyage of five days. I went to Java by the branch line from Singapore, and the voyage of exactly forty-eight hours required a disbursement of $46. You will save about twenty per cent. on your fare by purchasing a through ticket; but, as I have already hinted, the saving is accompanied by a restriction of one's movements that more than balances the advantage in the reduction. I would emphatically advise a tourist who is on pleasure bent to buy only from point to point, except in the instances where he has absolutely laid down his route and intends to make no deviation. Under such circumstances, a through ticket will materially assist him to keep his resolution.

At the agencies in the East they will not assign you to a room on the steamer when you buy your ticket, but will tell you that you will get it from the steward when you go on board. They give as a reason for this the impossibility of knowing what rooms are reserved, as the tickets are generally bought before the ship arrives in port, and before there is any communication between the purser and the agent. This excuse will not hold good at the beginning point of the voyage, and so they plumply tell you that it is not their custom to assign the rooms except on board, and they can make no deviation from their rules. At Shanghai, it was impossible to secure rooms in advance; but there were few passengers and the ship was large—so that everybody had a room to himself. Generally the ships are not crowded, and so the custom works well enough; in case of a rush of passengers it also works admirably—for the company. The agent can continue to sell tickets to all applicants and assure them that there is abundance of room, although he knows that he has sold twice or three times the capacity of the steamer. The ship that performs the branch service for the French company between Singapore and Batavia has accommodations in her cabin for sixteen persons—eight rooms, with two berths in each room. The agent at Singapore blandly assured me that there were very few passengers engaged, and I would be certain to have a room to myself—when all the time I knew that more than forty passengers were booked, and that he had the list in his possession. It may be impolite to say he lied, but I am certainly justified in declaring that he was not mathematically exact. When the steamer sailed she had fifty-two passengers, and they were packed like negroes on a slave-ship. Of course there was much growling, but the officers of the steamer referred the matter to the agent—whose fault it was; and the agent was safe on shore, and out of reach of the angry travelers.

On another occasion, I knew an agent to tell everybody that *he* was the first, and up to that time the only, applicant for a place; and he kept up this farce till he had sold twice the number of berths that the cabin contained. He had no plan of the cabin, and gave as a reason that the ship was entirely new, and they had not had time to make a plan. It turned out that she was fourteen years old—a condition of newness that we failed to appreciate in harmony with the agent's assertion. Another time an agent sold me a ticket for an entire room, and the fact was duly set forth on my receipt. When the ship sailed, I found he had sold a place in my cabin to another person; and I only saved myself from intrusion by refusing to give up my ticket and threatening to bring suit against the company in the terminal port of the voyage. The captain gave up his private cabin to the stranger whom I would not admit within my gates, and took his satisfaction in abusing the agent who was far away o'er the billows. The Oriental custom of managing the steamship agencies gives great opportunities to an enterprising man who is not moved by the fate of Ananias, and does not possess anything he is pleased to call a conscience.

Two things are necessary to one's comfort in traveling on steamers in the tropical East—*pajamas*, and a bamboo chair. A pajama suit consists of a loose sack and drawers of the Chinese pattern, and nearly every foreigner in the East adopts them, in place of the night-shirt of civilization, for sleeping purposes. They may be of muslin, silk, grass cloth, or anything else that suits the wearer's fancy—some prefer one thing and some another, and there is no way of harmonizing tastes. Any Chinese tailor can make you a pajama suit at a few hours' notice; and if you would be comfortable, you will order half a dozen of them. Around the hotels and on board ship it is perfectly *en règle* to be in pajamas between the hours of 9 P.M. and 8 A.M.; and on the steamer it is interesting to observe how universally the passengers avail themselves of the permission. Through the tropics, it is generally too hot to sleep below; nearly everybody takes to the deck and makes it his home by day and by night. The reclining chair comes in play here, as it can serve as a bed for most persons, and at any rate it is a capital lounge. It can be bought very cheaply in all the Eastern ports, and no traveler's library is complete without it. And the man who neglects to equip himself with pajamas in the first port he reaches will have reason to regret his action. He might even do a more unwise thing than purchase a supply before he leaves San Francisco, provided the Chinese have not all gone thence before he reaches the Pacific coast.

The hours for meals vary somewhat on the different lines, but may be taken as resembling in general the hours on the transatlantic ships, with the exception that they are fewer. As soon as you rise you can have a preliminary coffee or tea, or you may have it before you rise, if it so please you. Then from eight to ten you have breakfast, which consists of omelets, meat of two or three kinds, and curry, the latter being universal and perennial. Somewhere between noon and 1 P.M. you have a cold lunch with fruit, and at 5 P.M. you have dinner. This is not much unlike the steamship dinner of other parts of the world, except that the curry comes up warm and smiling on every occasion, and is eaten by nearly everybody. Few people like it when they first eat it, and few people eat it half a dozen times without acquiring a taste for it that is akin to love. It is conceded that curry is necessary to keep the liver in a proper condition of activity, and the man who does not eat it is very liable to find himself out of order internally in a very short time. It is surprising that such a warm substance as curry should be the proper thing in a hot climate; but the weight of testimony is emphatically in its favor, and we should respect the verdict of time and experience.

There is no pleasanter steamship life anywhere than in the East, so far as the associations are concerned. The brainless idiots that add a pang to existence on the transatlantic voyage, are rarely seen so far away from home as the coast of China; the majority of the people you meet there are the possessors of at least a fair amount of intelligence, and know how to use it. Among twenty passengers on a steamer, you will find three or four globe-trotters, like your self; as many merchants; as many clerks and other employés of Eastern houses; two or three men who have been or still are in the consular or diplomatic service; a banker or two; two or three soldiers of fortune who have been serving one of the Oriental Governments in one way or another; and the balance will be made up of nondescripts who cannot be classed in any regular list. If there are any of the gentler sex, they will be the wives, widows, sisters or daughters of men who have been making a home in the East; and you will occasionally encounter some of them who have made a dozen voyages back and forth, and know every wave of the sea along the route. The great majority of the passengers are sure to have had sufficient attrition against the world to wear away their rough corners; you will find them social without forwardness, and communicative without being garrulous. I have recollections of many pleasant voyages—none of them fill brighter pages than some of those in the Eastern seas.

If the traveler is limited in time and money, he will avoid the north of China, and also the western part of Japan; he will proceed direct from Yokohama to Hong Kong, and can take for this purpose a ship of either of the transpacific lines or of the English or French mail companies. The former are preferable, as the fare, when combined with that from San Francisco, is lower, and the steamers are larger and better than the English or French mail packets. From Hong Kong one can go daily to Canton (ninety miles) in about eight hours; and by no means should a tourist omit seeing this most interesting of the cities of China. From Hong Kong, when Canton has been finished, the regular route leads to Singapore—the English steamers going direct and the French ones touching at Saigon. But those who wish to leave the regular track, may go to Siam by steamers that leave every week or ten days, and though of English build and ownership, are managed by a Chinese agency and carry their cargoes on Chinese account. They are nominally freight-steamers, but have accommodations for a few passengers; and the same is the case with the steamers that will take the tourist from Bangkok to Singapore when_his visit to Siam is concluded.

From Singapore you may make a detour to Java or Manila, but eventually you will find your way back again, as all the routes of the East lead by this point, as, anciently, all roads led to Rome. If you have a month to spare when south of the equator, you may make a circular trip on a Dutch steamer that goes to all the principal ports of Java and the Spice Islands, and comes around in the end to her starting-point. When back in Singapore, and ready to go on to the westward, you have choice of two, or, rather, of three, routes: you can go by mail steamer to Ceylon, and stop at Galle, whence you proceed by land to Colombo and Kandy; you can go to Calcutta direct; or you may go to Calcutta by a steamer that halts at Malacca, Penang and Moulmein a day each, and two days at Rangoon. This indirect voyage consumes seventeen days, but it is full of interest. The direct voyage to Calcutta requires six days.

If you do India by way of Ceylon, you will finish the land of spicy breezes where only man is vile, and then cross from Colombo to Tuticorin, whence you can go by rail to the uttermost parts of the great Indian peninsula; or you may take, once a week, a ship of the British India Steam Navigation Company, which makes the voyage to Calcutta in fourteen days, touching at Madras and a dozen other ports. As the ship is usually halted in the daytime and moving at night, this mode of traveling is not at all unpleasant. From Calcutta the railway will bear us to the north, and we can see Benares, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Delhi, Jaypoor and other cities, arriving eventually at Bombay

Six weeks will serve for seeing India, or, rather, that part of it in the Bengal and Bombay presidencies, and very few who have done the country will care to return.

The distance from Bombay to Calcutta, by the direct route, is 1,409 miles, and the fare (first-class) about $60. Benares and Allahabad are the only cities I have mentioned that lie on the direct line; the others are reached by branches, and it will require another thousand miles of travel to take them in.

We will suppose we have finished with India, and are ready to leave Bombay for Egypt and Europe. The P. & O. Company sends a weekly steamer, and its departure is fixed for Saturday during the prevalence of the southwest monsoon, and for Monday when the monsoon is not blowing. There is another weekly service, formed by the Hall Line and the Anchor Line, making fortnightly departures alternately. There is an Italian line and an Austrian line, each monthly, and there are numerous irregular steamers, so that four departures a week may be fairly counted upon. The fares vary considerably; the P. & O. charges $250 to carry you to Suez, 3,000 miles; the Italian line will take you there for $160; the Anchor and Hall lines for $155, and the Austrian for $150. Patronage appears to be fairly divided among the lines; those who have plenty of money, together with a great many who have not, go by the P. & O. ships, while others who are more matter-of-fact, and do not care to keep up appearances, select the cheaper lines.

To irascible bachelors, the voyage from Bombay westward has a lively terror. From February to May the steamers are crowded with children and their nurses on their way to England, and no matter what ship you take, you cannot avoid them. Like the poor, they are always with you, and cannot be shaken off; very often the number of juvenile passengers equals that of the adults, and on occasions painfully frequent it is greater. From rosy morn till dewy eve, and from eve till morn again, they make things the reverse of monotonous, and it was fortunate for my equable temper that I was a passionate lover of infantile ways. On the steamer that took me from Bombay to Suez, there was a smaller percentage than usual, as the ship was not bound for England directly, but there were quite enough to rouse the indignation of an old bachelor who sat next to me at table. In the early part of the voyage he was a great admirer of King Herod, and thought he deserved canonization; he repeatedly invoked the presence of that historic personage; but one morning he remarked that his faith in Herod had been shaken. "I have been reading him up," said he, "and find he was only half the good fellow I thought he was, and only half the public benefactor that he might have been. He only slew

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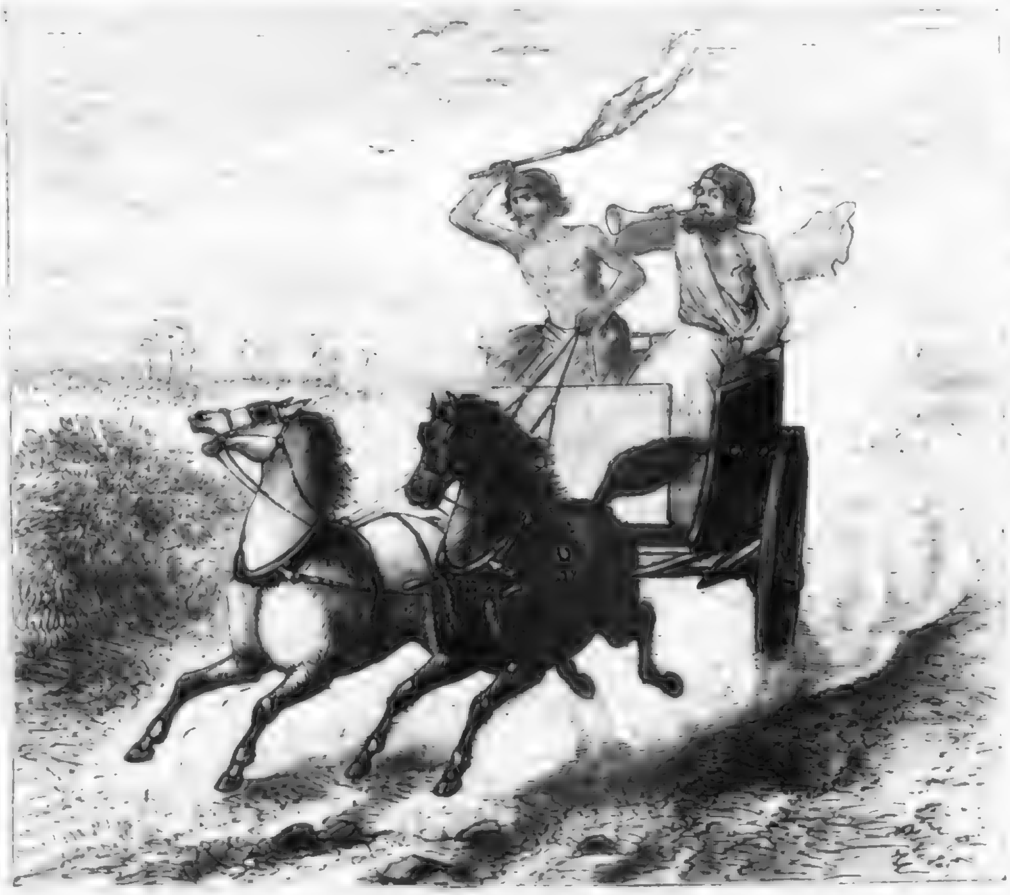


A MAIL-CART IN INDIA.

the male children, and let the females go! He would do no good on this ship, as all our juvenile passengers are girls."

This migration of children is for the reason that they lose health, and generally their lives, if kept in India beyond the age of four or five years. Every man who can afford it must send his children to England to be reared; and if he cannot afford it, he should refrain from matrimony and paternity. The Spring and early Summer are considered the best time for them to arrive in Europe, and consequently the traveler at this season finds the steamers filled with them. They are mostly of the spoiled class, accustomed to have their own way, to receive the attentions of a multitude of servants, and to resent with anger the least attempt to thwart them. The companies would doubtless find it to their profit to send an occasional steamer at higher rates, from which children should be excluded, just as our transatlantic lines advertise ships carrying no steerage passengers, and charge more for passage thereon.

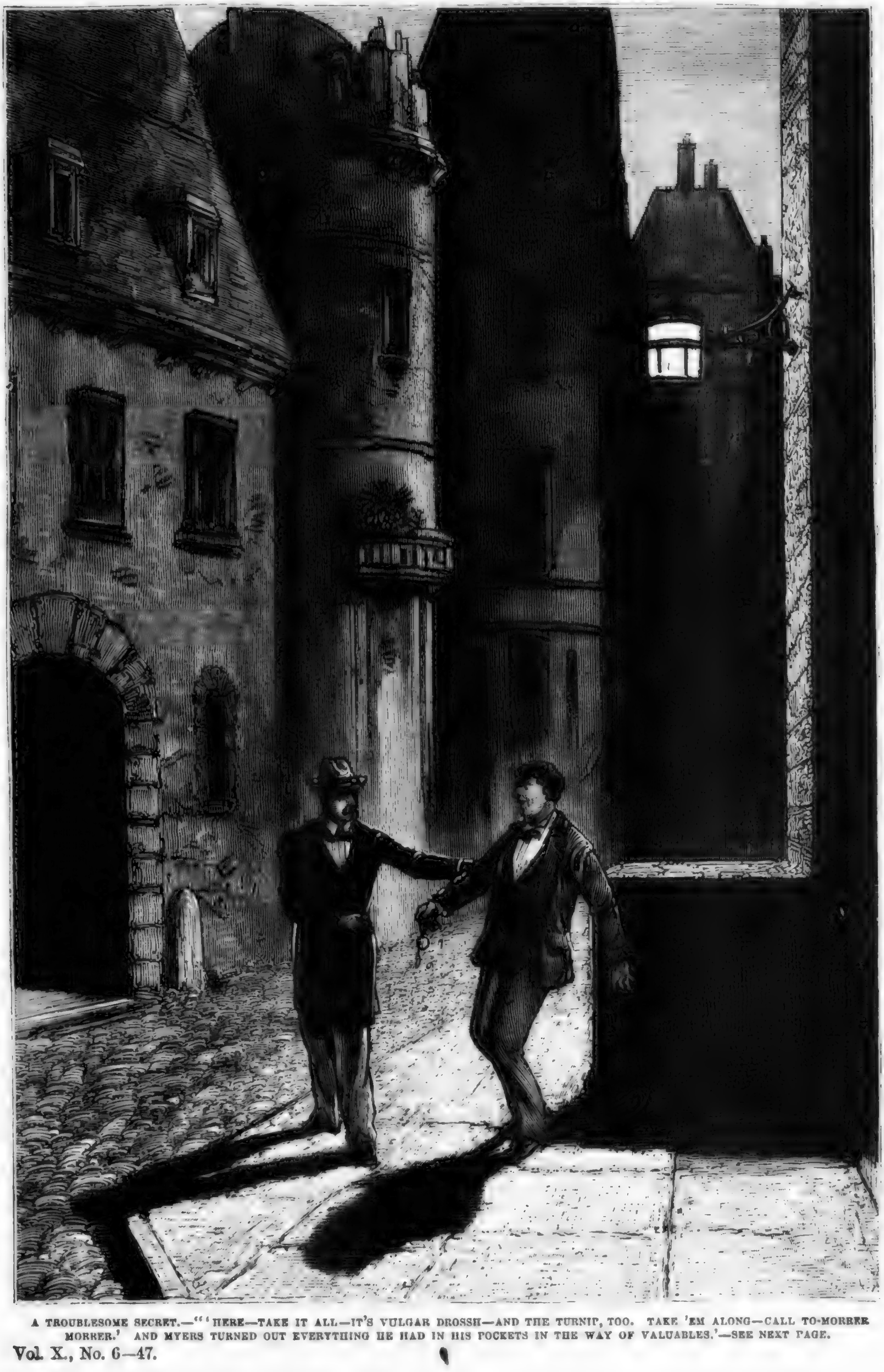
In Egypt, one can go directly through the canal, and thence to Europe, or he may land at Suez, go by rail to Cairo (eight hours), and, when he has done with Cairo, he may go in four hours to Alexandria, where he will find three or four steamers a week for Brindisi, Naples, Marseilles and England, and steamers at least once a week for Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Constantinople, the Black Sea, and also for Greece and the Adriatic. He may take his time in Europe, where I have endeavored to land him safely, and he may also take care of himself and get home the best way he can.

NIGHT-SCENE ON THE DECK OF A RED SEA STEAMER.

I append a table of distances of a journey around the world, without taking into account the numerous detours, which will vary according to the tastes and means of each traveler, and the time he has allotted to himself for his personal gratification, either in the pursuit of pleasure, science and art, or commerce:

New York to San Francisco, 3,450 miles; San Francisco to Yokohama, 4,764; Yokohama to Hong Kong, 1,620; Hong Kong to Singapore, 1,150; Singapore to Calcutta, 1,200; Calcutta to Bombay, 1,409; Bombay to Aden, 1,664; Aden to Suez, 1,308; Suez to Alexandria, 250; Alexandria to Marseilles, 1,300; Marseilles to Paris, 536; Paris to London, 316; London to Liverpool, 205; Liverpool to New York, 3,000. Total, 22,172 miles.

Separating the above distance into land and sea travel, we have 6,166 miles of railway, and a trifle over 16,000 miles of water. Allowing continuous progress at the rate of 25 miles an hour on land and 12 miles on the water—neither allowance is unreasonable—we could swing around the great circle inside of 67 days. And if we take the quickest journeys that have been made over the different portions of the route—the special trains that have passed across the continent on two or three occasions, and the extraordinary



A TROUBLESOME SECRET.—"'HERE—TAKE IT ALL—IT'S VULGAR DROSSH—AND THE TURNIP, TOO. TAKE 'EM ALONG—CALL TO-MORRER MORRER.' AND MYERS TURNED OUT EVERYTHING HE HAD IN HIS POCKETS IN THE WAY OF VALUABLES.'—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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runs of steamers on the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian Oceans, and in the China and Mediterranean Seas—add them together, and make no deductions for delays in port, we can have a theoretical journey around the world in less than sixty days. Phileas Fogg is left far in the rear, and Jules Verne must resume his pen and make another trial, if he would really astonish us. Give us the highest recorded speed upon railways and ocean steamers, and apply it to the route in question, and we will put a girdle around the earth in the half of eighty days.

THE DAGMAR CROSS.

Where the angry billows of the Baltic
With the North Sea meeting, surge and swirl,
And on rocky reefs and shores basaltic
High the snowy foam-flakes upward curl,
Waldemar, the victor, rode to glory,
While his deeds were sung in minstrel rhyme,
Greatest of all Kings—so runs the story—
'Twas in Denmark, in the olden time.

Fair the Lady Dagmar was, and saintly,
And the fierce King bowed him at her feet.
Said he, while her cheeks were flushing faintly,
"What gift on my marriage that is meet
For the bride of Waldemar, oh, maiden,
Shall I bring to grace the marriage morn?
See, my slaves are near, and heavy laden
With the jewels Danish Queens have worn."

And the lady made him answer, lowly:
"Gifts of precious stones are not for me;
Better far are noble deeds and holy
Than a mighty kingdom held in fee:
From the plow-tax wilt thou free the peasant?
And release the captive from his chain?
Lo! I ask my lord no costly present—
This my marriage gift, and this my gain."

Answered then the monarch like a lover:
"Such a gift befits not thee, my Queen;"
And o'er Dagmar, as he bent above her,
Flung he chain and cross of golden sheen.
Holy figures wrought in wondrous fashion
By Byzantine workmen glowed thereon:
Pictured was the suffering Saviour's passion;
There the Virgin stood, and there St. John.

Then away by barren height and foreland
Rode King Waldemar again to war;
Round him swept in fury storms of Norland,
And the storm of battle, wilder far.
While the good Queen Dagmar, ever tender,
Richer harvests in kind deeds would glean;
And to this day Danish hearts will render
Loving homage to the "Darling Queen."

Homeward came King Waldemar in gladness,
With the victor wreath around his head;
In the royal halls was silent sadness—
Dagmar slept the long sleep of the dead.
In her handmaid Kersten's arms, when riding
Up the long street came the King that day,
Still the rose-flush on her cheek abiding,
Dead the young Queen in her beauty lay.

And the King a mighty voice of sorrow
Raised, and called on Dagmar by her name:
"Dagmar, live, and glad me on the morrow
With one kiss!" and wondrous answer came
From the dead; and still the old petition
Sprang from her loved lips, a ghostly prayer:
"Free the outlaws from their lone condition,
Let the weary captives freedom share."

Low in Ringstead, with the cross that tarried
Still upon her breast, the Queen they laid;
Fairer, purer corse was never carried
Home to rest beneath the church's shade.
Years rolled on, and Christian's royal pleasure
Ope'd the tomb; and, since death knows no loss,
Now old Denmark boasts no dearer treasure
Than the young Queen Dagmar's holy Cross.

A TROUBLESOME SECRET.

By Helen W. Pierson.

The young artists who were copying pictures in the grand *salons* of the Louvre were beginning to lay aside their brushes, and prepare to end their day's work. Leigh Dexter, a young American, who had come to Europe to study the old masters, was regarding sorrowfully the stony glare in the eyes of his copy of a Madonna, and remarking to himself with refreshing candor that he had made the drapery as stiff as oilcloth.

Leigh was a shy, timid fellow, with fair hair and a girlish complexion, subject to blushes. He had made no acquaintances in Paris, and was too retiring to make any, unless persistently sought out—so he was rather astonished to hear himself accosted in a jovial manner:

"Hi, old feller! So this is where you hang out!"

Turning, he saw a gaunt six-footer, dressed in remarkable plaid, and with an immense Panama hat on his head, which respect for the old masters did not cause him to remove.

At first Leigh could not recollect him, but then recalled him as a person whom he had seen the day before at a restaurant, and who had handed him the paper, and made a few remarks chiefly about himself—giving some items of personal history. He was a Western man who had "made his pile," as he expressed it, and was bound to see life.

Leigh nodded good-naturedly, and the new-comer stared at his copy.

"Does this sort of thing pay, now?" he asked.

"Well, not yet," answered Leigh, candidly; "but we live in hopes, you know."

"Not as profitable as stock-raising, you bet!" the other exclaimed, with a guffaw. "Been about much in this village?"

"No. I am not acquainted—and work all day," answered Leigh.

"More reason for being jolly at night," answered the other. "Come, now, here's my card—John Myers, from Illinois—everybody knows me there. I'm at a crack hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain; am told it's the tiptop place to stay. Money's no account."

"With me it's otherwise," answered Leigh, blushing. "I'm at the cheapest place I can find in the Latin Quarter."

"Ah!" answered Myers, with a laugh. "Jolly place, too, eh?—I've heard. Revolutions all brewed there—the students and grisettes do it all, I'm told. Never mind; we're both Americans. Any objection to spending the evening with me? We might see something of Parisian life."

Leigh reflected that there was no reason why he should

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hesitate. In fact, Myers, who did not speak French, seemed to have no idea of losing sight of him, and invited him at once to dine at the Trois Frères, regaling him with the most delicious viands and costly wines; and pulling out a handful of gold pieces in a sort of reckless manner to pay the bill.

Leigh was always abstemious, generally from necessity as well as inclination; and he saw his companion's frequent potations with uneasiness. But he seemed to bear it pretty well, only growing more communicative.

"I'm from Illinois," he repeated. "There's nothing like the Great West. I'm known there some, I guess. I've got a tidy bit in the bank there, in Quincy—used to run that bank myself. And a pretty girl's waiting for me, you'd better believe. Folks said to me: 'Why don't you wait till you're married to take the tower?' but I just wanted to go round a little before I was tied. In love with her? Oh, yes. Feller asked me the other day 'if I was traveling with my wife, or for pleasure?' Good joke, wasn't it? I answered 'For pleasure.' Like to go to the opera, eh?"

Leigh signified that he enjoyed music above all things.

"Well, I can't say I see much sense in it," answered Myers. "You know, when those females are in real sorrow they don't come out and sing about it—'tisn't nater. But come along—it's one of the sights."

It was a clear, fine night when they came out of the opera; and, still feeling no inclination for bed, they strolled along the boulevards till they reached the Porte St. Denis, when Myers suddenly decided that he was very thirsty, and turned into a side-street, where he knew a *marchand de vin* who never closed his doors.

Leigh followed somewhat unwillingly, and felt still more uneasy when he saw the questionable-looking people within. He, indeed, had nothing to lose except his pocket-handkerchief, but he saw the greedy glances at Myers's purse as he paid for his cognac.

He could not, however, succeed in drawing him away till he was quite excited with the liquor, and ready to challenge or treat anybody they met. Leigh cursed his own facile temper which had led him into company of which he knew so little, and vowed greater exclusiveness in the future.

In the meantime, he found himself with a rather noisy, obstinate companion in the silent streets of Paris, and feared every moment that one of the *garde municipale* might arrest them both for disturbing the peace.

"Is it this morrer, or to-morrow morrer?" Myers reiterated. "'Cos if it's to-morrow morrer, I haven't had my breakfast."

"Come home, then, at once, and get it," Leigh urged, for his companion had a great desire to sit down and argue various points.

"No such thing. It's this morrer—had broiled kidneys. I'll wait here till to-morrow morrer; capital restaurant in neighborhood. I'll wait till restaurant comes around."

"You'll be robbed," answered Leigh, anxiously, and wishing himself well out of the scrape.

"Here—take it all—it's vulgar drossh—and the turnip, too. Take 'em along—call to-morrow morrer—no queshtions asked."

And Myers turned out everything he had in his pockets in the way of valuables—gold pencil, watch, portemonnaie—and bundled them carelessly into Leigh's hands, with the consoling assurance that when he returned them there would be "no questions asked."

Leigh took them, after a moment's reflection, concluding they would be much safer with him, and reluctantly left his companion sitting on a large stone before a public office.

"He will grow sober in the cold night-air," said he, as he took his way home, where the moonlight slumbered on the old spires and domes of the city, and the Louvre rose like an enchanted palace, almost spectral in the pallid light.

Leigh went to bed, registering a vow that he would not accept a chance acquaintance again, and his sleep was restless and unrefreshing. In the morning he went to seek his new friend before going to the Louvre for his day's work.

"Not at home," answered the porter—"did not return last night."

Leigh felt somewhat uneasy, but concluded that the man had turned in somewhere for the night. He went to his work, however, in a somewhat disturbed state of mind, and was not in the proper mood to touch his copy of the Madonna. He felt restless, and, after working an hour or two, concluded to take a walk.

Strolling almost unconsciously in the direction they had taken last night, he saw a crowd in the vicinity of the Pont Neuf. Supposing it to be some vender of a new and curious ware, he moved carelessly in that direction.

But before he reached the outer edge of the crowd some one said:

"Another man drowned—*mon Dieu!* no wonder, with a three-sous loaf the size of a *galette*."

"But this is not a poor man," said another.

"*Ma foi!* what would you?—his money was too much trouble, I suppose."

"I would have shared his trouble," laughed another.

"Some one wished to do that—at least, to relieve him a little—for he has been robbed, and stabbed also!"

Leigh was on the point of turning away, for he had none of the courage which enables many men to look unmoved at the dead or dying. He shrank with a woman's sensitiveness from all unpleasant sights, but now he could not escape. Directly past him the dead body, dripping with Seine mud and water, was carried. The face—with the hair washed back, the eyes fixed in a terrified stare, the lips purple and swollen—was not so changed that he did not recognize, in one hurried glance, his Western acquaintance—poor John Myers!

Leigh was always timid and shrinking in his nature. He avoided crowds constitutionally, and he did not step forward now and avow his knowledge of the murdered man, although his first impulse was to do so

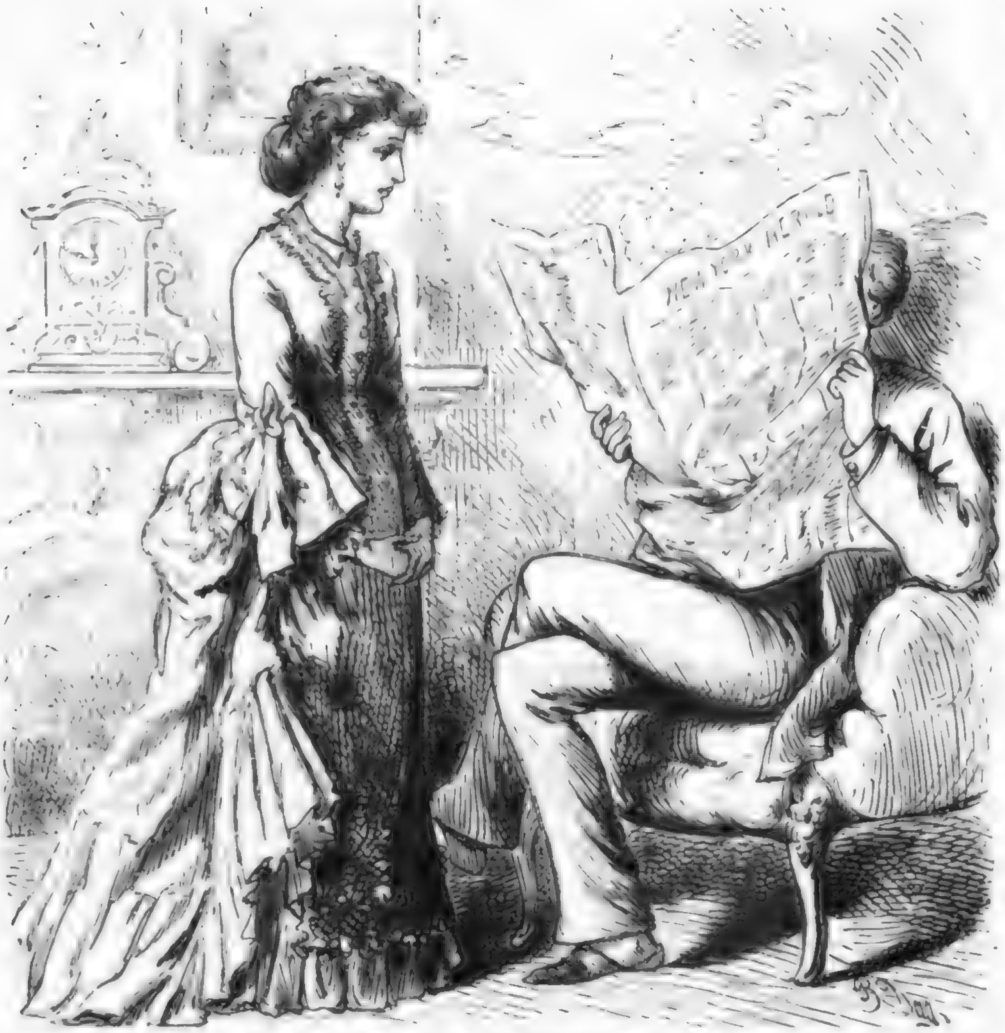
The next moment there flashed across his mind, like an electric gleam, the fact that he would be at once suspected of the murder.

The man's watch, pocketbook and valuables were in his possession; he had been last seen with him at an obscure *marchand de vin's*, and it was known there that the deceased had had a large sum of money about him.

Leigh gasped, and felt a clammy sweat break out on him as he connected link by link the chain of evidence against himself. He went through with lightning-like rapidity an imaginary trial, and conviction.

He heard the terrible sentence like a death-knell in his ears. What influence could he bring to bear against it? He had not a single friend in Paris. He was only an insignificant art-student. While tortured by these thoughts, he moved stealthily away from the crowd.

He felt like a criminal, and turned now and then to see if he was followed. He was glad to reach the shelter of his own room, where he locked the door, made sure that no one but the chimney-sparrows could look into his window, and then sat down to examine the articles poor



ALL THAT MRS. LENNOX SEES OF HER HUSBAND WHEN HE IS AT HOME.

Myers had confided to his care the night before. First came a large Russia-leather pocket-book, containing about two hundred dollars; there were a few business papers in it, and also, in one compartment, wrapped in tissue-paper, a magnificent solitaire diamond ring.

It was a lady's ring, and Leigh looked at it with real melancholy. He remembered the garrulous Western man's allusion to the pretty girl he was to marry. This, then, was the costly wedding gift to be given by the happy bridegroom to his bride. Poor girl! she was dreaming about him, perhaps, in her distant home, while he was laid out in the morgue, unrecognized, unwept!

Leigh felt like a thief as he put the ring back. Strange that in one day he could have been thrust in such a position, with all the terror of guilt upon him!

There was the heavy gold watch, too, and a number of conspicuous charms. Leigh gathered the things together, and put them all in a box, which he sealed elaborately.

"Would to God I could return them to his friends!" he groaned, his womanish fears obscuring his true course.

Of course, the whole thing was clear to his mind. Myers had been followed by some one of the ruffians who had seen his full pocketbook in the wine-shop. He had made some attempt to defend himself, and had been stabbed, and the body thrown into the river to avoid detection.

This was, as we say, all clear enough in Leigh's mind, but he despaired of making it so to others; and the affair preyed upon his nerves in such a manner that he was really sick for a few days.

When he was able once more to go out, he took up every newspaper with fear and trembling, but only saw a small item stating that a certain dead body of a drowned man at the morgue had been recognized as an American named John Myers, but the thief and assassin had not yet been discovered.

It was a long time before this tragic occurrence lost its sombre effect on Leigh's mind. He always regarded the small box containing Myers's effects as a sort of skeleton in his closet. Some time—at his own death, if not before—he expected to send it to the dead man's heirs, with a full description of his moral cowardice.

But time, that covers all things with a mist, and wreaths even the graves of our beloved with flowers, cast its mantle at last over Leigh's adventure, and it was only occasionally that he remembered it.

Hard work occupied him, and he had added another branch to his business, more profitable, if not so interesting. He took portraits, and succeeded in making tolerable likenesses. With the money gained by these, he was able to take those higher flights into the regions of ideal art that his soul enjoyed.

He gained a sort of reputation for taking likenesses of the young well. Mothers brought their rosy darlings, and were delighted with the flesh-tints. Fresh young girls seemed to find that they lost at his hands none of that ineffable charm of youth, so evanescent and fugitive. Perhaps it was because his ideal of womanhood had been kept so pure by his life.

One day a rather plain-looking man, with a sun-embrowned face and hard-tanned hands, made him a call. Evidently a farmer, the man was not at home in an artist's studio, particularly as there were no landscapes. He seemed somewhat embarrassed, too, and cast stealthy glances around, as if the pictures were only to be seen on the sly. His hat was very much in his way, and he nodded at Leigh nervously.

"My darter is thinkin' of havin' a picter took," he said, in a jerky way—"wants me to make arrangements. She seen a stunnin' likeness of Miss Jones, the stocking-factory man's daughter, from our place, and nothin' will do but Isadory must have one, too. She's a right good-lookin' gal, too, but"—with a feeble smile—"I s'pose you charge jest as much for them as for the humly ones."

"My charge is seven hundred francs."

"Seven hundred? Whew! Painting *is* a good trade! Why, I've had my hull house painted for one hundred dollars! But never mind. Dang the cost, where Isidory's concerned! Besides, the money's her'n, and she's goin' to make me a present of the picter."

So the arrangement was made, and on the following morning the old man, who had given his name as Ephraim Colman, appeared. With him came a lovely, dark-eyed, golden-haired girl, in the freshest of pale lavender silks; hat and gloves were of the same delicate hue.

There was a faint shadow of mourning about the attire, as of a grief which time had lightened to its faintest and most becoming hue. Leigh immediately likened the eyes to dewy violets and the hair to imprisoned sunbeams, and felt himself suddenly inadequate for his work; but he could think of no plea for refusal.

The father sat down in a corner and took out an old paper from his native town. The young lady looked at the pictures in a self-possessed manner, made a few remarks in an intelligent style, and then prepared for a sitting.

Leigh, while he painted, occupied himself with trying to solve the enigma of such a father and daughter. He learned by chance, at the second or third sitting, that the young lady had been educated for a teacher.

"She's the only chick I got," the old man volunteered, "and I was bound to eddicate her. Haven't got much in that way myself, and knew the walley of it accordin'. I was glad enough I'd prepared her for a higher sphere when that there money——"

"Father," interrupted the young girl, in a significant tone, "do you like this rose in my hair?"

"Lor', Dory, you know you're handsome enough in your old father's eyes, anyhow you fix it. Ask the young gentleman—I reckon he knows what's what about such things better nor I do."

And so Leigh's curiosity, which was somewhat stimulated, was not satisfied at that time; and as the days went by the glamour of a first love closed about him. Never had he painted a more successful picture, for love touched the colors till they glowed with life.

The shy, dark eyes seemed to gaze at him from the canvas with eloquent glances, the soft hair fell about the fresh young face in all its blonde beauty, and cheek and lip wore the dainty roses of youth.

Poor Leigh! He dreamed over the picture when Dora was gone, and thought with dread of the time when he should lose them both. Even though he fancied he could read a dawning interest in Dora's dark eyes, he scarcely dared to take any encouragement. A beauty and an heiress—what had he to offer?

Toward the close of the sittings, the father would sometimes go away on business of his own, leaving the young people together. He had begun to regard Leigh as an old friend, and felt every confidence in him. He was charmed with the picture, and said it would be "a comfort when he lost *her* some day, for 'twas only nater for sich a good-lookin' gal to find a husband."

So it happened that, nearly the last sitting having arrived, the two found themselves alone. The girl, with an unaccountable sadness, felt that when her portrait was finished, one great interest of her life would be gone. Leigh, with a choking sensation in his throat, and a nervous trembling in his hands, was very silent.

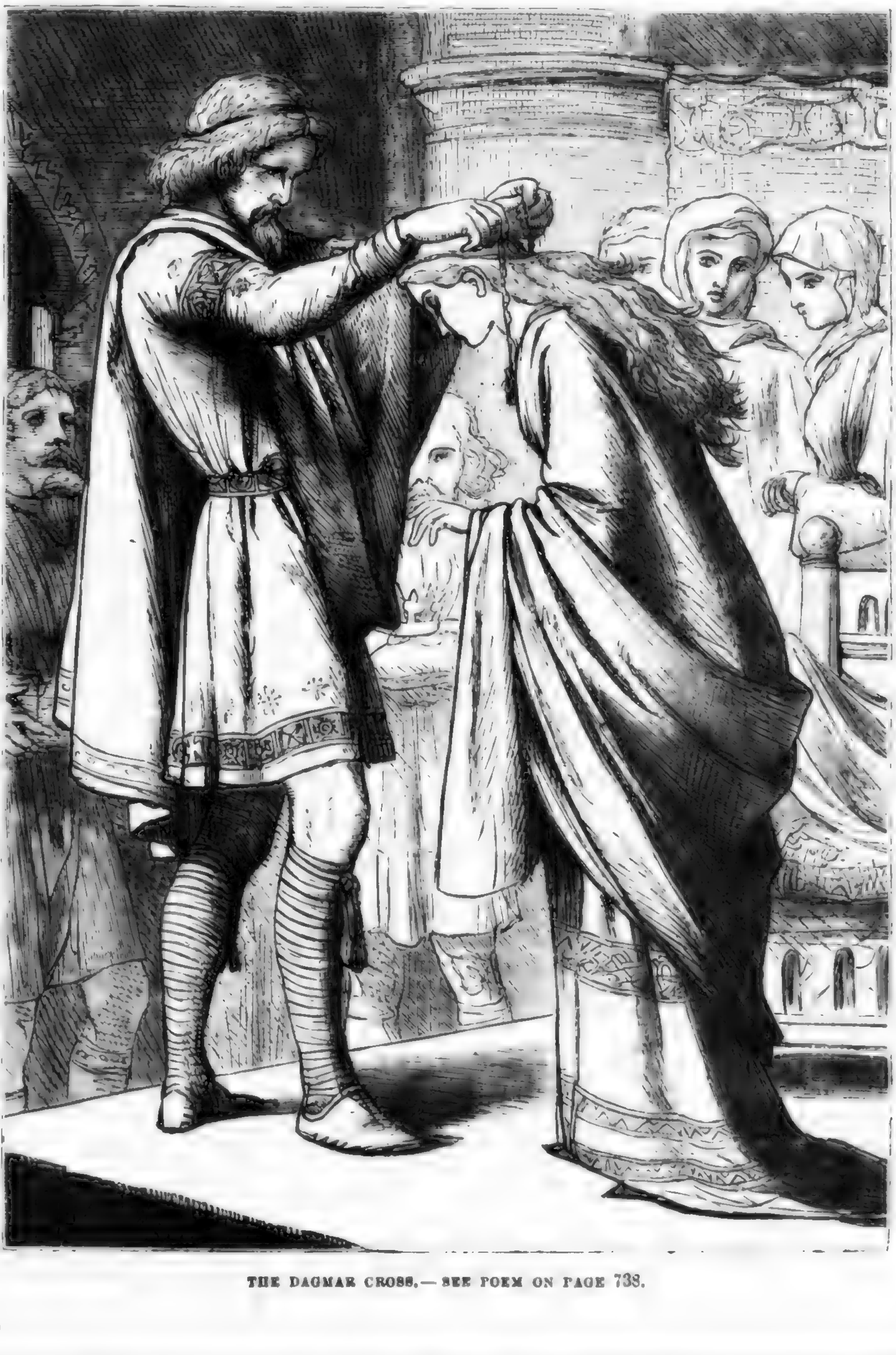
"You wear no rings," he said, suddenly.

"No—not since——" and then Dora hesitated and blushed, while Leigh ached to ask "since when?"

What pretty hands they were!—slender, white and rose-lined. Leigh suddenly caught a vision of them with the magnificent solitaire upon them, which was glowing and throbbing in a certain sealed box in his trunk.

"Will you leave Paris when—when—the picture is finished?" faltered Leigh.

"I don't know. Father goes just where I choose—it's



THE DAGMAR CROSS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

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all alike to him, you know. We may spend the Winter in Rome. I shall be very sorry to leave Paris;" and her tone grew so mournful that Leigh began to flatter himself that she would be sorry to leave *him*; and, before he had given himself time to be frightened at his own temerity, he had plunged into an avowal of his love, and found the little rosy-white hands in his, and the dark eyes looking into his own, suffused with tears.

Dora loved him!

The knowledge transported him at once into that Eden where lovers have ever wandered, hand-in-hand, like glorified children, in a region high above the world and its cares and toils and tears.

"I am so poor—what will your father say?" he asked at last.

"Oh, dear father will be quite delighted!" Dora answered, naïvely. "You know"—with a beautiful blush—"my money is my own, and father has been afraid I might fall in love with some of those exquisites—the mere fine gentlemen, whom he detests. He feels a great respect for men who work, and he likes you."

So Leigh's cup of bliss was full when the old gentleman walked in, and, being made acquainted with the state of affairs, declared it was a very comfortable arrangement.

"I've felt sort of anxious, havin' an heiress to look after," he said, with a laugh. "To be sure, she had her own way generally; but I was always afraid some fortune-hunter would nab her. Now, I suppose, you won't send in no bill for the portrait?"

Leigh was in the humor to laugh heartily at any joke just then, and he went home that night in a sort of rapturous intoxication, wondering how he had deserved his happiness.

He was to spend the evening with Dora at her residence, and while dressing for the visit his hand touched the box—the skeleton which was in his trunk instead of closet. As he turned it over, he saw once more, in imagination, the glow and splendor of the jewel inclosed within. How he would delight in putting such a betrothal-ring on Dora's slender finger! The more he thought of it, the more the purpose stole into his mind of using that very ring. Why should it lie concealed from the light of day and from admiring eyes all his life? And yet there was dishonor in the thought, and he put it away again and again.

It was two years now since John Myers had been dragged out of his watery bed. All inquiry had long ago been lulled to rest. No one could ever know, he reasoned, and while he held the box in his hands, the desire grew and strengthened.

He broke the seal at last—that seal which he had never thought to break himself—and then he felt as if he had liberated a ghost, the past sprang once more in such vivid colors before him.

But the ring—how splendid it was! What a mountain of light! The rays seemed to smite him with a sharp pain; yet, spite of all, he did not repent his purpose.

Why should not the superb gem sparkle on the hand of beauty, instead of being shut up from human eyes in that box? He thrust it hurriedly in his vest pocket, and took his way to his Dora.

The fashionable hotel where she lived was all ablaze with light when he reached it. A fountain played in the courtyard, and flowers bloomed everywhere. The balconies overflowed with them; they garnished the entrance, and flanked the broad staircase on either side, and filled the halls with fragrance.

In a pretty little *salon*, with gilded furniture and rose-colored hangings, he found Dora. The father, fatigued with a visit to the Cluny, was in his own room in a blissful doze.

Dora, in the most bewitching cream-colored dress, with scarlet trimmings—the first time in which the faint mourning had been laid aside—sat with an anxious expression on her face.

"I want to tell you a story to-night," she said, softly, as Leigh took her hand. "I was so taken by surprise and happiness this morning that I did not think about it; but you ought to know."

"But look at this first," Leigh said, drawing out the ring. "I want to put this fetter on you to feel sure you are mine."

Dora took it in her hand.

"How beautiful!" she began. The next moment, with a shriek, "His ring!—his ring!" she fell senseless to the floor.

The shriek reached her father's ears, and in a moment he was in the room.

Leigh looked thoroughly frightened.

"I cannot account for it," he replied, in answer to the father's glance; "this ring seemed——"

Old Colman snatched the ring and looked at it.

"No wonder," he said. "How did you get it? Never mind now!" and he rang the bell furiously.

Dora's maid appeared, and they carried the insensible girl to her own room.

Leigh paced the floor like a madman. What demon had prompted him to take the ring? he wildly asked himself; and yet, what could these people know of it? How could the sight of it affect them? Myers must have bought it in Paris. No one had seen it—even his betrothed.

His anxious questionings were interrupted by Colman's return. The old man looked stern and forbidding—his whole manner had changed.

"She's come to," he said, "but cannot see you again. Look here, now; you're almost a stranger to us, and I feel as if we'd bin too precipitate—no offense meant, but we'd better consider as that matter isn't settled 'tween you and Dora."

Leigh started as if struck with a dart.

"But I must know the reason!" he cried, passionately. "This is like a blow in the dark!"

Mr. Colman walked up and down in a perturbed way.

"I s'pose," he said, after a while, "'tain't more than right that you'd orter know something 'bout it. Well, you see that there ring—the very same, no mistake—belonged to Dora."

Leigh uttered a horrified exclamation, and the old man eyed him sternly.

"It was given to her by the man she was goin' to marry; but he took a notion, when he made his last onfort'nate v'yage to Paris, that he would have a new settin', as he called it."

Ah! The whole mystery was made plain now, and Leigh's heart seemed to stop its beating, while his knees shook under him.

"He never come back—he was *murdered!*" exclaimed Colman, with a tremor in his voice—"murdered and robbed!" Then he stood before Leigh with a terrible look. "God above only can judge you—I ain't a-goin' to meddle with it; but now you know why you can't marry my daughter."

Leigh was stunned for a moment, but felt that he must speak. It was life or death with him.

"For God's sake don't judge me!" he cried. "I have been a coward—I've been dishonest about the ring—but hear what I have got to plead!" and he poured out, in a disjointed way, the whole story.

Old Colman listened, and appeared impressed by the earnestness of it; but he still seemed to feel that it was impossible to go back for the present to the happy plane on which they had stood an hour ago.

"Poor Myers!" he said. "I can't think of anything but him. Sich a ginerous soul! Left every stiver to Dory in a will made just before he sailed—that's the way she got her money."

"Then I'll leave the ring, and send the other things," answered Leigh. "They are all Dora's. God knows I'm glad to give them up," and he took his mournful leave.

How suddenly had the cup of happiness been dashed from his lips! How strangely had the ghost of this dead man thrust itself between him and his beloved! He saw no way to clear himself from at least suspicion in the minds of others. He felt that there was a strange injustice in his being so terribly punished for one act of cowardice, and he buried his face in his hands and wept like a woman when he had reached his solitary room.

Yet even then his release was at hand. Under the arms in which he had buried his face in despair lay the evening paper. His tears fell upon it, and it sent up no electric thrill to impart its potent message to him. Yet later in the evening, sick of his tormenting thoughts, he lit his candle, and took it up leisurely. There he read:

> "The criminal Tourtillon, otherwise 'Cache-nez,' has confessed, among other crimes, the murder of the young American, John Myers, whose dead body was found in the Seine about two years ago. Strange to say, while confessing the greater crime of murder, he denies the robbery—says he intended it, and went through him, but found nothing, though he had seen him display a full purse at the wine-merchant's. No reliance is placed on this statement, however."

Over and over Leigh read these words, as if he feared they were an optical delusion, and the next morning, as soon as possible, he saw Mr. Colman; together, as friends of the deceased, they visited the criminal, and Dora's father professed himself satisfied.

And very soon the two lovers were restored to one another, and all went happy as a marriage-bell. But they needed no betrothal-ring—the plain gold band for the wedding was all that was necessary.

LOTTERIES:

THEIR HISTORY, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By Frank H. Norton.

The subject of lotteries is one concerning which there can scarcely be said to be two opinions in this country, so general, and, indeed, almost universal, is the reprobation in which they are held. Yet, despite all this antagonism, lotteries continue to exist and to flourish. Everybody derides them; scarcely any are willing to confess participation in them; they are alike obnoxious to the law and to public opinion; and yet millions of dollars are annually expended in the United States in lottery-tickets, the larger part of this vast sum going out of the country.

The State of Louisiana, with its French population, is really the only one in which the lottery has, in late years, gained a successful and established foothold. The institution exists, to be sure, in other States, but it is surreptitiously and under ban. In all the principal cities, however, there are offices for the sale of tickets in the lotteries of Louisiana, Kentucky, and, especially, of Havana; and it is a matter at least open to question, whether it would not be better policy, and quite as good morality, for the State of New York, for instance, to legalize lotteries, and thus retain the large sums annually expended. Certainly public morality is not benefited where the law is so constantly broken or evaded, and as for the possibility of absolutely preventing, by law or by any other means, persons from indulging their passion for lottery-tickets, it is no more practicable than is the prevention of intemperance by summary means.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of lotteries, that there is probably no instance recorded of any custom which has so fallen into disrepute and disgrace, and which can boast of so ancient and respectable an origin as that of division by this means. In the Scriptures we find constant mention of this custom, and it seems, indeed, to have been the prevailing habit from the earliest history of the world. Thus, in Proverbs xviii. 18, we read as follows:

> "The lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty."

Again, in I. Samuel xiv. 41, 42, we find the following passage:

> "Therefore Saul said unto the Lord God of Israel, Give a perfect lot. And Saul and Jonathan were taken; but the people escaped. And Saul said, Cast lots between me and Jonathan, my son. And Jonathan was taken."

And again, in Matthew xxvii. 35:

> "And they crucified him, and parted his garments, casting lots; that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet: They parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture did they cast lots."

So we are given to understand that this mode of division was considered just by the old Hebrew sovereigns and lawgivers. Indeed, among the Hebrews and Egyptians, lands were divided by lot, and this same method was employed in the appointment of priests to the Temple of Jupiter by the pagan inhabitants of Syracuse.

The employment of chance as a mode of divining a course of action was very probably the origin of division by lot, since we do not know of any period when this custom has not obtained. It has come down to us in very many forms—spinning a coin in the air, drawing sticks or slips of paper of different lengths, and other modifications of the practice being still common among the children of men.

Among the Romans, this plan was adopted in their disposition of charity. They were accustomed to make periodical donations of corn, wine and oil among the poor, and they used the method of distributing billets, or tickets, each entitling the holder to a certain share in the gifts. In this scheme, to be sure, there were no blanks. On the occasion of the Saturnalia, tablets were thrown in the midst of the crowd, each being inscribed with an order for some gift of consular or imperial munificence. Of course, there was eager scrambling on the part of the multitude to obtain these tablets, the element of chance being introduced in the fact that the finder knew not whether he would become the happy possessor of money, slaves, valuable ornaments, horses, oxen or articles of clothing.

It is said of the Emperor Augustus, even, that he was in the habit of selling paintings, displaying only their backs, the purchaser not knowing whether he had bought a *chef d'œuvre* of Apelles or the worthless canvas of some obscure amateur. The example of the Emperor was followed by the wealthy nobility and aristocracy of Rome, who distributed among their friends little checks of bone or ivory, on which were inscribed the names of various gifts. One would obtain by this method perhaps 100 pieces of gold, another a purple robe, another a vase of tooth-powder, etc.

The Emperor Nero appears to have entered into the lottery business with the same profuseness and breadth of appreciation which characterized all of his acts. During the

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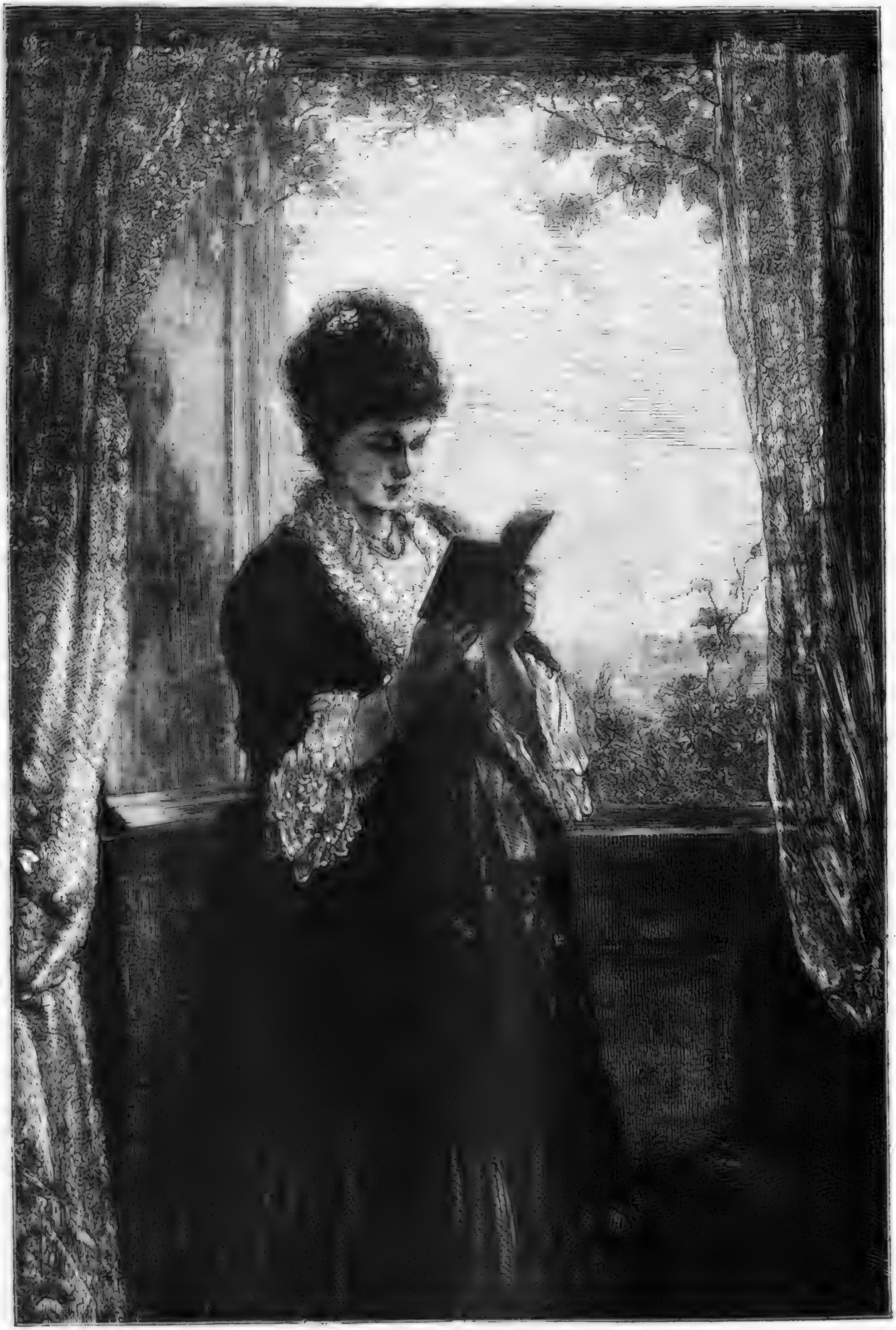
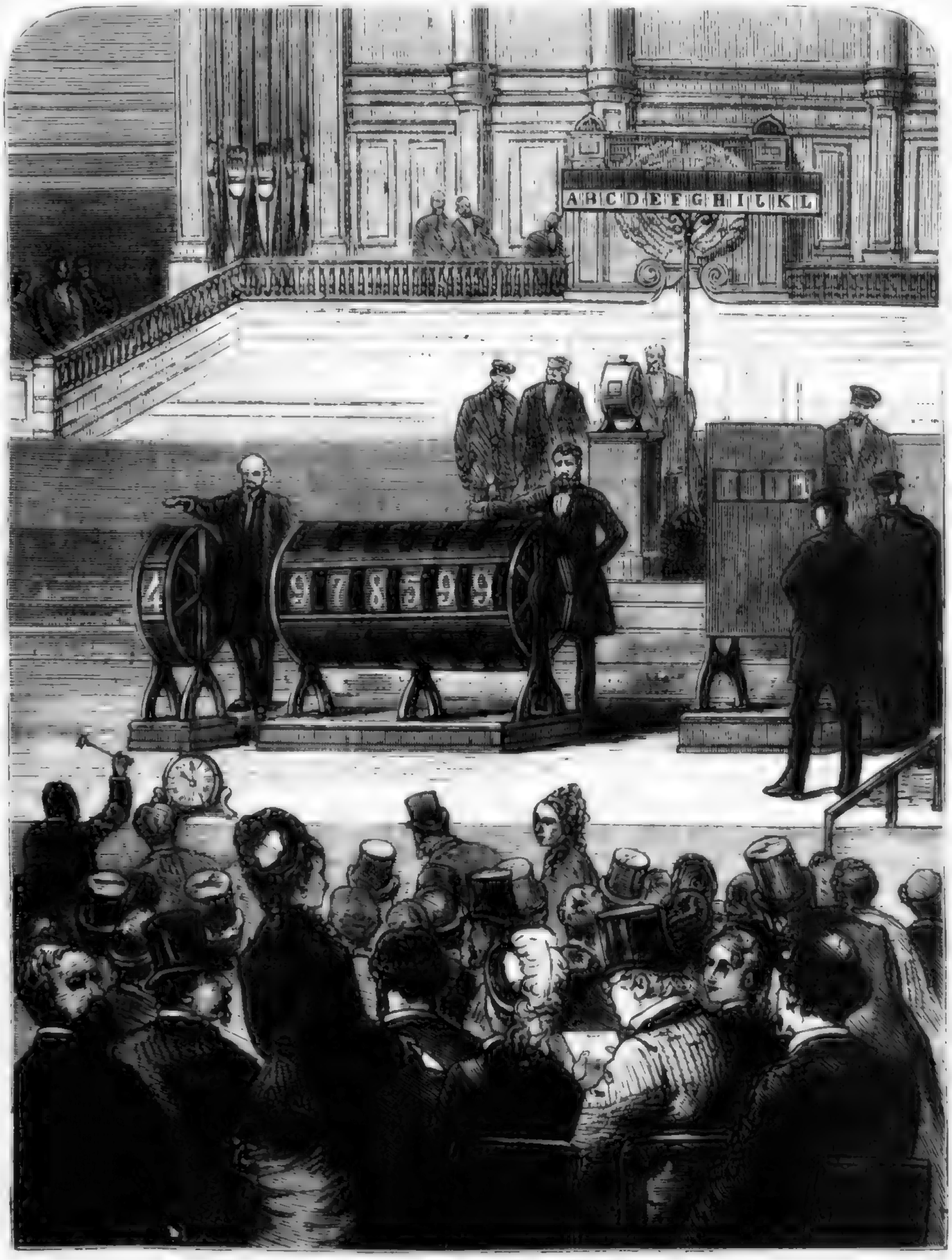


"PARTING DAYLIGHT."

Roman festivities he was in the habit of distributing tickets to the number of as many as a thousand in a day. The prizes consisted of birds, rare meats, grain, paintings, gold and silver, precious stones, slaves, and at last even including ships and extensive tracts of land and islands.

The Emperor Domitian followed the same practice, being less extravagant and more charitable. He confined his prizes to gifts of food and clothing to the poor; while Heliogabalus distributed in this manner eunuchs, chariots, horses and mules, and even fools and jesters. The scene occurring on the distribution of these prizes was ridiculous in the extreme. One would draw, for instance, ten bears; another, perhaps ten crickets; a third, ten ostriches or hen's eggs; a fourth, ten mules or ten house-flies.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THE DRAWING OF A LOTTERY.

Rome ruling the world in those days, any caprice or whim which she adopted spread rapidly through the rest of Italy and elsewhere. Thus it was with the mania for lotteries. Venice and Genoa became infected with the disorder, and there the plan soon grew to be a Government monopoly.

The feudal princes of Central and Northern Europe, during the progress of the Middle Ages, adopted this custom, while the Italian and other merchants at the same period frequently made use of the lottery in the disposition of their wares. In 1530 a money lottery of the character of those of modern times was instituted at Florence for the benefit of the state; and in Venice, a half-century later, lotteries existed under Government or public control. In Genoa a specific character of lottery originated in these early times. The election, by lot, of five members of the Grand Council, afforded the basis for a wager. The names of ninety candidates being thrown into a wheel, bets were made upon the result of the drawing. After a little, numbers were substituted for the names of councilors, and the direction of the game was undertaken by the city. The players fixed upon certain numbers, wagering that one, two, or more of them would be drawn among the five, or that they would appear in a certain order. This plan was made profitable by calculating nicely, according to the doctrine of probabilities, the chances of success, and then adjusting the prizes so as to insure a profit to the bank. As the chances of success grew less, the value of the prizes was increased.

The first instance of a regular lottery undertaken for a charitable purpose occurred at Malines, in the Low Countries, September 13th, 1519, and was designed for the benefit of the Church of St. Peter. This lottery was carried on under the authority of Charles V., prospectuses being issued by the city, and distributed throughout the country, informing the public as to the nature of the lottery, and stating that the list of the prizes should be posted at the various church doors, where the successful numbers could be seen by all. In fact, in the sixteenth century churches appear to have been the favorite hunting-ground for the lottery speculator. Thus, we are told of a lottery which occurred in 1557 at Lisle, designed to aid in the construction of the Church of St. Stephen; while another took place at Bruges, in 1538, for a similar purpose, under the auspices of the "Brotherhood of St. George."

The first legislative Act having reference to lotteries was passed in France, May 15th, 1539, in the reign of Francis I. It appears that, owing to the disastrous wars which were at that time in progress, and the period of whose termination could not be foreseen, the treasury of his Majesty had become very much depleted. It was therefore suggested that a lottery should be used as the means for refilling the exhausted public purse; to which end a

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proclamation was issued, containing the following as a pretext for the proposed lottery: "To incline the nobles, tradesmen and merchants who are attached to games of hazard, from such as are dissolute, some of which consume all their time, others all their goods and substance."

In this case the prizes were rings and jewels of gold and silver, besides other rich articles of merchandise. The Crown received a portion of the result in the form of a tax on every lot. To this lottery was given the name *blanque*, from the white tickets which indicated the blanks.

The next public mention of lotteries in France occurs in 1563, in the minority of Charles IX. It is stated that some individual obtained a special license to dispose of a watch by this means, but that, having sold more tickets than he had advertised to do, the Government revoked his license, and forced him to pay "ten *ecus* to the poor, because that for little he gained much."

In 1564 the Prince of Navarre, afterward Henry IV., and at that time only a child of eleven years of age, is recorded as having taken a share in a lottery which was drawn in the cloister of the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerriox. Having selected for the motto of the winning ticket the words, "Conquer or die," and this coming to the ears of the Queen, Catherine de' Medici, she was annoyed, and reprimanded the teachers of the young prince, desiring them in the future that they should refrain from teaching him "sentences more calculated to render him opinionated than to improve his manners." It is not set down, however, that her Majesty objected to his participation in the lottery.

Though lotteries, even thus early, had been conducted officially by the administrative powers and heads of government of different countries, they were not as yet generally in favor. Various efforts were made, at and after this period, to speculate upon the purses of the good people of France by this means. Foreign merchants, in particular, were specially anxious to enter into this business, in which they already foresaw profit, provided it were adroitly managed; but the Government made every effort to suppress such adventures, and usually with some success, although instances continued to crop out unexpectedly from all quarters, down to a much later date.

By the time of Louis XIV., public opinion was evidently more in favor of lotteries in France than before. Indeed, it is related that Cardinal Mazarin once gave a lottery gratuitously; but this was probably to obtain some political advantage, for which this great intriguer knew so well how to work. But on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV., and in commemoration of the peace then concluded, among the other enjoyments and festivities of the period a lottery was instituted. The privilege, however, appears to have been abused, for on May 11th, 1661, it was withdrawn, and a law passed forbidding all lotteries, under penalty of confiscation. But the infatuation on this subject which now seized the French people made this law powerless, and on March 19th, 1670, a second Act, still more stringent and severe in its provisions, was passed, and for a few years the activity of the police succeeded in enforcing this.

On May 4th, 1685, the King himself organized a lottery for the ladies of his Court, in which 3,000 tickets were distributed, there being but twenty-four prizes to be drawn, four of these consisting of money—500 *louis* each—and the remaining twenty, jewels. It is related that one Madame de Lovestein had the extraordinary good fortune to gain all four of the money prizes of silver—an occurrence which caused some doubt whether her good fortune had not met with some assistance. A few months later, on the occasion of the marriage of Mlle. de Nantes with the Duke de Bourbon, a second lottery took place, in which the generosity of the King surpassed the prodigality of the Roman Emperors, and everything that luxury could devise, and lavish means execute, rendered this one of the most elegant feasts of the age.

It is related of Louis XIV., that, having on one occasion drawn 100,000 *livres* in a lottery, he immediately invested the whole amount in another lottery, in which he himself would take no chance.

It would almost seem from the manner in which the lottery question was handled during the reign of Louis XIV., that that shrewd monarch, or his advisers, were testing public opinion—since at an early period they informed themselves of the possibilities of the institution as a means of revenue. Certainly the stringent laws and severe action of the Government and its officials, followed by the loosening of the reins, and even by the royal participation in lotteries, almost indicate an intention to experiment in this direction. This idea is still further suggested by the fact that when lotteries had become fairly established in public favor, Louis XIV. determined to render them of service to the State. Accordingly, in a Council Decree of May 11th, 1700, it was announced that, "having remarked the natural inclination of a large proportion of his subjects to invest their money in private lotteries, and desiring to procure for them convenient means for obtaining a certain and considerable income for the rest of their lives, and even of enriching their families by offering to fortune sums so small as not to cause them any inconvenience—he judged it proper to establish, at the Hotel de Ville, a royal lottery of ten millions." This lottery was composed of 440,000 tickets, at two *louis* each, and gave 485 prizes in cash and 500,000 *livres* of life annuity. Of course, by this lottery the Government received heavy loans from the people, at small interest and without security—a very good thing for the Government, besides the profit. The programme of this lottery became afterward modified and changed in various ways, but intrinsically the general principle under which it was conducted remained the same.

The occasion of lotteries has varied continually: one year, it was to obtain money to pay off certain debts of the King; the following year, twenty-five engines were needed for the City of Paris, and were obtained by means of lotteries. And again, the General Hospital of Paris was in want of funds—a lottery was set in motion, the tickets were drawn by a Sister of Charity, while the Archbishop and the President of Parliament presided, under the title of "Fathers of the Poor." Next, the Church of St. Sulpice had to be constructed, as also the Foundling Hospital and several religious establishments. Recourse was continually had to the lottery system, and with great success. It is said that there were sold for the lottery of St. Sulpice 16,282,000 tickets, returning to that charity the sum of 1,685,200 *livres* as its share of the profits.

By such means, and aided by the smiles of the Goddess of Fortune, the good deeds which were done in those days were without number. Was it not thus that the hospitable Sisters of Mercy were enabled to rebuild the ruins of their monastery? and the nuns of the Madelaine de Trenel—did they not thus conclude the construction of their convent? The Benedictines of the "Presentation" are said to have maintained themselves to a great extent by means of lotteries. By this means, also, Christian slaves are said to have been snatched from slavery among the Algerines. The Church of St. Nicholas-du-Chardonet was in part rebuilt, and other churches without number were ornamented with costly cups and vases, services of silver and gold, paintings and furniture in *ormolu*.

The principal patrons of the lotteries were the members of the lower classes. Washerwomen and domestic servants bought far more tickets than their employers and masters. Often female servants, having the hope of gaining enough to entice some attractive youth into matrimony, would dispose of their every possession, even to the most needed articles of clothing, for the purchase of lottery-tickets.

During the reign of Louis XV., lotteries became more common than ever before, the principal one being that of the Regent, established August 21st, 1717, and which existed until 1776. This lottery was drawn every month, in the grand hall of the Hotel de Ville, the regular monthly receipts amounting to 6,000 livres. Lottery bureaus were now established in every quarter of Paris, and sixty agents, wearing each a copper badge, with the inscription, "Lottery-ticket Vender," walked the streets from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, crying their wares. It was customary to inscribe on those tickets some religious or philosophical sentiment, and of these the following are good examples: "Spiritus sanctus Deus"; "In cruce Domini gloriabor"; "A la Sainte Vierge"; or of some token of respect, as "Vive Louis XV."; "Vive Monsieur le Curé."

In 1776, Louis XVI. suppressed the lotteries of the Hotel de Ville, replacing them, however, by the "Royal Lottery of France," with which were combined all the lotteries of charity, etc. This combination is said to have brought the royal treasury no less than 10,000,000 francs per annum. In 1793 it was suppressed by the Convention, but in 1797 was re-established on a new basis. Finally, by a law of April 21st, 1832, January 1st, 1836, was announced as the date of the final decease of the system in France. Since that date, lotteries have only been conducted in France under special Act, and for certain specified purposes of charity or for other good public reasons. In such cases, permission is granted by the Prefects of the Departments, at the request of the Mayor or other official, and such lotteries are always under Government management. Between the years 1816 and 1828, the French Government derived from lotteries an annual income of 14,000,000 francs. In the month of January, of the year following their suppression, it is said that 525,000 francs were deposited in the savings banks of Paris alone, more than was deposited in the same month of the preceding year.

In most of the European States, lotteries still continue to be a source of revenue, under the principle that, as the people would gamble under any circumstances, it is better that the Government should reap the benefit accruing from the custom than that individuals or foreign combinations should—as would frequently be the case—by deception, rob the country of its wealth.

In Germany, the first "class lottery" was opened in Nuemberg in 1669, and this kind has been a favorite ever since. These lotteries are controlled by the Government, their profits being applied to the support of workhouses and civil institutions, or to other charitable objects. The system is to return in prizes the money received, less a small discount, out of which are taken the expenses and the charity benefit.

Money lotteries are most frequent, though lotteries of goods are often offered. The latter are very popular, as each ticket-holder receives some article, though of small value. All of these require the approval of the Government. Sometimes whole establishments, which have become heavily encumbered, have been offered as prizes.

The premium lotteries of Germany have always been peculiar to that country. On this plan the Government issues proposals for a loan, offering to capitalists a small percentage for the amount furnished, by way of interest, and a like amount in premiums, to be awarded by lot. The first part of this plan is the modern syndicate adopted to float loans in this country.

The first lottery in England, of which we have any account, took place in 1569, proposals being issued during the two previous years. This lottery was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral. The tickets were sold at ten shillings each, the prizes consisting principally of plate; and the profits were devoted chiefly to repairing the harbors and other public works of the kingdom. This lottery began to be drawn on January 11th, 1569, and continued until May 6th of the same year, drawing day and night. The advertisement, in the quaint style of the period (*tempus* Elizabeth), reads as follows:

> "A very rich lotterie generall, without any blanckes, containing a great number of good prices, as wel of redy money as of plate and certaine sorts of merchandizes, having ben valued and priced by the commandment of the Queenes most excellent Majestie, by men expert and skillful; and the same Lotterie is erected by hir Majesties order, to the intent that such commoditie as may chance to arise thereof after the charges borne, may be converted towardes the restoration of the Havens and strengthening of the Realme, and towardes such publique good workes. The number of Lots shall be four hundred thousand, and no more, and the price of every Lot shall be the summe of tenne shillings sterling onely, and no more."

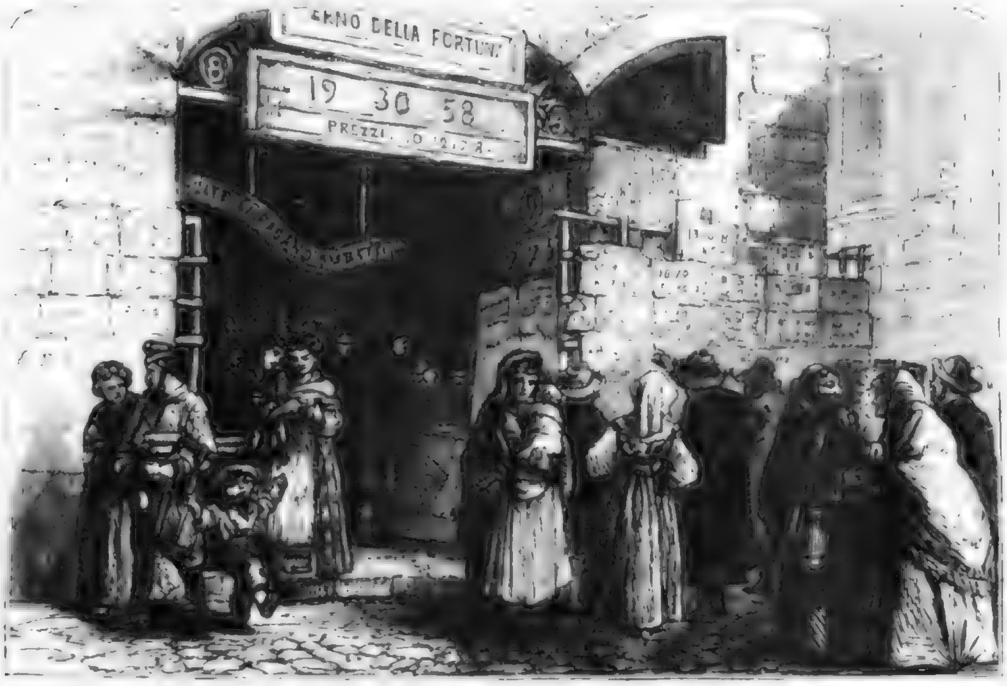
The first prize was £5,000 sterling, while every one was sure of getting at least two shillings and sixpence, if nothing greater. This lottery brought into the treasury about £100,000. In 1586 a second lottery was drawn in the same place for a collection of valuable armor, and lasted for several days.

A lottery having historical interest to Americans was drawn in 1612, and was perhaps the first one with which this country had to do. It was for the benefit of the "Virginia Company," the highest prize being 4,000 crowns. This lottery produced the sum of £29,000. Lotteries now began to be so common in England, and became generally so objectionable, that they were suppressed by an Order of Council; but by license of Charles I., one was specially authorized in 1630, to defray the expense of conveying water into London. Under Charles II. they increased to an alarming extent, and Parliament was obliged to interfere for their suppression, which was ordered, under penalty of £100.

On the 10th of May, 1665, one John Ogilby announced a lottery of books, and this was being drawn doubtless to his entire satisfaction, when the plague broke out, and put an end to the lottery. It is related that after the subsidence of the plague this lottery was again announced, and was again cut off by the great fire, which destroyed all the prizes. Nothing daunted by this ill fortune, Ogilby again issued proposals for a lottery, having replaced his burnt prizes by new ones, and the affair was announced and came off successfully in 1668.

In the year 1683, the jewels of his deceased Royal Highness Prince Rupert were disposed of by a lottery, the value of the prizes being £20,000, including, among other costly articles, a pearl necklace worth £8,000. It is stated that the tickets in this lottery were assorted and arranged in the presence of the King and with his assistance.

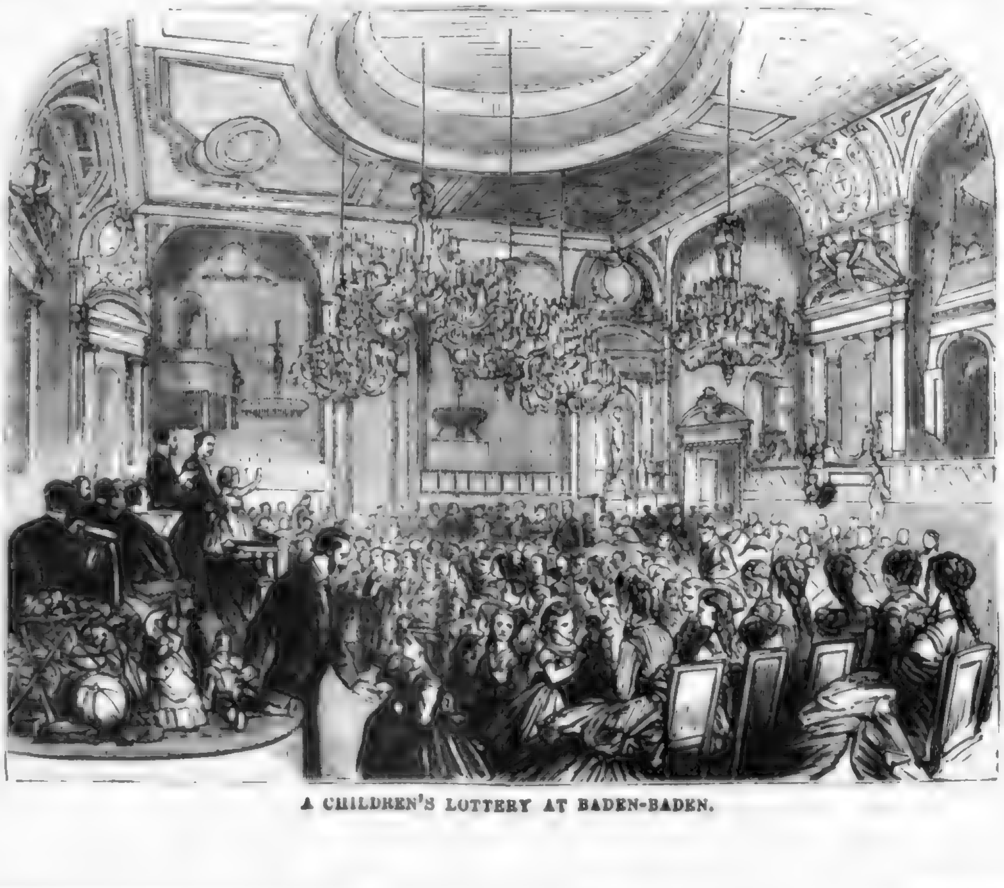
In 1675 a special lottery had been granted by Parliament in favor of the loyalist officers of the late revolution. The most popular and most remarkable of all lotteries was the "Penny Lottery," the first of which was drawn October 16th, 1698, with a capital prize of £1,000, tickets being issued at one penny each. As might well be imagined, thousands were anxious to invest where, by risking so little, one might gain so much.



SCENE BEFORE A LOTTERY OFFICE IN ROME.

One of the best of all the lottery stories which are told is of an incident which was said to have occurred in connection with one of the penny lotteries. A little boy, going to school one day, was met by an old woman who asked for charity, and to whom he gave his luncheon of bread-and-butter. Shortly after, on meeting the boy again, the old woman told him his bread-and-butter had given her good luck, and presented him with a penny, telling him that if he took care of it he would gain from it many pounds. The boy retained the penny for a long time, and finally, by advice of a friend, invested it in a penny lottery, where he is said to have drawn the highest prize of £1,000.

Of course, the lottery excitement in England could not but cast its reflection upon the literature of the day. Tracts, posters, dialogues, songs, plays and hand-bills were circulated largely, some in favor, some ridiculing, and some violently against lotteries. Tall vans paraded the streets of London, covered with posters announcing the day of drawing, prizes, etc., of the various schemes which were now set afloat to gull the unwary. Horsemen rode in all directions, their steeds caparisoned with lottery placards; and ticket-venders bawled their wares lustily in the public squares.



A CHILDREN'S LOTTERY AT BADEN-BADEN.

Again, in the reign of William III, it became necessary to pass an Act of Parliament for the suppression of these schemes. It was found that even in country towns they flourished on the earnings and savings of servants and children, and innumerable stories were told of clerks ruined and employers robbed to assist in lottery speculations. Private lotteries were put down, but gigantic incorporated schemes were commenced, in which life annuities and insurance policies were the prizes, and these became enormously popular. In 1710 the Bank of England received subscriptions to a State lottery in which every ticket gave an annuity for thirty-two years of from five to one thousand pounds per annum.

In 1759 the annuity plan was discarded, and prizes ranging as high as £20,000 were substituted. This system continued in vogue, the amount of the prizes being constantly increased, in order to offer the greatest possible inducements. In 1747 it is said that £1,000,000 were raised by a lottery selling 10,000 shares, the prizes being paid in perpetual annuities of four per cent

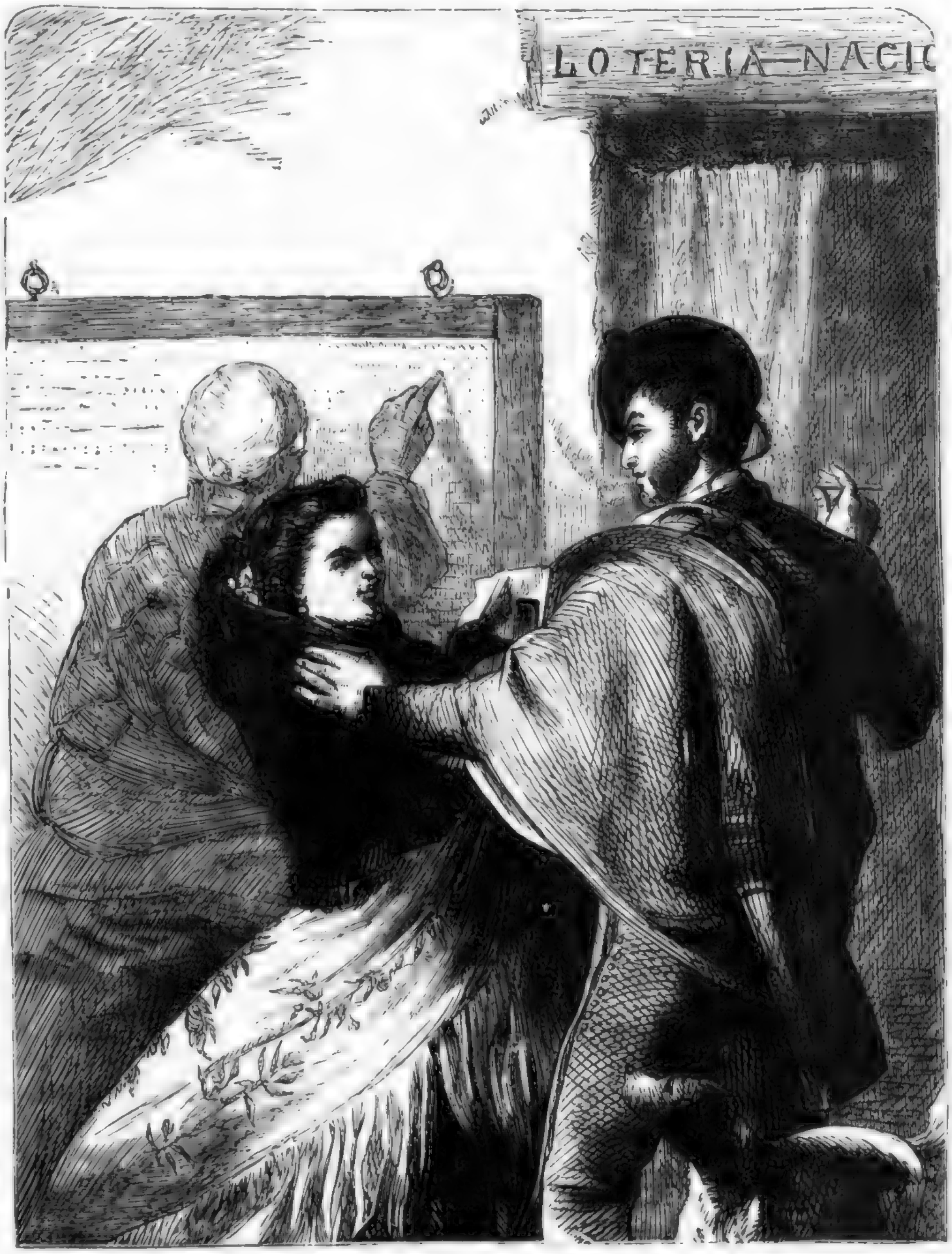
In 1718, the number of lottery offices in the whole kingdom was 400. In that year an Act was passed obliging every person who had such an office to take out a yearly license, and to pay £50 for it. This measure soon reduced the number from 400 to 41.

In 1808 lotteries were drawn having as the highest prize the sum of £40,000, with six prizes of £20,000, besides innumerable others of lesser value. In this year (1808) the evil had grown to such alarming dimensions that a committee was appointed by the House of Commons to investigate the subject, with a view to see what laws could be passed to diminish the loss and injury accompanying the condition of things in this direction. The committee reported adversely to lotteries, but the sense of the House seemed to be in favor, the vote standing: in favor of lotteries, 90; against lotteries, 49—majority, 41.

What was probably the origin of the present system of policy-shops, as practiced in New York and other cities and towns, happened in 1712. It appears that a goldsmith of London, named Matthew West, divided his tickets into twenty parts, and was very successful in disposing of them in that form. This idea of fractional parts, or "little-goes," as they were called in London, became immediately very popular, and was doubtless the cause of the greatest amount of injury effected by lotteries on the lower classes, since it appealed immediately to those who had little money, and could least afford to risk anything on such ventures.

But the immediate influence of lotteries was not their only effect. They acted and reacted in all directions and upon all kinds of games of chance. Offices were opened to effect insurances on marriages, births, christenings, etc. Dice and card-playing became more than ever prevalent, and more than the customary amount of crime followed in the wake of these vices.

One peculiarity of lotteries which has always existed, was noticed even in the early part of the eighteenth century in England, this being the desire frequently evinced by those who purchased tickets to possess those of a certain number, or combination of numbers, the most extraordinary causes often influencing people's minds in their choice. Thus, one man insisted on having No. 1,711, because it was the current year; another the number representing the year of his age; a third dreamed a number, and would be satisfied with no other; while a fourth selected the number which had been successful in the last lottery.



SKETCH AT A LOTTERY OFFICE IN SPAIN.

The final death-blow was given to state lotteries in England on the 18th of October, 1826, when they were abolished by the Government. Private lotteries in England and Ireland were also made illegal, with heavy penalties to follow, even the advertisements of foreign lotteries.

In 1837 the Art Union of London was established, and other similar enterprises soon followed. In 1844, the amount of subscriptions to the Art Union was £14,848. Although the principle upon which these enterprises were based was decided to be illegal, they were, and still are, tolerated in England and winked at by the Government.

One result of lotteries in England was the increase in the number of suicides occasioned by ill success. It is stated that after one drawing more than fifty suicides occurred in London. Clerks were found drowned at the docks, servants hung themselves by their garters, and all sorts of instruments of self-destruction were at a premium. Quite a number of curious anecdotes are told of the lottery period. For instance, a negro man, who cried "oranges, lemons and limes" in London, drew a prize of £5,000, and went raving mad the next day. A footman to a lady of high rank dreamed that he drew a £5,000 prize with a ticket of a certain number, and accordingly invested all his earnings in purchasing a ticket bearing that number. He won nothing, and after passing a few melancholy days destroyed his life. On one occasion, at a lottery in 1774, after the drawing, a ticket was found sticking in the crevice of the wheel, which, on being examined, proved to be entitled to a prize of £1,000. It is said that a lady in London, whose husband presented her with a lottery ticket, sent a notice to the church to have prayers put up in the following manner: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for the success of a person engaged in a new undertaking." One young man, who had ruined himself by a lottery, shot himself with two pistols, leaving behind him a paper, in which he cursed "the head of the plan and the heart that executed the baneful destructive plan of a lottery."

An apparent comment upon a lottery as practiced in England occurs in a farce written by the celebrated Henry

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Fielding, in 1731, for Drury Lane Theatre, and which was called "The Lottery." In this piece the following lines occur:

> "A lottery is a taxation
> Upon all fools in creation;
> And, heaven be praised!
> It is easily raised,
> Credulity's always in fashion;
> For folly's fun will never lose ground
> While fools are so rife in the nation."

At the time of the legal abolition of lotteries in England, a large procession paraded through the streets of London, carrying banners and placards, accompanied by a band of music, announcing the end of the lottery, and advising every one to try one chance in "the last lottery in England—the great £30,000 lottery."

The lottery system has been applied to other purposes besides that of making money. A good story is told of an instance of this character, said to have occurred in France just after the abdication of Charles X. A young French officer in the service of the King lost his position after the abdication, and was thrown upon the world penniless, but in the possession, as it chanced, of an exceedingly handsome person. He had won the affections of a beautiful girl at Lyons, to whom he was betrothed, and the discomfort and misery of his poverty-stricken situation, combined with regret at the apparent impossibility of fulfilling his engagement, worked so upon his mind, that he concluded to commit suicide. He accordingly proceeded to a café near the Seine, and calling for writing materials, was writing a letter to his betrothed at Lyons, when he heard the voice of a Jew crying "Lottery tickets!" Immediately, and as if by inspiration, he conceived a bold and original idea. Calling the Jew, he proceeded to interview him, when, finding him shrewd and calculating, he opened to him his new project, saying to him, "All the world is a lottery—wealth, pleasure, happiness, marriage. Why can we not institute a lottery, in which I shall be the only prize?" The Jew snapped at the idea, and insisted upon the captain accompanying him to his residence. Calling a cabriolet, the pair entered, and proceeded to drive through a whole labyrinth of streets in the most ancient part of Paris, and so to the Jews' quarter of the city. Reaching an ancient-looking location, the Jew ushered him in, when the captain found himself, to his great surprise, in a suite of rooms furnished with the utmost magnificence. Splendid carpets, gilded fauteuils and costly pictures met the eye everywhere, and at the end of the suite, in a room still more exquisite in proportions and furniture, the table was laid with a luxurious supper, to which the two schemers proceeded immediately to do full justice.

The plan for the lottery was now discussed and arranged, while the remainder of the night was spent in enjoying the richest wines which a well-stocked cellar could produce. The scheme of the lottery was very simple, the only prize being the captain, and this to be won by the holder of the highest number. The officer, however, made two conditions. One was that a ticket should be sent to the fair maiden at Lyons, and the other that in case the winning party should not like the prize, or *vice versa*, a compromise should be effected by an equal division of the profits; and each should go free, the Jew having a percentage on the whole. The story proceeds that in two months 10,000 tickets were sold, at a napoleon each. The drawing took place a few days later. The fair Lyonaise was waited on by a beautiful widow in a magnificent equipage, who offered her a thousand napoleons for her lottery ticket, which she said had drawn the prize—although she herself had bought thirty tickets, and had been unsuccessful. Now, it appears that the young lady had no idea as to the character of the prize; for, on receiving the ticket, she had thrown it into a drawer without even inquiring into its value. Thinking it unwise, however, to dispose of her good fortune before she should know what it was, she refused the offer, and the widow departed, disconsolate. Five minutes after, a traveling-chariot drove to the door, the captain leaped out, and was in the arms of his betrothed in a moment. He had no sooner heard into whose hands the prize had fallen, than he was on his way to Lyons as fast as his horse could carry him. Throwing 5,000 napoleons into her lap, he told her the story of his lottery, and announced his determination to keep out of the Seine in the future.

In 1818 there appeared in a Calcutta newspaper the following advertisement: "Be it known that these fair, pretty young ladies, with two sweet and engaging young children, lately imported from Europe, have roses of health blooming upon their cheeks, and joy sparkling in their eyes, possessing amiable manners, and highly accomplished—whom the most indifferent cannot behold without expressions of rapture, are to be raffled for next door to the British Gallery. Scheme 12, tickets at 12 rupees each, the highest of the three throws to take the most fascinating," etc.

The time of the introduction of lotteries into America is not known; though, as the second scheme drawn in England was, as has already been related, designed to aid the colonization of Virginia, it is probable that this occurred about that time. It is on record that as early as 1699 the ministers of the gospel settled in Boston met and denounced lottery speculation as a cheat and its agents as pillagers of the people.

Early in the eighteenth century, lotteries had gained a foothold in Philadelphia, and in 1748 the State granted a charter to some such enterprise, for the purpose of erecting in Philadelphia the "Association Battery." On this occasion the Society of Friends proceeded against lotteries by reading a rule in their meetings designed to warn members of the Society against them. In 1753, Christ Church steeple, and the steeple for the Presbyterian Church in the same city, were each assisted by a lottery grant. A lottery also took place in Baltimore, and another in aid of Princeton College, N. J., by which latter £13,332 were raised.

In 1761, a lottery of 12,500 tickets at $4 each took place in Philadelphia, granted to raise $7,500 for paving the streets. As the receipts from this lottery, if the tickets were all sold, would have amounted to $50,000, it is evident that there was considerable leakage in the scheme.

After the adoption of the Constitution, many of the States legalized lotteries, and this soon became a customary means employed to forward any object of public or private interest. Thus bridges were built, railroads laid, canals dug, roads made, ferries improved, hospitals erected, colleges founded and books published. In 1832, in nine States of the Union, there were no fewer than 420 lottery classes sold, amounting to $53,136,930, or, with brokers' commission added, $66,420,162.

In New York City alone, during the year 1830, schemes were drawn to the amount of nearly $10,000,000, and in 1833 an Act was passed in New York State suppressing all lotteries for the future.

Up to the year 1837, the Assembly of Virginia had passed over fifty lotteries, legalizing them for special purposes. In 1833 a society was formed in Pennsylvania, called "The Pennsylvania Society for the Suppression of Lotteries." To the efforts of this society may be mainly attributed the action of most of the States prohibiting the further establishment of lotteries. In Tennessee and Virginia, Acts abolishing lotteries have been, by express decisions, pronounced Constitutional. In New York and Pennsylvania, lotteries are declared to be public nuisances, and may be indicted as such. In the State of New York, art unions are held to be lotteries by express decisions.

In 1847, there were six lotteries drawn per day in three States, of which the Delaware Lottery was the most important and the most profitable. At present there are still lotteries drawn in the United States—the Kentucky and Louisiana lotteries—although the Legislature of Louisiana recently repealed the grant to the Louisiana Lottery Company, on the ground that its charter was obtained by fraud. It is said of this lottery that its yearly profits have been upward of $100,000.

The famous "gig," known among the colored population as the "Washerwomen's Gig, 4-11-44," was originated by W. C. France, who in 1863 had control of the lottery wheel when drawing the lottery in Washington, Del. On one occasion, after the drawing had taken place, he added to it a number 4, not drawn from the wheel, which made up this "gig," and by which he cheated the lottery managers to the extent of more than $10,000. This France, Murray, Miller & Co., Morris & Howard, Ben. Wood, Henry Coulter and others, have conducted for years the most of these lotteries.

But the principal lottery of the Western Hemisphere takes place in Havana, Cuba, under the auspices of the Government, and for the purpose of supplying Government revenue, and is legally drawn eighteen times per annum at the Custom House at Havana, under the superintendence of a Government official. In this lottery 30,000 tickets are issued, and sold at $20 each—fractional parts in the same proportion. The highest prize is usually $200,000; and there is sometimes a grand drawing, when the highest prize is fixed at 1,000,000 Spanish dollars, and the price of the tickets at $100. The lottery is drawn in the morning of the day appointed, and tickets can be purchased up to within half an hour of the time of drawing. In an enormous courtyard, surrounded by Government officers, is placed a movable platform, upon which the two wheels used in the drawing are erected. Boys, blindfolded, draw the tickets from the wheels, and the numbers are chalked up on blackboards placed just behind them. The open courtyard is large enough to contain thousands of people, and the excitement over the drawing is intense. This lottery is undoubtedly conducted honestly, as indeed all lotteries might well be and still prove a profitable business. Prizes in the Havana Lottery are paid in gold on the day following the drawing. Tickets are sold in New York, New Orleans, and other cities in the United States; at Panama, throughout South America, and in the West India Islands.

Probably the largest and most exciting lottery which ever took place was that undertaken by the French Government during the Exposition of 1878. This scheme was originated with the design to raise funds to bring workingmen and poor peasants from the rural districts to Paris, and enable them to witness and enjoy the delights of the Exposition. The affair was in the hands of the Government, and its management was intrusted to a central commission. The original design of issuing one million of tickets at a franc each was soon altered, as the demand for tickets grew. The number was increased to six millions, and by subsequent steps to twelve millions, of tickets. All France was in a frenzy of excitement over this grand scheme. Speculators bought large quantities, and at one time an extravagant premium was asked and obtained. Large quantities of tickets were sold in London, and in the different cities of Europe, and no difficulty was experienced in getting rid of the entire number.

Of the 12,000,000 francs derived from the sale of the tickets by the Government, five per cent. was allowed to the venders, and the expenses of the undertaking absorbed about as much more. Of the 10,800,000 francs remaining, one-third, or 3,600,000 francs, was applied to the expenses of bringing workmen and others to Paris to see the great show, and 7,200,000 francs were expended in prizes. Besides the purchase of the prizes, many of the exhibitors and tradesmen contributed from their exhibits in the Exposition, and altogether the number of prizes was about 8,000, there being twelve series in the drawing.

The grand prize was valued at 150,000 francs, and was won by a journeyman currier named Aubriot, the occupant of two rooms on the fifth floor of a tenement house. The winner of the second prize (100,000 francs), was a tobacco vender in the Rue St. Honoré; and the winner of the fourth prize, of 50,000 francs, was a clerk in an insurance office. Besides these there were pianos valued at 15,000 francs each, and pieces of tapestry at 9,000, and of furniture at 10,000, and of statues and paintings of still higher value. The entire distribution of money in prizes was as follows: grand prizes, 380,000 francs; French works of art, 855,000; fine art, books, musical instruments, etc., 540,000; furniture, bronzes, ceramic ware, 1,350,000; wearing apparel and jewelry, 877,500; raw materials, objects of utility, etc., 472,500; machines, tools and vehicles, 405,000; articles of food, confectionery, wines, liquors, etc., 270,000; agricultural and horticultural, 303,750; articles purchased from foreign exhibitors, 740,000. The value of the gifts made by exhibitors was said to have been 800,000 francs.

This lottery was drawn on the 15th day of December, 1878, in the grand hall of the Trocadero Palace. As it was the first lottery to take place in France since 1836, it deserves special notice, not less than on account of its own intrinsic peculiarities.

In Italy, lotteries flourish vigorously, although three Popes, in times past, made strenuous efforts to suppress them. The famous novelist, Guerazzi, tells a well authenticated story, with which we will conclude this paper on lotteries. The incident actually occurred only a few years ago in Florence, where a priest, a peasant and the peasant's wife dug up a dead body from the graveyard, and while the priest held the corpse by the hair, the peasant struck off its head, and his wife took it home and cast it into a seething caldron, to watch how many times it bobbed to the surface and then made a bet on that number in the lottery.

The explanation was, that the deceased was a learned man, and had studied Algebra, and that there might be still much cabalistic power in his head.

"ONE OF DEM DERE KINGS."

THERE was a rich display of foreign gold lace and uniforms on the quarter-deck of the United States ship *Independence*, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Charles Morgan, an old sea-dog, who had monopolized the command of the Mediterranean Squadron, but who had gained the respect of crowned heads by his fearless and independent spirit, tempered with the courtesy of the American gentleman.

The *Independence* was anchored in the Bay of Naples, within hailing distance of Castle Noo. It was in 1850, at the time of the Pope's visit to Naples.

His Holiness having expressed his desire to visit the

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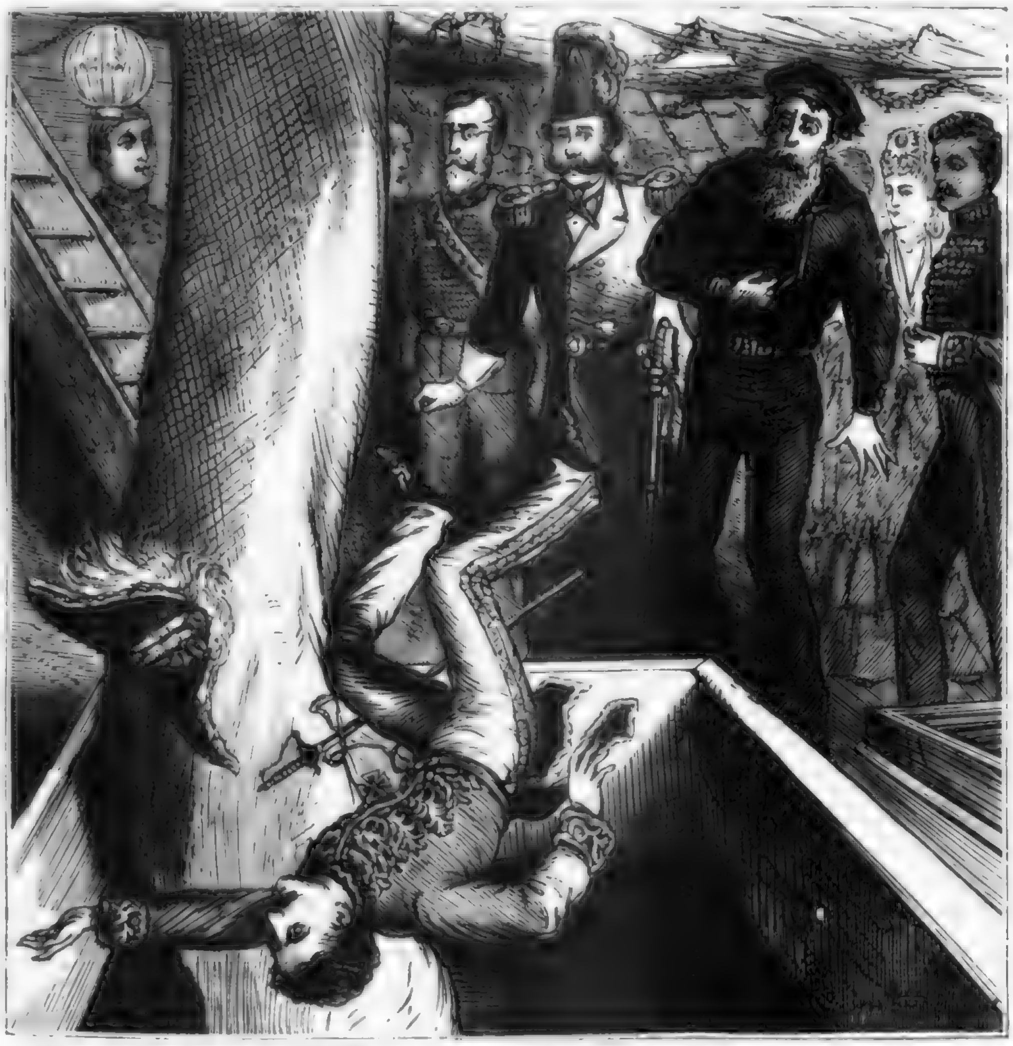
frigate, the necessary preparations for his reception were immediately made.

We will pass over the ceremony of reception, and narrate the result of the honor conferred on the officers and crew of the frigate by the visit of His Holiness.

The visit had occasioned the introduction of our officers to the *élite* of Neapolitan society, and had secured them the *entrée* to all the clubs and social gatherings. Indeed, our officers had been so hospitably entertained, that it behooved them to reciprocate, and they decided to give a military ball.

There was a busy time on board the *Independence*—carpenters putting up benches; gunners' mates and quarter-gunners removing carronades, transforming slides into sofas, and making bayonet chandeliers; quartermasters festooning bunting and dressing the awnings with flags. To be brief, the crew were engaged in turning a war vessel into a ball and supper-room.

The night of October 3d, 1850, was a lovely one, made bright by a full moon in the azure sky of Italy, and by the red glare of the flames of Vesuvius. Innumerable boats from foreign squadrons and from our own plied between the shore and the *Independence*, taking to her those called to the feast.



"ONE OF DEM DERE KINGS."—"DOWN THE HATCH HE WENT—THAT, TOO, WITH A YELL THAT STARTLED THE DANCERS."

A more brilliant assemblage had never graced a man-of-war's deck. Royalty with its court was there. The music was exquisite—the best Naples produced, which is saying a great deal, when one hears such delightful strains from her itinerant street-players.

The *Independence's* quarter-deck was transformed into a vast tent, dressed with the colors of all nations, the forward ones of the occasion being interwoven with our stars and stripes.

The hatches had been *battened* down; flower-beds or fountains screened them.

Only one hatch besides those reserved for main-ways to the lower decks was left open, and that was for the purpose of admitting the wind-sail.

As the night was warm, the wind-sail, which had been well scrubbed, and looked snow-white, had been kept up. Being well rounded, it looked like a column.

For fear that land-lubbers, ignorant of its use, would lean against it, an old tar had been stationed near it to warn them to keep off. Jack Anderson, the mainmast-man, had been selected for the purpose.

Jack did not enjoy the dancing, but he did his post, as it afforded him the opportunity to seize, unobserved, various drinks from the passing waiters; and, as the latter were hired for the occasion, and from shore, they were not *au fait* in discipline, thought it was all right, and waited for Monsieur Anderson, as they called him, to empty his glass and replace it on the salver.

Too many glasses had unsteadied Jack Anderson's faculties; he walked or staggered beyond the margin of his post.

It was at that moment that the Marquis de Toronto, fatigued from much dancing, stepped to the hatch, and leaned back, as he thought, against a column; but down the hatch he went—that, too, with a yell that startled the dancers.

Officers and civilians hastened to the spot; Jack Anderson, tipsy, did likewise, reaching his post in time to confront his superior.

"Anderson!" shouted the captain, "what's the matter?"

"Nothing, sir," coolly replied the old tar, raising his hand to his cap—"nothing much, sir; only one of dem dere kings as has tumbled down the hatchway, sir—that's all." Notwithstanding the seriousness of the accident, a "yaw, yaw!" resounded through the ship. Mirth is contagious—it will spread.

The marquis was not hurt, only badly frightened. He had fallen in a tub of punch which had been placed near the wind-sail to keep it cool.

It was the only damage done.

Putting Hives in Mourning.—In the French province of Perche, when a man died, bows of crape were fixed to the beehives, and one of the family, tapping each hive, said, "Beautiful ones, your master is dead." If this ceremony was neglected, the belief was that the bees would either die or forsake the hive.

We must not attempt an eagle's flight with the wings of a wren.

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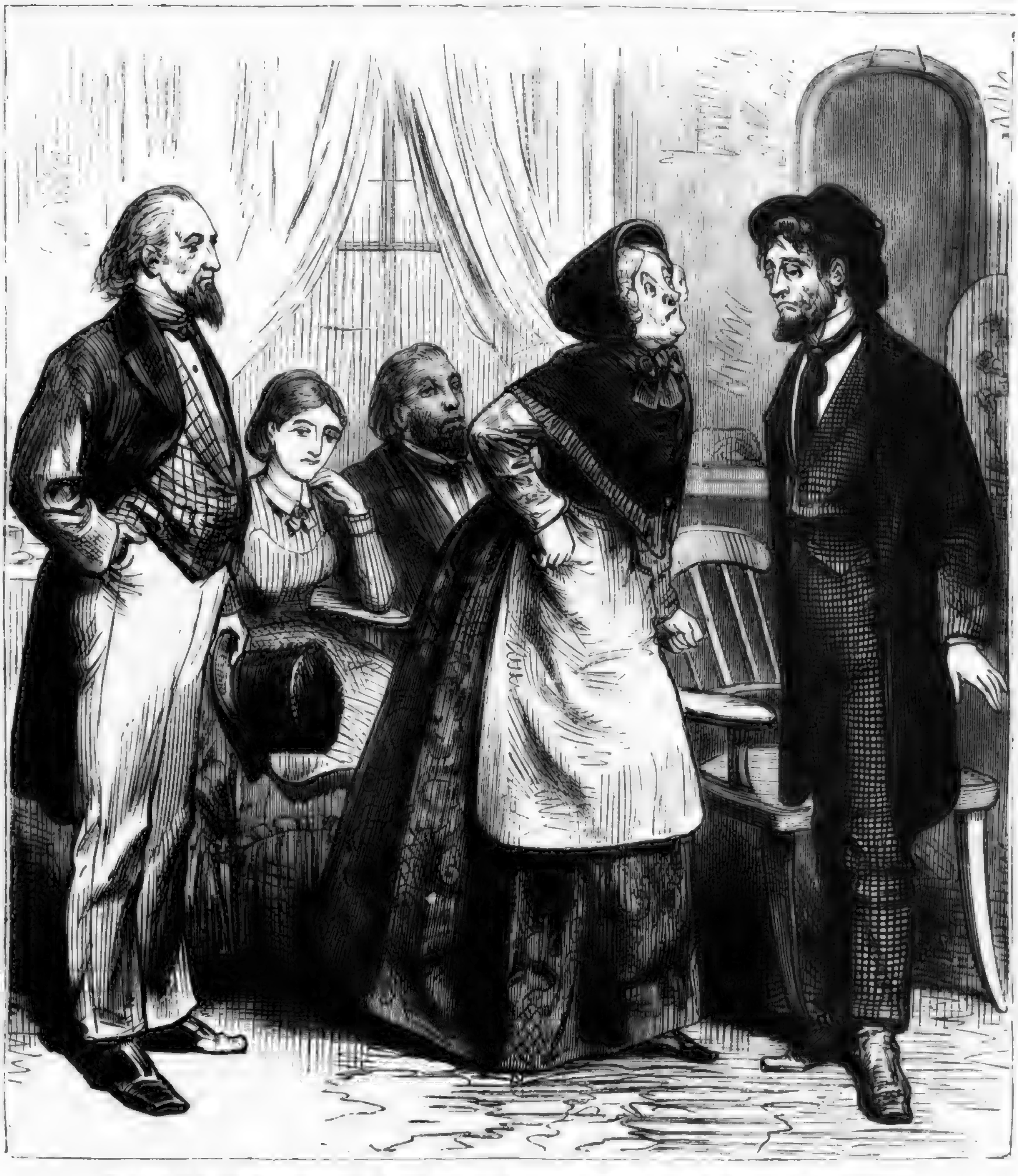

"'WHAT DEW YOU MEAN BY SAYIN' AS HOW I TOLD YE THAT MR. BROWN HAD A WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN!'
'YOU DID TELL ME SO!' CRIED THE WIDOW."

WHAT BROWN LEFT TOWN FOR.

By Mary Grace Halpine.

Such a commotion as there was in Barberry Green—among the feminine portion of it—was never known before by the oldest inhabitant.

Thomas Jefferson Brown, who was considered as much a fixture in the place as the town-pump, had gone, no one knew whither.

That he should have left town without telling where he was going, what he was going for, and when he was coming back, was considered in the light of a personal affront by his fellow-townspeople in general, and the Widow Peabody in particular.

The Widow Peabody was one of those kind-hearted creatures, to be found, to a greater or less extent, in every country village, who take a deep interest in their neighbors' affairs, often neglecting their own to attend to them.

But virtue in this wicked world of ours often fails of its reward, and we are sorry to say that this worthy individual's disinterested efforts in her neighbors' behalf not infrequently met with a base return, some of them being so unreasonable as to suppose they knew their own business best, and could manage it without any of her help.

But this by no means discouraged the Widow Peabody. She "expected sech things from them that didn't know no better," as she often observed.

It now being her "self-evident duty" to find out the whys and wherefores of Mr. Brown's sudden and mysterious disappearance, she set about it with all commendable zeal and alacrity.

She commenced operations by pumping Josh Hardwick, who used to do old jobs for him, and any one else who needed his services, Josh being one of those handy individuals so often found in Yankeedom, who "can turn their hands to 'most anything."

But Josh was non-committal; either he had nothing to tell, or was indisposed to tell what he did know.

Mrs. Peabody believed it was the latter, and, as the natural effect of this conclusion, the old kitchen clock, that had ticked quietly in the corner for a quarter of a century, was suddenly discovered to need "fixing."

Now, be it known that there is none of these natural-born geniuses of the New England type but can take a clock to pieces and put it together again—to quote Josh Hardwick's frequent assertion—"jest as easy as nothin'."

Josh hated the Widow Peabody "wuss than pison," to use his emphatic language; but he "allers calc'lated on bein' perlite to wimen-folks." And then he was glad of a "job"; nothing suiting him better than "tinkerin'," as he called it.

So he lost no time in "steppin' in tew the widder's, jest tew take a squint at the consarn."

He set it "a-goin'," and then closing one eye and squinting up the other, in a manner peculiar to him, watched the pendulum as it swung solemnly to and fro.

"Don't keep good time, hey? Suthin's out of tilter, I s'pose. I'll soon find out."

Suiting the action to the word, Josh soon had the wheels and weights, and all the varied mechanism, spread out upon the table before him.

"Needs cleanin', I expect."

This gratuitous information was volunteered to the Widow Peabody, who stood looking over his shoulder, her thoughts intent upon the subject that so puzzled her astute, far-reaching mind.

"How very sudding Mr. Brown did go off! Don't you think so?"

"Well, no, marm; I can't say as I do. I thought he lingered surprising. His darter told me at the funeral——"

"Oh! I didn't mean *that* Mr. Brown; but, Thomas—him that left town in sich a turrible hurry that he didn't have time to bid good-by tew nobody. You was seen talkin' to him the mornin' he went; what did he say he was goin' fur, an' where tew?"

"I do' know no more'n the man in the moon; he didn't tell *me* nothin'. I met him in the street down by Deacon Skinner's, with his carpet-bag in his hand. 'Josh,' says he, 'I'm going out of town. Here's a dollar; that makes us square, I b'lieve.' He was allers good pay; I'll say that much fur him."

The widow pursed up her lips, shaking her head mysteriously; these simple words had, to her, a meaning of direful import.

"Ah! there it is! If he had expected to come back, he'd have waited. It's just as I thought—*he don't intend to come back!*"

"Mebbe not," responded Josh, taking a prolonged squint at the balance which he was adjusting; "but I don't see no reason why he shouldn't, if he has a mind tew."

"But there *is* a reason, if you can't see it," said the widow, with a reproving shake of the head. "There's reason in everythin'. Didn't he look sorter solemncholy, as if he had heard some bad news?"

"Wal, no; I can't say as he did. I didn't notice nothin' pecoolyer 'bout him, 'cept he kept his han'keecher tew his mouth, as if he'd got the toothache, or suthin'."

"He wanted to hide his face, more like!" retorted the widow; "he was ashamed tew be seen sneakin' out of town that fashion, an' no wonder!"

"Mebbe so," was the philosophical rejoinder.

"An' then tew think how attentive he's been tew Mahitable Green! Everybody said they was as good as engaged. He goes there every Sabba'-day evening, an' allers waits on her home from meetin'. Tew my certain knowledge, them two have stood talkin' at the gate half an hour on the stretch."

"You've got a very obsarvious mind, widder; there ain't many folks that sees as much as you dew."

"There ain't much that goes on in the village that I don't know of, if I dew say it!" responded the widow, with a gratified air.

"An' it is so kind-hearted of ye, tew, to be interested in them that you ain't in no way responsible for!"

"Wal, folks is commonly so selfish; they can't seem to think of nobody but themselves an' them that belongs to 'em. I thank the Lord I ain't no sich! Poor Mahitable! I really feel for her! She sot her life by Mr. Brown, as a body could see with half an eye! Melissy Powers was there when she fust heerd on't, an' says she was all struck of a heap. Said she saw him the night afore, an' he didn't say nothin' 'bout a-goin'. I must say that it's the curiusest thing I ever heerd tell on! What could be the reason he didn't marry her?"

"Wal, he might have a good reason for't. As I told brother Sam, when he was prancin' round with the Widder Pettee, when a man's got a wife——"

The widow lifted up her hands and eyes.

"Good gracious! you don't mean tew say he's married?"

"Tew be sure; an' got three children."

"Of all things! Who on airth told ye?"

"Who told me? Why, I was at the weddin' myself. Is it anythin' surprisin' fur a man tew git married?"

"Wal, no. But tew think that you never mentioned it!"

"I didn't s'pose 'twas anythin' that would interest you in partic'ler," responded Josh, as he put the last screw into the face of the clock. "I hadn't no idee, then, that you was of sich a kind an' charitable turn of mind. I guess it will go all right now. I'm goin' to the 'Centre' this arternoon, but I shall be back the fust of the week, an' if there's any trouble, jes' let me know."

"The sly, deceitful, good-for-nothin' scamp!" exclaimed the Widow Peabody, as she tied on her bonnet, preparatory to spreading this delectable bit of scandal through the village. "Tew think of his havin' a wife an' three children, an' he purtendin' to be a single man! I'll unmask the vilyun!"

The Widow Peabody was as good as her word, succeeding so well in her benevolent, self-denying efforts, that when Brown returned to Barberry Green, as he did a few days after, he was received with a mixture of constraint and coolness by his former friends and associates that surprised and puzzled him.

To complete his vexation and bewilderment, Mahitable Green, whose esteem and affection he was so anxious to secure, actually refused to see him.

The studious avoidance of him by every one made it no easy thing to do, but he finally succeeded in tracing the matter to its source.

There was a "quilting" at Squire Teller's, and such a clatter of tongues as there was in the "square-room," where the fair quilters were congregated!

The Widow Peabody was there, of course; she never failed to "put in an appearance" on such occasions.

Mahitable Green was there, too, though she had much rather have staid at home, poor girl! But she was high-spirited, and wasn't going to have folks think she was "wearing the willow," not she!

She sat among a merry group of her own age, her smiling face little in unison with her heavy heart.

The Widow Peabody was the centre and attraction of an interested, if not interesting, group. Never was her voluble tongue more active and venomous.

She was repeating, for about the hundredth time, her account of Mr. Brown's baseness and duplicity, to which she had given a variety of additions and embellishments, when the door opened, and in came the hero of it, followed by Josh Hardwick.

Without noticing the astonishment on the faces of those present, he marched up to where Mrs. Peabody sat.

"Good-evening, ma'am. I hear that you have been busying yourself with my affairs a good deal lately ?"

"Sir," said the widow, grimly, "I consider it tew be my dewty tew warn folks ag'in them that go about like wolves in sheep's clothing. How did you leave your wife ? Ahem !"

Here Mrs. Peabody glanced around with a look of triumph.

But, instead of being overwhelmed with confusion at this public exposure, as might properly have been expected of him, Mr. Brown said, quietly :

"My wife—that is to be, as I hope—is very well at present, as I am happy to say."

Here the supposed culprit glanced at Mahitable, who was an interested and attentive listener to this.

Josh Hardwick now spoke.

"Look here, widder, I've got a question tew ask you. I don't often speak, but when I dew, it's tew the p'int. What dew you mean by sayin' as how I told ye that Mr. Brown had a wife and three children ?'

"Because you *did* tell me so !" cried the widow, sticking her elbows akimbo, evidently considering her reputation as a reliable "news-vender" to be at stake. "You told me so the day you fixed my clock, an' you needn't go fur tew deny it, nuther."

"I didn't tell you nothin' of the sort. I was speakin' 'bout brother Sam, when you bust in, askin' if *he* was married, an' I said Yes. If you wasn't continnerly thinkin' evil of your nabors, you'd have knowed what I meant."

Mr. Brown now interposed. Looking around upon the expectant group, whose faces evinced both surprise and curiosity, he said :

"My good friends—as I hope and believe you all to be—perhaps I owe you an apology for my abrupt and unceremonious departure from your midst. In order to explain it clearly, I shall have to make a—to me—rather humiliating confession. But an open confession, they say, is good for the soul."

Here the speaker glanced shyly at the Widow Peabody, who had pricked up her ears, thinking that she should now hear something more to her liking.

Mr. Brown resumed :

"I am reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that, owing to the result of a fall, I have—not a wife and three children ; I am not so blest—but, horrible to relate, three artificial teeth, which, being directly in front, are indispensable to the fair degree of good looks which I flatter myself I possess. Upon the night previous to my leaving town, I returned home, after having spent a very pleasant evening." Here Mr. Brown again glanced toward Mahitable, whose conscious face was the color of the roses in her hair and bosom. "While partaking of some slight refreshment before retiring, I accidentally loosened the spring which kept these teeth in place. There being no experienced dentist here, I left town early the next morning, fully expecting to be able to return the following day ; but unforeseen hindrances prevented. True, I might have written. I certainly should have done so had I known what a commotion my 'mysterious disappearance' was creating. I hope this explanation will prove satisfactory, especially to a heart so kind and charitable as the Widow Peabody's."

Here Mr. Brown turned toward Mrs. Peabody's seat, but it was vacant.

"*She* wasn't goin' tew stay tew hear any sich trumped-up story as that !" as she roundly asserted.

In compliance with Mrs. Teller's invitation, which was warmly seconded by the other ladies — Mahitable said nothing, but her looks spoke volumes — Mr. Brown remained to tea, having many a hearty laugh over the blunder, now so happily and satisfactorily explained.

As a matter of course, Mr. Brown went home with Mahitable.

If the Widow Peabody had looked toward Mr. Green's, she would have seen that the parting at the gate was unusually lingering and tender—a foreshadowing of the time when the felicity with which she had so prematurely endowed him should be his.

STUDYING THE WEATHER.

By J. Munro, C. E.

It is not so many years since the study of the weather was considered a very vain pursuit. The wandering gales were either believed to obey no laws, or laws which it was hopeless to try to find out. Far otherwise is the view of educated persons to-day, and those who make a special study of the subject assure us that only time, observation and thought are necessary to enable us to comprehend the processes of the atmosphere, and, to a certain extent, predict the coming weather.

Meteorology, or modern weather-science, is only about twenty-five years old, and dates from the employment of the telegraph in transmitting reports from different places of the state of weather existing there at the same time. The word itself, however, is old, since it was used by Aristotle some 300 years B.C. to name a treatise on water and earthquakes. It does not come, as popularly supposed, from the "meteors," or falling stars sometimes seen in the sky, but from the Greek words *meteoros*, soaring, and *logos*, a discourse. As a science, it is of endless practical utility, not only in commerce, engineering and agriculture, but also in pleasure-seeking. At present, however, it is mainly in its relations to shipping and farming that it is valuable. By its aid Captain Maury has pointed out the least tempestuous routes across the Atlantic ; and the Weather Bureau daily informs Western farmers what weather they may expect for their crops. These results have been attained by an intelligent scrutiny of ships' log-books, which are now all kept on a uniform system, and by weather observatories planted all over the vast extent of the United States. Great Britain is too limited in area and insular in position to encourage the hope that weather-study in those islands will ever give the same certainty of prediction as it gives in America or India or other continental regions ; but, nevertheless, much may be achieved, even in stormy England, by a proper system of observation carried on for a considerable number of years.

Most civilized nations have awakened to the great importance of the science, and systematic observations are daily made at the British observatories of Kew, Greenwich, Edinburgh, etc., as well as at the weather-stations of the Meteorological Office. This office issues daily reports in the newspapers of the recent weather in all the districts of the United Kingdom, and forecasts of the probable

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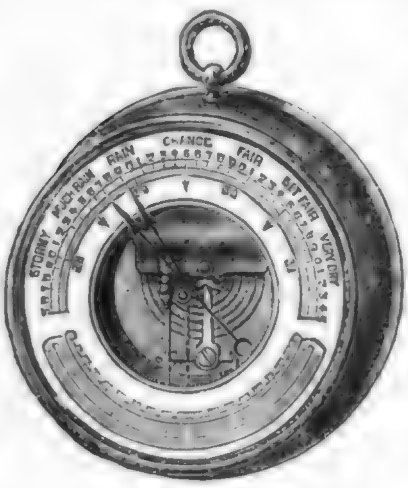
weather, besides answering telegrams of inquiry as to the weather in different places. They depend for a good deal of their information on individual observers provided with correct instruments and obeying their instructions, so that valuable assistance may be rendered in this way by persons who have the opportunity at their disposal, and the study of the weather may be made a means not only of private but of public good.

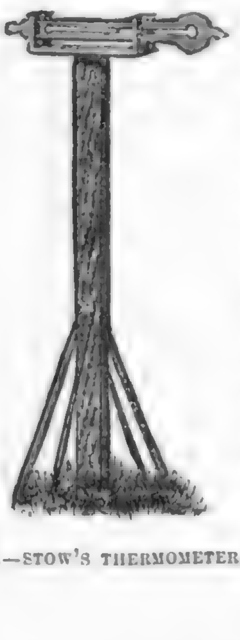
The elements of weather-study are: observations of the intensity of solar radiation; the temperature of the air in the shade; the weight of the superincumbent air, or, in other words, the barometrical pressure; the velocity and direction of the wind; the dampness or humidity of the atmosphere; the amount of rain or snowfall; the amount of electricity and ozone in the air; with notes on the forms and drifts of clouds, the color of the sky, thunderstorms, sea-disturbance, aurora, or other signs. These elements are intimately associated, and it is by a concurrent study of all that weather-knowledge is obtained.



A WEATHER GLASS.

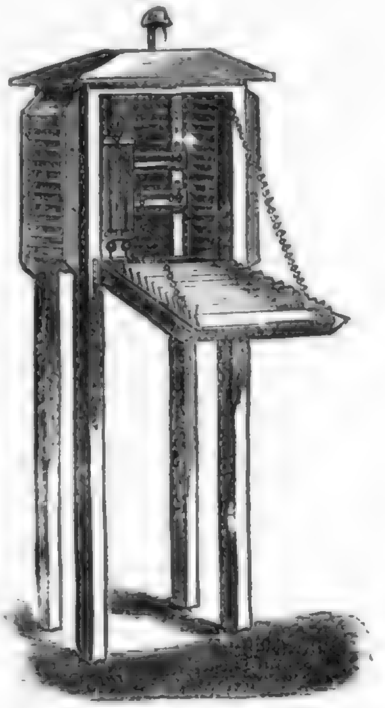
The intensity of the sunshine is best measured by the solar radiation thermometer of the Rev. F. W. Stow. This consists of a mercury *maximum* thermometer, having a black bulb and stem, and inclosed in an outer glass chamber, from which the air is exhausted. The bulb is exposed to the sun's rays, and the expanding mercury drives before it a small index along the tube, so that the *maximum* temperature in twenty-four hours is recorded by the index. Fig. 1 represents this thermometer exposed in a S.E. direction, on a stand about four feet above the ground, with the air circulating freely all round it. The maximum temperature of the air in the shade is also to be taken at that place, and the difference between the maximum in the sun and the maximum in the shade is a measure of the solar radiation.

In observing the temperature of the air in the shade, it is necessary to guard the thermometer, not only from the sun's direct rays, but likewise the radiation of walls, trees, etc.; hence the instrument should be inclosed in a shade which admits the air freely, but excludes lateral heat-rays. Glaisher's shade, or stand, is a little wooden penthouse or shed facing away from the sun; but a better is Stevenson's, now generally used, and consisting of a louvre-boarded hutch, something like a small meat-safe, as shown in Fig. 2. The legs should be about four feet high, and it should stand over grass on open ground, away from the shadow of trees, and above twenty feet from any wall. In default of any screen of this kind, the temperature of the air, in a makeshift way, can be got by swinging the thermometer round at the end of a cord some two feet six inches long, after the manner of a sling.



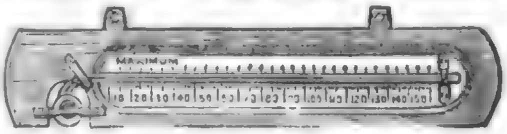
1.—STOW'S THERMOMETER.

The maximum and minimum temperatures during the twenty-four hours are to be observed by means of maximum and minimum thermometers. The most favored maximum thermometer is, perhaps, that of Professor Phillips, in which a bubble of air in the top of the mercury column is pushed up as the column rises, and left behind when the column sinks, to mark the highest temperature reached. The minimum temperature, on the other hand, can be very well obtained by Rutherford's minimum thermometer, in which a column of colored alcohol, as it shrinks with the cold, drags a light index or float down the tube, and flows past the latter on expanding with the heat again. These instruments are represented in Figs. 3 and 4.



2.—STEVENSON'S SHADE.

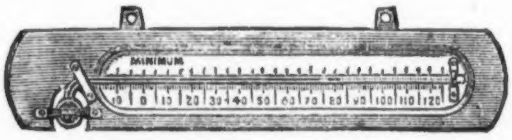
The atmosphere is a gaseous ocean resting on the earth with an average pressure of fifteen pounds on the square inch. From various causes, chiefly the rarefying power of the sun's heat and the amount of aqueous vapor it contains, this pressure varies from hour to hour and day to day, and it is measured by barometer (from *baros*, weight, and *metron*, a measure). The principle of the mercurial barometer is best explained by citing the original experiment of Torricelli, made in 1643. This renowned pupil of Galileo took a long glass tube, closed at one end, filled it with mercury, and, stopping the mouth with his finger, inverted the tube over an open vessel of mercury in such a manner as to merge the mercury in the tube with that in the cistern without allowing air to enter the tube. To his surprise, he found that the mercury thereupon sank in the tube till it became about thirty inches long, when it remained stationary. Pascal, the celebrated French philosopher, divined the true explanation of this singular action. He saw that the weight of the column of mercury in the tube just balanced the weight of the column of air resting on the mercury in the open cistern, and applied the apparatus as a barometer in measuring the pressure of the atmosphere.



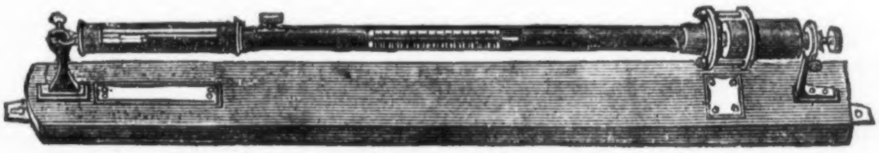
3.—PHILLIPS'S MAXIMUM THERMOMETER.

In Fortin's barometer, which is illustrated in Fig. 5, the cistern consists of a glass vessel with a flexible leather bottom, which, by means of an adjusting screw, can be pressed in or out, so as to raise or lower the level of the mercury in the cistern till it reaches a certain fixed mark made by a small ivory point projecting downward like a spike from the roof of the cistern. The need of this adjustment will be seen when it is called to mind that the real height of the mercury column balancing the air is the height from the level of the mercury in the cistern to the level of the mercury in the tube. Now, as the level in the tube rises or sinks, the level in the cistern must sink or rise, since there is only a certain amount of mercury common to both tube and cistern. Hence it is necessary either to bring the mercury to its datum level by a device like that of Fortin, or to correct the reading for "capacity error," as it is called, or to use a scale which can be moved till its zero coincides with the cistern level, or one with its degrees contracted to make up for the error.

Of the other barometers in use, the syphon barometer of Gay-Lussac is the best for travelers, and the marine barometer of Mr. Adie is well adapted for the sea. In the latter, as well as in household barometers, the scale is divided only into 10ths of an inch, and the Vernier reads only to 100ths. With them the reading should be taken as quickly as possible, so as to avoid heating the mercury by the warmth of the hand. Pediment household barometers and wheel barometers, with indicating hands, are too well known to need description here. The aneroid barometer, although it does not give the pressure of the atmosphere so exactly as a mercurial barometer, is nevertheless very sensitive to changes of pressure, and hence is serviceable as a weather-glass and a measurer of altitudes. From its extreme portability it has become the pet instrument of the explorer, and it is also a favorite with tourists and sportsmen. Its action depends, as is tolerably well known, on a small box of thin corrugated metal, from which the air is exhausted. The atmosphere, pressing on the outside of this sensitive chamber, elevates or depresses the corrugated surface with greater or less force according to the weight of air, and by means of levers this minute effect is communicated to the hand on the dial. The initial figure represents this little instrument with the corrugated chamber exposed.

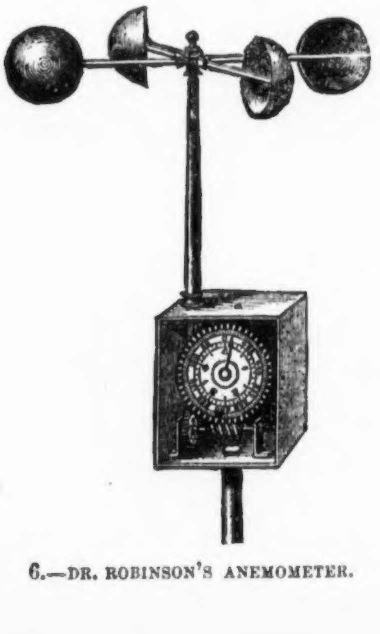


4.—RUTHERFORD'S MINIMUM THERMOMETER.



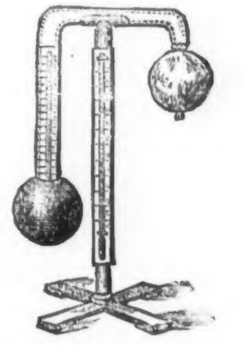
5.—FORTIN'S BAROMETER.

The usual warnings, "Fair," "Stormy," etc., on a barometer are not much to be relied on. A far more certain indication is the barometric "gradient" given by the difference of barometric pressure at the two extremities of a line 60 nautical miles long, for the force of the wind is usually in proportion to the steepness of the gradient.



6.—DR. ROBINSON'S ANEMOMETER.

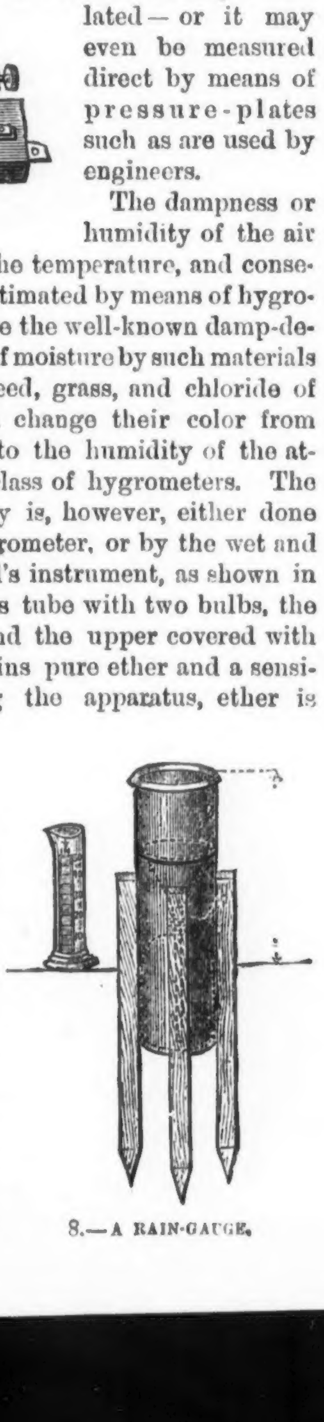
In the weather-charts of the Meteorological Office the gradient is expressed in 1-100th of an inch of mercury per degree of 60 nautical miles. On weather-maps the gradient is steepest, and the difference of pressure most, across the isobars which are closest together, and the force of the wind is greatest in that district. That every wind brings its weather is a true remark, and hence one of the first steps to weather-study is measuring the direction and force of the wind. The direction is measured by the wind-vane, and Prestel's vane also roughly indicates the pressure of the wind by a pendulous plate, which hangs vertically when there is a calm, but swings to an angle with the gale, like a hanging signboard. The velocity of the wind is best given by Dr. Robinson's anemometer, or wind-measurer, which consists, as will be seen from Fig. 6, of four brass cups on the ends of cross-arms. These cups catch the wind, and the vertical stem is driven round mill-wise at one-third of the wind's velocity. By means of wheel-work and an indicating-dial, the number of miles traveled by the wind in a given time can be read off. The anemograph, or self-recording wind-gauge, is a form of this apparatus designed to mark down its own indications, and is very useful in observatories. The velocity of the wind per hour can, of course, be easily obtained from the number of miles traversed in a certain number of hours, and from the velocity the *pressure* in pounds on a square foot of surface can be readily calculated — or it may even be measured direct by means of pressure-plates such as are used by engineers.



7.—DANIELL'S HYGROMETER.

The dampness or humidity of the air exercises a great influence on the temperature, and consequently on the weather. It is estimated by means of hygrometers, the simplest of which are the well-known damp-detectors based on the absorption of moisture by such materials as hair, oat-beard, catgut, seaweed, grass, and chloride of lime. Chemical papers, which change their color from drab-brown to blue, according to the humidity of the atmosphere, also belong to the class of hygrometers. The exact measurement of humidity is, however, either done by Daniell's or Regnault's hygrometer, or by the wet and dry bulb thermometer. Daniell's instrument, as shown in Fig. 7, consists of a bent glass tube with two bulbs, the lower of which is blackened and the upper covered with muslin. The lower tube contains pure ether and a sensitive thermometer. In using the apparatus, ether is dropped on the muslin, and its rapid evaporation cools the ether in the black bulb so much that the moisture of the outer air condenses on the latter as dew. The temperature of the *dew-point*—that is, the point at which the dew begins to form on the bulb—is to be noted in the thermometer.

The amount of rainfall is measured by means of the pluviometer or rain-gauge. Circular gauges of copper of the same diameter as the mouth are the best for



8.—A RAIN-GAUGE.

ordinary purposes. Mechanical gauges with registering trains are liable to error. Fig. 8 illustrates that adopted by the Meteorological Office. It consists of an outer protecting cylinder, having its rim twelve inches above the surface, and containing a glass bottle or reservoir, with a catch-funnel. The graduated glass beside it is to measure the amount of rain-water which it holds.

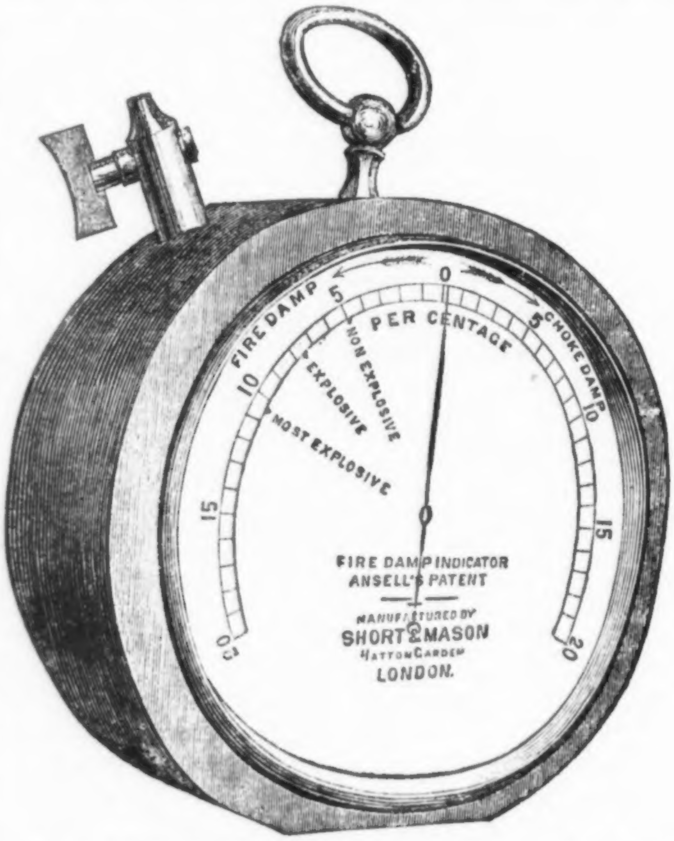
The amount of electricity in the atmosphere is also to be observed; but for this, as well as for the observation of terrestrial magnetism, expensive and delicate electrometers and magnetometers are necessary. The effects of lightning and of auroral displays may, however, be observed and noted, together with the amount of ozone in the air. Ozone is a condensed form of oxygen, formed chiefly by evaporation of water and lightning discharges. It is an active agent in destroying corruption, and its presence is necessary to the healthiness of air. By the sea, or in the open country, especially after snow and thunderstorms, it is most prevalent; in the crowded parts of cities it is rarely to be distinguished. Strips of paper saturated with a solution of iodide of potassium and starch, then dried and exposed to the air, but protected from rain and sunshine, turn blue, owing to the ozone decomposing the iodide of potassium and forming iodide of starch. By exposing the strips for twenty-four hours, and testing their tint by a scale of ten shades of blue, Dr. Moffat has provided a simple ozonometer.

The drift and shape of clouds is also an index of the weather, and some excellent hints on this subject are given by the Rev. W. Clement Leys, F.R.S. According to this observer, there is generally a great bank of frozen vapor (or cirro-stratus cloud) in the higher atmosphere in front of an advancing storm-centre. When clouds likewise begin to form in the lower atmosphere, the barometer falls, the wind rises, showers begin, and the storm is at hand. In the case of local storms, on the other hand, the heralding clouds are formed first in the lower atmosphere and afterward spread to the upward. A red dawn or a yellow or gray evening marks the advent of wind or rain, as also does an unusual visibility in the atmosphere. It is perhaps needless to add that personal observation may be greatly assisted by a regular study of the daily weather-charts given in the newspapers.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Automatic Movements of a Fern.—Dr. Asa Gray, in the *Coulter's Gazette*, says: "Mr. E. J. Loomis, of the Nautical Almanac Office, Washington, recently showed me a phenomenon which I suppose has never before been noticed, and which is commended to the attention of botanists. A tuft of *Asplenium trichomanes* gathered last Autumn in the mountains of Virginia is growing in a glass dish in his house. About two months ago he noticed that one of the fronds—a rather short and erect one, which is now showing fructification—made quick movements alternately back and forth in the plane of the frond, through from 20 degrees to 40 degrees, whenever the vessel was brought from its shaded situation into sunlight or bright daylight. The movement was more extensive and rapid when the frond was younger. When I saw it, on the 23d of January, its compass was within 15 degrees, and was about as rapid as that of the leaflets of *Desmodium gyrans*. It was more rapid than the second hand of a watch, but with occasional stops in the course of each half vibration. This was in full daylight, next a window, but not in sunshine. No movement had been observed in the other fronds, which were all sterile and reclining, with the exception of a single one, which was just unfolding, in which Mr Loomis thinks he has detected incipient motion of the same kind This little fern is very common, and it is easy to obtain it and set it growing. The matter is worthy of further investigation. Have any of our readers observed the phenomenon herein stated?"

Ansell's Fire-damp Indicator.—The deplorable loss of life occasioned by fire-damp naturally leads the public to inquire if science can do anything to prevent the periodical recurrence of so terrible a destruction of human life. The answer to an inquiry of the kind is ready to hand and perfectly conclusive, for science has already placed at the disposal of miners the most efficient means of detecting accumulations of fire-damp in coal-mines. It is upon the Legislature the responsibility now devolves to make it compulsory upon mine-owners and officials in charge of mines to employ the means science has placed at their disposal—otherwise "overlookers" or "mine-viewers" will, as heretofore, go on trusting to blind chance in all they do. Those who have to do with mines are by nature "fatalists." They have, at all events, not to bear the brunt of a neglect of proper precautions to make the life of the miner safer, and will, therefore, continue to trust to chance, and believe they have faithfully performed their duty when they have hoisted the "danger signal." That this must be so is apparent, for a dogged indifference to the use of scientific instruments is notorious, and fully explains why one of so much value as Ansell's Fire-damp Indicator is not in use. The construction of the instrument is based on a well-known scientific principle—that of the diffusion of gases. All mere mechanical contrivances for shutting off the fire-damp from the miners' Davy lamp have, in practice, proved an utter failure. So with regard to the accumulation of gas in confined spaces. This cannot be prevented; and when, from neglect of some precaution, the miner suddenly comes across "a blower," the flame of the lamp immediately increases in size, the sharp current draws it through the wire gauze and renders it red-hot. In an instant, and before the man has time to think, an explosion takes place. Science has thus been driven to look in another direction for the means of lessening the danger of fire-damp accumulations, and it occurred to Mr. George F. Ansell that he might utilize the law of diffusion, and, by some simple means, measure the quantity of gas present in any and every part of the workings. The idea was of great value, and soon took a practical form. The instrument, as will be seen on reference to our engraving, closely resembles the aneroid barometer. The rigid metal back of the aneroid being removed, is replaced by a porous tile, and, with other important changes made in its mechanism, becomes a *diffusiometer*. When the instrument is brought into an atmosphere charged with fire-damp, the gaseous atoms diffuse into the closed chamber with greater rapidity than the atmospheric air passes out. The increased volume of gas causes pressure to be made upon a spring in communication with the index-hand, and it immediately moves over the graduated dial-face. The face is arbitrarily divided into degrees—1 per cent. of carburetted hydrogen marks 1 degree, 7½ an explosive mixture, and 10½ a most explosive mixture. The degrees are bold, and purposely kept wide apart, to enable the viewer to read them off by the aid of a feeble light. In the event of the instrument being brought into an atmosphere of heavy gas, choke-damp, or carbonic acid gas, the action of the index-hand is reversed, and it travels in the opposite direction. To restore the equilibrium of the instrument, it is only necessary to turn the small stop-cock at the upper part of the instrument, which lets in atmospheric air, and the index-hand returns to zero. The indicator is so little liable to be deranged, and is so simple of application, that it can be intrusted to any one quite unacquainted with the use of a scientific instrument. It is well adapted for use in other subterranean works, as the sinking of wells and the laying of gas-pipes in the streets; in ships, where the accumulation of gases in the hold is a frequent source of danger, and the detection of gas leakages in the house. It is of this instrument Dr. Jabez Hogg writes: "It is impossible to conceive a more refined application of science than Ansell's fire-damp indicator, or one that will be found of greater practical utility in the saving of human life."



How Old is Glass ?—The oldest specimen of pure glass bearing anything like a date, is a little molded lion's head, bearing the name of an Egyptian King of the eleventh dynasty, in the Slade collection at the British Museum. That is to say, at a period which may be moderately placed as more than 2,000 years B.C., glass was not only made, but made with a skill which shows the art was nothing new. The invention of glazing pottery with a film of varnish or glass is so old, that among the fragments which bear inscriptions of the early Egyptian monarchy are beads, possibly of the first dynasty. Of the same period are vases and goblets, and many fragments. It cannot be doubted that the story preserved by Pliny, which assigns the credit of the invention to the Phœnicians, is so far true, that these adventurous merchants brought specimens to other countries from Egypt. Dr. Schlieman found disks of glass in the excavations at Mycenæ, though Homer does not mention it as a substance known to him. That the modern art of the glass-blower was known long before is certain, from representations among the pictures on the walls of a tomb at Beni Hassan, of the twelfth Egyptian dynasty; but a much older picture, which probably represented the same manufacture, is among the half-obliterated scenes in a chamber of a tomb of Thy, at Sakkara, and dates from the time of the fifth dynasty, a time so remote that it is not possible, in spite of the assiduous researches of many Egyptologers, to give it a date in years.

Our contemporary, the *Electrician*, states that the following process for utilizing old india-rubber, of which many hundred tons are thrown away as waste substances, has just been patented in Germany. The rubber waste is subjected to distillation in an iron vessel over a free fire, with the aid of superheated steam. The lighter oils, which come over first, are separated from the heavier products. The latter, when thickened and vulcanized in the usual manner, are found to possess all the good qualities of first-class natural rubber.

Thallium Colors.—The effort to manufacture thallium colors has not been without success. Thallium chromate is yellow, and difficult of solution in water. Thallium red is a terchromate, and is obtained by precipitating a thallium salt with bichromate of potash, and subsequent treatment with nitric acid. These pigments are very expensive, but it is possible that they may prove valuable in oil paintings. The action of light upon them has not yet been determined.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Help the sweeper, please, sir." "Can't, my man. I wasn't brought up to the business; besides, I have no broom."

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of panes; and who has not seen more than one window blind ?

Fishermen ought to make good actors, because they are always familiar with their lines, and well acquainted, as Pat says, with the seine.

A young lady, on being asked what business her lover was in, and not liking to say he bottled soda, answered, "He is a practicing fizzician."

"Now tell me, candidly, are you guilty ?' asked a solicitor of his client. "Why, do you suppose I'd be fool enough to hire you if I was innocent ?"

A month's imprisonment in jail was thought by an Irishman a trifling sentence, "because, as it was in the depth of Winter, the days were so short."

Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message ?" *Charlotte*—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl. Give her my love."

A sentimental young man thus feelingly expresses himself: "Even as nature benevolently guards the roses with thorns, does she endow women with pins."

If those splendid fellows who dye their mustaches to show the girls that they have such an article, would let them alone, they would probably die themselves.

Some men are captivated by a woman's laughs, just as some men predict a pleasant day because the sun shines out clear for a moment. They forget the chance for squalls.

"Tommy, do you know that your uncle Robert has found a little baby on his doorstep, and is going to adopt him ?" "Yes, mamma; and he'll be Uncle Bob's stepson, won't he ?"

A little girl joyfully assured her mother that she had found out where they made horses. "She had seen a man, in a shop, just finishing one of them; for he was nailing his last foot."

It has often been remarked that children will ask questions which even the wisest are puzzled to answer. "Mamma," exclaimed Charley, "how big was I when you was a little girl ?"

A lawyer in Virginia, not remarkable for his cleanliness of person, appeared at a party a while ago with a rose in his buttonhole. "Where do you suppose it came from ?' said he to a brother lawyer who was admiring it. The latter looked up and down the entire length of the questioner, and with great deliberation responded. "Why, I suppose it grew there!"

"What side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple ?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side of it. If you go one way, it's on the right side; if you go the other way, it's on the left."

A poor old rheumatic lady said to her physician, "Oh, doctor, doctor, I suffer so much with my hands and feet!" "Be patient, dear madame," he soothingly responded; "you'd probably suffer a great deal more without them."

There is nothing that so takes the starch out of a young man who has been wedded about a year as to have to go to a shop where there is a girl that he used to keep company with, and inquire for those large-sized safety-pins.

"What are you doing out there, my daughter, in the night dew ?" said the kindly old gentleman on the piazza. "Practicing fencing," was the sweet reply, as she leaned over the pickets till her face was dreadfully close to William's.

As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a high church-tower one hot day, a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, perspiral," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

Madame, who is of great *embonpoint*, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress that character ?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot," answered the fellow.

Peroration of the Spartan uncle's lecture to his scapegrace nephew: "Finally, sirrah, you should endeavor to understand that it is infinitely better, instead of making pledges you always break, to make no promises at all—and keep them."

"Why do guns burst ?" asks a contemporary, and then devotes nearly a column to answering the question. Guns burst because powder is put into them. You might use a gun seven hundred years and it wouldn't burst if you kept powder out of it.

Suspicion.—A jealous man, testifying in a lawsuit that he had a suspicion with regard to a certain matter, was asked what a suspicion is, to which he replied: "It is a feeling that impels one to find out something which he doesn't wish to know."

A girl in Dublin struck her croquet partner on the head with the mallet; brain fever set in, and the young man nearly died. The girl was kept under arrest until his recovery, and when he got well she married him, and now he's sorry he didn't die.

Child (scarcely three years old) looking wistfully at a diminutive pie. *Mother:* "Meta, I want you to save your nice pie so your papa can see it when he comes home." *Child* (looking still more wistfully): "I sink I could tell papa exactly how it looks."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you ?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say good-evening, if it would be agreeable to the company.

An old lady visiting the Antiquarian Museum in Edinburgh the other day, on inspecting the old weapons very earnestly, and failing to find what she was apparently looking for, asked a visitor if he could tell her whereabouts they kept the Ax of the Apostles.

L-ark-ishness.—*First Young Lady:* "I hate this horrid walking—we look just like the animals coming out of Noah's Ark." *Second:* "Ark-adian bliss compared to this, Maud: they had a gentleman to see them out. Noah would be decidedly preferable to Miss McStinger."

The Thing He Wanted.—A father was consulting a friend as to how he could frustrate the anticipated elopement of his son with a girl whom the old man disliked, and the friend said: "I have it! I've a first-rate idea" "Well," responded the old gentleman, "a *frustrate* idea is just the thing I want."

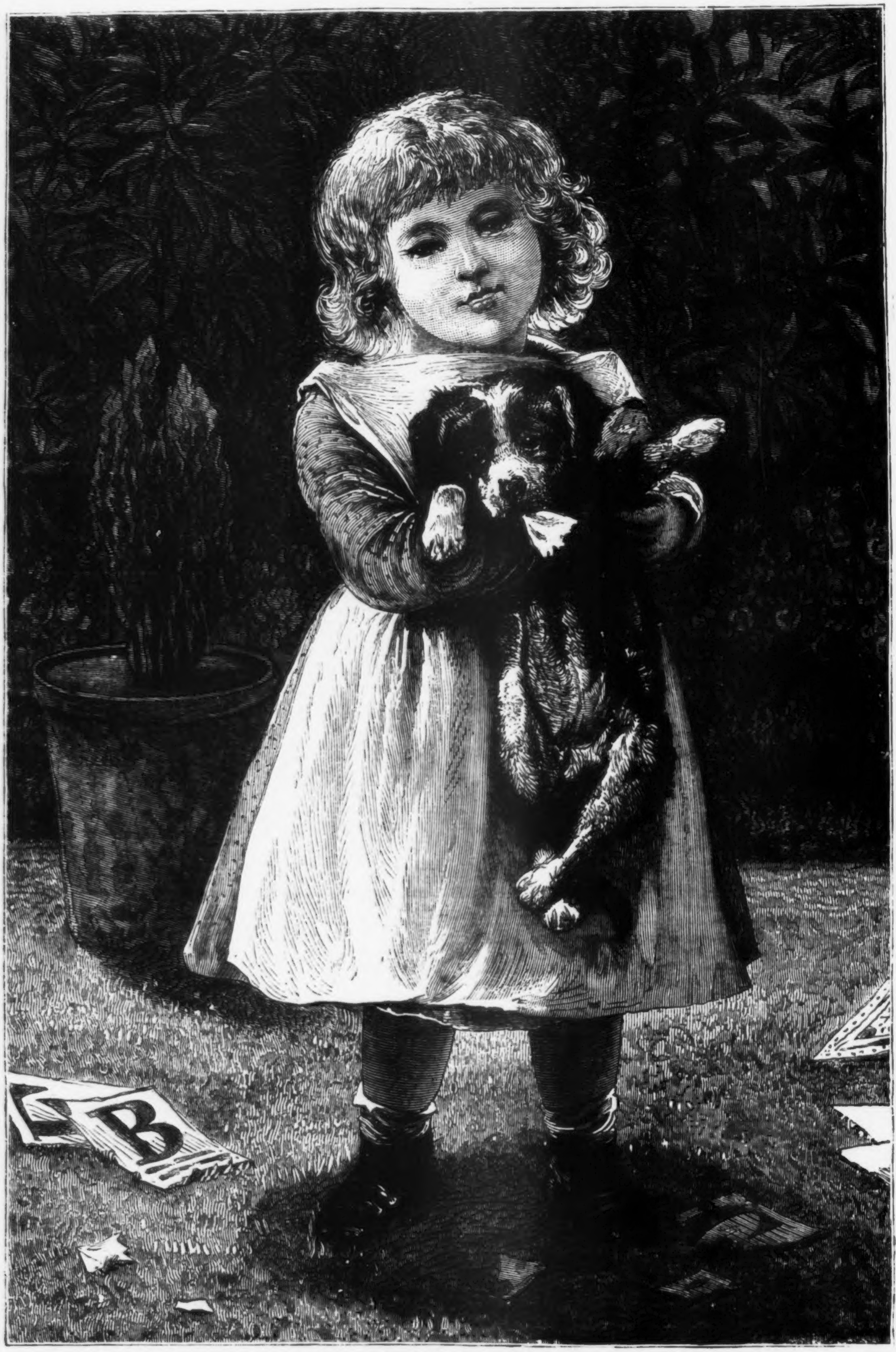
Marriage *à la mode: Old Gunnybags:* "So you want to marry my daughter, eh ? Well, sir, what are your expectations, sir ? *Young Sharpey:* "Well, I expect that you'll do the handsome thing in the way of a marriage gift, and that will last us until you drop off—and then, of course, you will make your will in our favor."

Preferred Grace.—"If you marry Grace," exclaimed an irate father to his son, "I will cut you off without a cent, and you won't have so much as a piece of pork to boil in the pot." "Well," replied the young man, "Grace before meat." And he immediately went in search of a minister.

The actress Malibran, after singing the *rondo* of "La Sonnambula" on one occasion, ended with a three-octave trill. She worked hard to get that trill, it seems, for being complimented upon it, she replied: "Oh, I sought it long enough. For a month I have been running after it. I chased it everywhere—when arranging my hair, when dressing myself, and I found it at last one morning in the toe of my slipper!"

A lady being asked why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones, replied that it was "mainly owing to the tact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of men." "How do you make that out ?" asked a gentleman. "In this way," answered the lady: "the plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

XUM



"ISN'T HE A BEAUTY?"

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